H.C.

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 06649 5778

GC
977.6
R39MI

Minnesota Writers

Minnesota Writers

A Collection of Autobiographical Stories by Minnesota Prose Writers

Edited and Annotated
by
CARMEN NELSON RICHARDS

* * *

Through the reading of books, a person widens his circle of friends, conquers in so far as humans may the limitations of time and space, and rejoins in thought the aristocrats of all eternity.

—Dr. Melva Lind

Publishers
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, INC.
Minneapolis

Copyright ©, 1961, by
T. S. DENISON & CO., INC.

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof, except that permission is hereby granted to reviewers to quote brief passages in a review to be printed in magazines and newspapers.

Printed in the U. S. A.
By The Brings Press

International Copyright Secured
Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 61-18646

Foreword

Henry James said it takes a great deal of history to create a little literature. His dictum is in general undoubtedly true. But perhaps it is less true of quickly changing than of more static societies. The latter witnesses traditions gradually maturing, changing; they are subject to slow evolutionary processes. Minnesota's changes have been frequent and rapid. A hundred years ago she was a pioneer society. Today, with other states, she is observing the beginnings of the space age.

Minnesota has had her well-known writers: Ignatius Donnelly, Edward Eggleston, Ole Rölvaag, Thorstein Veblen, Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald, and others. They have charted and interpreted these rapid changes.

There have been lesser known writers too. And perhaps the numerousness of them is a fact of considerable importance. A writer of genius may occur under not very promising circumstances, in the way young Shakespeare came out of Stratford-on-Avon. Such a writer is a phenomenon, like what the insurance companies call "an act of God," or historians, citing a particular event, call a factor that transformed an era.

It is good when a society has a considerable number of gifted but not necessarily widely known writers, historians, philosophers, political analysts, critics, fiction writers, and poets. They participate in and give vitality to intellectual and cultural life. But they are also dependent on their audience.

The writer has to feel that readers in some numbers are going to pay attention to his work. If he goes unread, if no one responds to his writings, he is for all practical purposes not a writer at all.

Most of the writers represented in this volume have written not merely one book, but several, and in some cases many. Presumably they have had an audience, both local and national. Presumably, too, they have experienced that, for the most part, silent communication between writer and audience. In his mind's eye the writer can see a reader sitting down and opening a book, his book. He knows that if he has done a good job it will become *their* book. That is his deep and abiding satisfaction.

WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR
Former Professor of English
University of Minnesota

April, 1961

To my patient and
ever-helpful husband,
Orrin, this book is
lovingly dedicated.

Contents

FOREWORD by William Van O'Connor 5
INTRODUCTION 13

Authors

Adams, Cedric 40
Aldrich, Darragh 47
Alvarez, Walter Clement 53
Anderson, Edna A. 43
Anderson, Helen Acker 41
Anderson, Norman G. 363
Anderson, William 32
Baker, Laura Nelson 50
Banet, Doris Beatrice 36
Banning, Margaret Culkin 90
Berg, Margaret Arbore 380
Bergh, Keith David 102
Bill, Alfred Hoyt 74
Bjork, Kenneth O. 27
Blegen, Theodore C. 60
Boardman, Anne Cawley 57
Brennan, Dan 88
Brink, Carol Ryrie 64
Brock, Emma Lillian 79
Carley, Kenneth A. 367
Carlson, Stan W. 69
Carr, Luella Bender 86
Chute, Joy 81
Chute, Marchette 81

Chute, Mary (Mrs. Smith) 81
Clark, James Westfall 109
Cohn, Victor 95
Comfort, Mildred Houghton 97
Creel, J. Luke 111
Dahl, Borghild Margarethe 105
Donovan, Frank Pierce, Jr. 113
Douglas, William Orville 118
Eddy, Samuel 121
Ederer, Bernard F. 125
Ellis, Mary Jackson 385
Emmons, Della Gould 402
Ford, Leonard A. 131
Foster, Celeste K. 134
Gág, Flavia 137
Giddens, Paul H. 390
Graham, Lillian S. 331
Gran, John M. 142
Gray, James 145
Gunderson, Harvey L. 149
Heilbron, Bertha L. 395
Hobart, Lois (Mrs. Harold Black) 152
Hoffman, William 370
Holmstrand, Marie 156
Howard, Matthew V. 160
Hubbard, Margaret Ann (Mrs. Joseph C. Priley) 162
Jaques, Florence Page 166
Johnson, Haymond Nathaniel 168
Jones, Thelma Foght 171
Jordan, Philip Dillon 173
Kagin, Edwin 178
Krause, Herbert 19

Langford, George 182
Larsen, Erling 185
Larson, Elsye Davey 188
Lee, Carvel 190
Le Sueur, Meridel 192
Levenson, Jacob Clavner 196
Liu, Beatrice Exner 198
Loomis, Noel M. 200
Lovelace, Delos W. 205
Lovelace, Maud Hart 208
Malm, Dorothea 213
Malm, Frances 213
Manfred, Frederick Feikema 216
McCarthy, Eugene J. 219
Nelson, Edna Deu Pree 221
Nute, Grace Lee 225
O'Connor, William Van 230
Oetting, Rae 234
Olson, Sigurd F. 238
O'Meara, Walter 242
Ostenso, Martha (Mrs. Douglas L. Durkin) 247
Powers, Anne (Mrs. Harold A. Schwartz) 250
Pratt, Theodore 253
Prendergast, Alice 258
Quigley, Martin P. 260
Reinecke, Esther E. 262
Richardson, James Patrick 265
Robison, Mabel Otis 269
Roddis, Louis H. 272
Rutstrum, Calvin 275
Salisbury, Harrison Evans 280
Sandberg, Harold W. 281

Scanlon, Marion S. 286
Schauinger, J. Herman 288
Schulz, Charles M. 292
Schwartz, George Melvin 293
Shannon, James Patrick 296
Sherman, John Kurtz 298
Simak, Clifford D. 300
Skogsbergh, Helga 303
Spangler, Earl 376
Steinberg, Phillip Orso 307
Stoutenburg, Adrien 311
Sturzel, Howard Allison (Pseudonym: Paul Annixter) 313
Swanberg, William A. 317
Talbot, Winifred Winter 373
Thiel, George Alfred 318
Tigue, Ethel Erkkila 323
Turngren, Annette 326
Turngren, Ellen 329
Wackerbarth, Marjorie 331
Wallis, Ruth Sawtell and Wilson D. 334
Whempner, Verna Huber 339
Wiecking, Anna M. 342
Wilson, Neill C. 346
Wilwerding, Walter J. 349
Witheridge, Elizabeth P. 353
Woodworth, Ruth Teare 356
Youngdahl, Luther W. 398
Zehnpfennig, Gladys 360
Biography and Reminiscence 407
Commentary and Essay 411
Fiction 414
Local History 416

Nonlocal History 419
Special Interest 420
Juvenile 422
Indian Life and Legends 423
Play and Pageant 424
Travel 425

Introduction

Minnesota heard the whispering of years,
The dreams that sent men wandering and far;
It knew the rugged tread of pioneers
Who felt the bright lure of the western star.

Unfolding like an answer to their prayer,
Here flowed a stream that, struggling toward its goal,
Gained strength, though rapids spread a foaming snare,
And reached its haven beyond tide and shoal.

Minnesota has progressed through the periods of the explorer, pioneer, home builder to maturity in a little over three hundred years. It is barely over one hundred forty years since the first white man built his home here. During this time through the struggling and courageous pioneers and far-seeing statesmen, our state became a territory in 1849 and a state in 1858. Minnesotans with their restless spirit of progress have brought the state to maturity. Minnesota writers have accepted the Middle West life and have asserted an independence of thought in their writings which has made Minnesota literature strike root in its own soil. They no longer find it necessary to use Eastern scenes in their stories. Today history, biography, novels, stories, essays, and poems with distinct Minnesota backgrounds fit naturally into the larger world scene.

At the book show in the Minneapolis auditorium in 1940, the late Dr. Joseph Warren Beach, then chairman of the

English Department of the University of Minnesota, said: "Minnesota is fast becoming the literary center of the United States." How well he predicted is shown by the vast number of outstanding authors that are living here now or, having been called to other parts of the United States, speak of Minnesota as "back home."

The first American to be awarded the Nobel Prize in literature was Sinclair Lewis. His longing for his native home and its value to an author is well expressed in his story written for "Minnesota Writes" in 1945:

"I have spent forty of my sixty years outside of Minnesota—on the Atlantic seaboard, in California, in Europe. But I wonder, unendingly, whether I might not have been a much better writer had I spent all my life, except a year or two in the East, for contrast, in my native Minnesota. Like Grant Wood and Thomas Benton and John Curry, I certainly find the prairies quite as productive of 'art' as any boulevard, any Massachusetts hillside.

"Before I first, and fatally, went east to college, at eighteen, I had committed myself to writing, although the only even semi-professional writer I had ever met was Arthur Upson, the Minneapolis poet. But I had in the unpretentious and vigorously unliterary house of my father, a doctor in Sauk Centre, already planned a never-to-be accomplished novel, and written a lot of bad verse with second-hand adjectives stolen from Mr. Tennyson. I issued for many weeks a newspaper with the smallest circulation in history—no one ever saw it save myself. It had many departments, such as Household, Political and Literary—I suspect that I spelled it Littery—all impressively decorated with portraits of the imaginary Contributing Editors, of whom some were feminine, some bearded and very masculine, but rather aged.

"In the lakes, the prairies by moonlight, the wide wheat fields on July afternoons, the hysterical doings of Sunday

School picnics and Christmas entertainments, the noble deeds of the high school in athletics (for one year we could boast of the great Jim Irsfield as captain of football), in the amiable mixture of Scandinavians and Bavarians and Yankees, in the shadow of the great North woods that just dimly reached to my town, I found inspiration more than enough. And as to unconscious absorption of technique, there was a public library of 6000 volumes—amazing for a town of 2500 or so, back in the 1890's—and in my father's bookcase were Scott and Dickens complete, and 'Beacon Lights of History.'

"I had my Greek with the Reverend Dr. Hamilton, that aristocratic old Civil War veteran, rector of the Episcopal church, and then with the Irish Catholic priest. My German I had from the Reverend Father Artz, of the German Catholics, and he was a scholar of sound, sharp European training. Had I been born in New England, I might have known Keats and Dante much sooner, and I would have known more sorts of forks to use for more sorts of food, but I don't know that the training would have been any the more solid or more exciting. No, a Minnesotan needs no salty water.

"So now, at sixty, I have a house overlooking the unsalted waters of Lake Superior, on a hillside in Duluth, and I like it."

Knowledge of the life story of authors and the nature of their work makes reading more enjoyable. It is with this thought in mind that this volume of autobiographical stories of outstanding Minnesota authors has been compiled. Only living authors who have written books in prose, of fairly wide interest, since 1950 are included. Also these authors were born in Minnesota, are living here now, or have spent six years of their lives in the state.

For each author, there is an introduction written by the editor of this volume, followed by the author's self-written story, and then a list of his published books with the publishers' names and years of publication.

The Supplement, a bibliography of other Minnesota writers of prose books, is an introduction to special reading. Only one title appears after each author's name although most of them have many more published books.

To the authors, whose autobiographies make up the principal part of this book, the editor expresses her sincere appreciation. To all others who gave assistance and encouragement she is deeply grateful: the literature and history departments of the Minneapolis public libraries; the librarians of Duluth, Mankato, and St. Cloud; Russell W. Fridley, director, and Miss Lois Fawcett, librarian, of the Minnesota Historical Society; John Kurtz Sherman—art, music, and book critic of the *Minneapolis Star* and *Tribune*; Dr. William Van O'Connor, former professor of English at the University of Minnesota; Dr. Theodore Blegen, Minnesota's historian and former dean of the Graduate School of the University of Minnesota; Dr. Melva Lind, dean of students at Gustavus Adolphus College; and the Minnesota Centennial Literature Group: Raymond H. Shove of the University of Minnesota Library School, A. Rosemary Bowers of the Library Division of Department of Education, James Taylor Dunn of Minnesota Historical Society, Betty L. Engebretson of Athenaeum of Minneapolis Public Library, Robert E. Hoag of St. Paul Public Library, and Mrs. Alma O. Scott of the University of Minnesota Library. The "Selected Bio-Bibliography: Minnesota Authors," compiled by this last group for the Minnesota Statehood Centennial Commission in 1958, proved to be very helpful in the selection of authors to be included in this volume of Minnesota writers.

This book makes no pretense of being all-inclusive of authors in its category as it seems the number is unlimited. Also some authors, who were invited, failed to respond. It is hoped that those included will show what great, worthwhile progress has been made in literature in the state of Minnesota.

—CARMEN NELSON RICHARDS

HERBERT KRAUSE

The deep thoroughness that won for Herbert Krause the bachelor of arts degree Cum Laude from St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, has been apparent throughout his life. For his first novel, "Wind Without Rain," he was awarded a one thousand dollar prize by the Friends of American Authors. Later on a writing fellowship, conferred on him by the Committee on Regional Writing at the University of Minnesota, he brought out "The Threshers."

His aims in writing are best expressed in his own words: "I have tried to show the sociological and psychological aspects of country life, its beauty as well as its ugliness, with some emphasis on the folklore of the people." The reader is impressed by his poetic imagery and his enthusiasm for a subject. He measures up to his own requisite for a writer and "sees life with a boy's frog-eyed wonder at a circus."

He is professor of English, author-in-residence, Augustana College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he was chairman of the English Department after 1938. He is a member of the following historical societies: Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Norwegian American; the following ornithological societies: Wilson; Cooper; the American, Minnesota, and South Dakota ornithological Unions. He is also a member of Saskatchewan Natural History Society, Champlin Society (Canada), Hudson Bay Record Society (London), Phi Beta Kappa, and the League of Minnesota Poets.

◆

I was born on a farm among the hills of Friberg, near Fergus Falls; cut my eye-teeth on a milk-pail and a fork handle, as they say, and grew up on the stony acres we called our “fifty,” learning early which end of the horse gets into the collar; steered a plow before I had backbone to brag about, so that the kick of the handles kept me staggering down the furrow, one foot in stubble, the other in loose-turned earth. I used to wonder whether my muscles would ever bulge as Father’s did, as he lifted the sledge in the blacksmith shop and brought it ringing upon the anvil. The tong-tong-tong of iron playing on iron used to get muddled with my dreams, nights when I drowsed to sleep. I went to country school and froze four months out of seven because the heater shed its warmth no farther than the primer kids in the front row and left us to blow our fingers warm on the back bench. It was a small gray-boarded place beside the road, our schoolhouse, and crowded when all of us came—all twelve of us. I liked reading best, forgetting even lunch in adventuring with Arthur, Aladdin, and Hans Brinker, and seeing the world through Carpenter’s “Geographical Readers”; but I dreaded grammar and never could make head nor tail of vocatives and the mix-up of the subjunctive mode.

At twelve I made up my mind I’d be a writer and tell tales of Normandy, the Isles of Nowhere and the lands beyond the moon. I wasn’t sure where these countries were or what kind of people lived there. But they existed, I was sure, and the people there were heroes mostly, with plenty of villains to make trouble all around. There’d be a few women, of course; not too many, but enough so that the knights would have something worth winning. I told Teacher about it one cold morning. We were gathered around the stove, our stomachs warm and our shoulder blades cold. “I’m going to be a writer,” I said firmly. Teacher looked at me, the subjunctive mode written all over her face. I felt the “get” in me dribbling out. “Do writers have to know about vocatives—and such?”

“They certainly do.” Teacher—we seldom called her Miss Gertie Opsahl except to make her mad—was emphatic. “And how to diagram, too. Better than you do.” Teacher didn’t know how dashed I was and how, on that morning, I was ready to ask Father for lessons in sharpening plow lays and take up blacksmithing for good. Yet she was kind to me, bundle of stubbornness that I was.

But there were salves for the smart of disappointment—the hills, miles of broken country seen from a bluff, the ridges like huge fingers pawing at the land and dividing it, valley by valley. And there was the Ottertail River—called by the neighbors the Red—pushing an elbow into our farm and roaring into the gorge below us. We swam in its fishing hole, my brother Julius and I. And always like a strong hand in the dark, there was Mother, quiet, calm, blue-eyed, shaking peace from her apron for our troubled souls. As long as I live I shall remember her steadiness, whether in slapping a meal together or in patching up Father the time a broncho he was shoeing kicked him, and he crawled to the house, dripping blood from a rip in his scalp. She let Father have the say in most matters, but in her kitchen and about that which she felt belonged to her, no one had the first word or the last. Even Father scuttled from the house before her wrath when she found him tracking up a fresh-scrubbed floor. I remember one spring—I was ten, perhaps—when the hired man quit before seeding and Father was ears-over in repair work, she harnessed the team and put to seed every plowed acre we had. She'd come in, tired to the bone, but the steady smile never left her lips, preparing supper, though she must have ached, finger and leg. And in the dark cavern of the blacksmith shop was Father. Hour after hour, his arm lifted to the bellow's handle. The fire in the forge lay red on his cheek and burned fiercely in his eyes, half hidden by jutting brows. I'd spend hours with him, coal-dust gritty between my toes, and listen to the neighbors who came with broken farm tools to be repaired. Sometimes we'd go fishing for rock bass and pickerel; but Father was usually impatient, and if a fish didn't nibble in a hurry slapped his hook into the water noisily. He'd tell us stories by the yard—yarns of his boyhood and Grandfather's place a mile over a hill and times when our fifty was a forest of maple and oak. Gradually I came on a new idea. I'd write about the people in our hills and valleys, and began to scrawl in notebooks. How I happened to blurt it out to Father one day I don't know. But I remember he pumped the fire a spell before he said slowly, "Here in Friberg—what's here to write about?" I didn't know and felt sweaty with a kind of sickness because I couldn't answer. Not much doing among our hills, I admitted to myself. Nothing but cornhuskings, house-warmings, baptizings, church meetin's, *schwat suers,* dehornings of cattle, turkey shoots, beer parties, 'coon shoots, shindandies, and lots of work—common everyday experiences. Nothing like the adventures of Arthur or Ali Baba!

Then I was sixteen. Ended the school days, the dream dimming. When I scribbled verses and descriptive pieces about the hills, I don't know, but I did, as if something within me, stronger than I knew, balked at the inclination to bend and give up. With Father's help, Julius and I farmed; went to parties on Saturday nights and to church on Sundays; visited the neighbors, especially the Ripleys, New England people and lately moved on Grandfather's place. At their house, as far as I know, I heard a piano for the first time and music strange and beautiful—not "Turkey in the Straw" or "Lauterbach Waltz" but Chopin, they said, and Beethoven. Here were books, shelves of them; not library books that had to be returned, but volumes on stars and plants that were kept in the house like meat and potatoes. Mrs. Ripley had been a teacher and spoke of high school. I must go. But that meant money and we barely scratched a living from farm and shop. Father shook his head, troubled over this, and talked late with Mother.

I scribbled and farmed, fell in love and out again, and turned eighteen, with never a line of words printed. Then a power company flung a dam across the gorge below our place and our world splintered to bits. They could put us off the farm, we heard, or drown us out. Father, white and shaken, stared unbelievingly—his woods chopped down, his acres flooded and left as three plateaus by the crowding waters, all that he had built torn from his hands. Never in her life was Mother steadier for all of us, but mostly for Father. The tong-tong-tong of iron on iron sounded like a funeral bell.

Arrangements with the company were finally made. I'd have a job, driving team and scraper. Maybe now I'd get the money for high school, Father said grimly, but mournfully. Off I went and ached, ankle and shoulder, day in, day out, while the dam wall towered higher, and I went past twenty. Night after night, especially near the end of the job, when the gates were lowered and the river rose, I'd come home and see the water crawl over the meadow and swallow the willow clumps where we played Indian; the wild strawberry beds, the hollow where the partridges nested, the cowpaths in the ravine where I ran with Kazen, the old black dog—all the spots a boy loves and a young man knows, familiar as his thumb, and gone now, drowned out. I could go to high school, if I wanted to. I had the money. But not at this price — not the pain clouding the brightness in Father's eyes, the smile fading from Mother's lips. Not this, I prayed.

We moved that spring. Father, all his roots dug loose, wilted in the new place, though the shop was larger and the machinery new, and though the neighbors were kind. That fall I entered Park Region Academy, Fergus Falls, and five months of hungry gobbling at whatever was offered in the high school course. Father died in February. It took all of Mother's courage to keep us together, to say to me, "Go back —and learn things."

The years at school return to me with something like regret. They were too crowded with the hard, horny necessity of getting on; too full of mistakes and back-trackings to rest easy in the memory. I worked summers, vacations, and after hours, always watching like a dog over a gopher hole for whatever opportunity stirred. Yet there were compensations in the rich solid friendships I found, in the excitement of seeing at last a piece of mine printed in the school paper.

I came to St. Olaf College on the promise of a job and was literally adopted by George Weida Spohn, his ever-sympathetic wife, Lucy, and their colleagues in the department of English. It was with trepidation that I brought to him the sixty-page hand-written synopsis of what I yearned would be a novel. "Needs work—lots of it," he said in his forthright way. "But it's a corking idea. Go ahead." Probably it was just as well neither of us knew that nearly seven years were to pass before I'd touch that manuscript again. Meanwhile into notebooks went jottings—bits of dialogue, the brisk observation, the striking expression. Gradually I began to see how quickly the pictorial phrase struck off a mental image. The next year I wrote a play, "Bondsmen to the Hills," and saw it performed. Later, it was to win a prize. But in the spring I was graduated and needed a job—nobody knew how badly. There wasn't a teaching position in the Northwest, it seemed; not for me, at least. "No vacancy. Your application filed." I applied for scholarships. "Quotas filled." No place for me. I was mighty near black despair.

Unexpectedly came a scholarship from the University of Iowa, and to Iowa City I traipsed that fall. No time to putter with a novel now. I began academic digging for a degree. Thanks to Norman Foerster and Edwin Ford Piper, I was permitted to write a volume of verse—"Pockerbrush" —in lieu of a research paper, and spaded into my notebooks. But even with an M.A. degree I couldn't pry a job out of a college president. Back to graduate work I went, this time to do a long piece for the doctor's degree. I hadn't the heart to call it a novel.

The body of my remembrance was heavy with nostalgia for the lost home in the hills. I returned to Friberg and found my tongue and pencil unloosed. Writing welled up like an April freshet.

In Iowa City, Wilbur Lang Schramm printed several verses in *American Prefaces*. One day, from a publisher, came a letter. Would I care to write a novel about Pockerbrush? That was exactly what I was doing, little as I realized it. Not many months after came a telegram that scared me white and breathless, my roommate told me later. "Wind Without Rain" had been accepted; a contract was following. Before I had time to recover, another contract arrived—one that settled me as head of the English Department, Augustana College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Thus while South Dakota's shadow-long reaches wound their history about my Minnesota roots, I wrote "The Thresher" and at its publication saw it accepted as one of the Literary Guild's alternate choices. The light in Mother's eyes when she saw the first copy was beacon bright to illumine the dark passages of experience. That year I left the chairmanship in English for writing and research. After four research trips of more than three thousand miles by canoe with Indian guides into the Hudson Bay country, I finished "The Oxcart Trail," an unsatisfactory novel written under personal stress and editorial pressure, unhappy in both.

But the land of summer ice haunted me while rebuking my ignorance of nature. For three summers I studied zoology at the University of Minnesota and ornithology at the University of Michigan's Biological Station near Mackinac. The wilderness was good. But 1957 brought together grape-sweet and salt. That year the American Association for the Advancement of Science encouraged my ornithological writing with a grant—a lay person in the humanities receiving a scientific society award; I could scarcely believe it. That year Mother died suddenly and the ice moved in, congealing the swift play of phrase and metaphor. Only partially did the frost weaken when next year I was commissioned to write the Minnesota Statehood Centennial poem which, called "Giant in the Wooded Earth," was read by Walter Abel with Aaron Copeland music as a backdrop, performed by the Minneapolis Symphony. But no one from Pockerbrush was there to share the joy with me. Said my friends, listening to the recording of the reading, "Good, good." But I was remembering yesterday—the strength and the light of Father and Mother gone, the old homestead twisted in strangers' fists where it was not drowned by waters I myself had helped to raise; the family scattered, the boyhood dream hills, echoing once to neighborhood laughter, silent now with separation, the pattern broken.

In 1958 I was appointed regional director of *Audubon Field Notes,* sponsored by National Audubon Society and the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. My outdoor notes were being recognized. The next year I wrote my first TV script, "The Big Four," a conservation film, the first of a projected series, filmed by the Museum of Natural History, University of Minnesota. I became aware of a new medium's vast potentials. In 1960 I completed "Crazy Horse," a full-length drama of the Black Hills country, which is planned for early production. And in this autumn when warmth with the sap seemed to press from tree to bush, came this staggering invitation to lecture on American literature at the universities of Witwatersrand and Natal, Union of South Africa, under a Smith-Mundt Visiting Lectureship of the State Department's Educational Exchange Program. At this writing I dream again—the shaping of lectures, the sketching out of a book.

These things come back to me now, loaded with meaning. In writing as in living, I guess one must have faith, tons of it, and friends for counsel and encouragement; grit and determination to take lip between the teeth and barge ahead, letting neither blood nor bone stop what must be said or done. But the future holds the price. I dare not turn the tag to see.

Books: *Wind Without Rain*, Bobbs-Merrill, 1939; *The Thresher*, Bobbs-Merrill, 1946; *The Oxcart Trail*, Bobbs-Merrill, 1954; *Neighbor Boy* (verse), Midland House, 1940; *The Big Four* (conservation script for a film), Audio-visual Department, University of Minnesota.

KENNETH O. BJORK

Norwegian-American immigrant life has been the subject of deep interest for Kenneth O. Bjork, professor of history at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota. He is the managing editor of the Norwegian-American Historical Association. He was born in Enderlin, North Dakota, in 1909 and attended public schools there.

After matriculating at St. Olaf College, he earned a bachelor of arts degree in 1930. At the University of Wisconsin, he acquired a master of arts in 1931 and a doctor of philosophy in history in 1935. He entered the history department at St. Olaf as assistant professor in 1937. He has been active in community work on a local and state level; as cubmaster, president of the Rotary Club, of Rice County Historical Association, and of the United Nations Committee; and he acted on the Governor's Committee for the Refugee Relief Program. His hobbies are literature, travel, and music.

He was married to Ellen Herum in 1936, and to Thora Lie in 1960. He has four children: Herum, Mark, Ellen, and John.

A word of explanation seems called for in the case of a historian whose academic preparation pointed toward the study of the British Empire and recent diplomatic history, yet whose research is almost wholly within the field of Norwegian-American life. But I can offer no really satisfactory clue to the influences and circumstances that brought about the change of focus.

As my name suggests, I was born of immigrant stock, but the "foreign" language that remains etched in my memory is the colorful patois of trainmen relaxing on the veranda of a railroad hotel in North Dakota. To this day I find myself using English phrases, learned from them, that seemingly have no meaning whatsoever to my present associates. Norwegian was spoken on occasion in my home, especially in conversation with a grandfather worth cultivating because of his skill in making skis, stilts, and box traps; but my parents, though bilingual, preferred the use of English and made no attempt to preserve Norwegian as a spoken language.

In choosing a college during my senior year in high school, I was influenced by a review of the career and writings of O. E. Rölvaag that appeared in the Sunday edition of a Minneapolis newspaper. My father, a businessman, favored a "practical" course of study, and I had given some thought to applying for admission to the University of Michigan, with law school clearly in mind. Prior to 1926, however, I had actually been unconcerned about a college education, despite a family assumption that I would enter a profession of some kind. My greatest interests had been out-of-doors—hunting with ferrets and bird dogs, bouncing over uneven fields in a buckboard wagon in pursuit of foxes run down by Russian wolf hounds, riding western ponies on nearby farms without benefit of a saddle, and camping on Minnesota lakes. These activities had given way somewhat to organized high school sports, but a vocation such as forestry still had a greater appeal than athletics, even those of an outdoor variety. I read a great deal but can recall no specific guidance or direction in my reading, and in no sense of the word was I a bookworm. I cannot explain by what careful logic or subtle pressure I gave up forestry, law, and athletics to follow a typical liberal arts course of study, but it seems, in retrospect, that Rölvaag was the deciding factor in the choice of a course of study at St. Olaf College.

Whatever the cost, I never regretted the decision. Life on Manitou Heights was a revelation—full of challenge, with ample opportunity to participate in literary and other activities. I came under the influence of a stimulating group of teachers in history, literature, and languages at a time of unusual intellectual ferment. The scholarly example of the history department in particular led me to decide upon an academic career, and Rölvaag—both in and out of class—impressed on me, as on others, the ramifications of one's cultural inheritance. The combined efforts of several instructors strengthened my resolve—depression and lack of funds notwithstanding—to pursue graduate work in history and somehow later to combine teaching with an active life of research and writing.

It was my good fortune in 1930 to secure a teaching assistantship at the University of Wisconsin; the renewal of this grant together with a legislative fellowship made it possible to complete the work toward a doctoral degree. The quality of the research and of the teaching in history at Wisconsin is too well known to be discussed here. The influence of the men who made the department famous—both those who had left and those who remained—was little short of amazing. There was no longer any question in my mind about a general field of study, but I was troubled about the choice of a satisfactory area of concentration. After a year of work with my father, during which I earned enough to finance study abroad, I went to England and Germany, completed the basic research for a dissertation, and returned to Madison to fulfill residence requirements for the degree.

While in London and Berlin, I studied the diplomatic correspondence of the Bismarckian era. This work, carried on in the British Public Record Office and in the archives of the German Foreign Office, proved to be interesting, but I had already decided that I did not wish to remain permanently a researcher in diplomatic history, however drawn to it I was in several respects. At the risk of jeopardizing my career, I sought an area of study that was somewhat closer to my experience and that offered greater promise of personal gratification over the years. The practical aspect of the question also loomed large in a period of depression; how, for example, could I hope to travel repeatedly to Europe to work in the archives and libraries of England, Germany, and France?

An interview with Professor G. P. Gooch, distinguished British diplomatic historian and man of letters, proved to be decisive at this juncture. His pointed questions about the Scandinavian immigrants of the Upper Midwest, his comments regarding the obvious parallel of the Scandinavian in English history, and especially his regret at the dearth of real information concerning the transition from Viking to Englishman profoundly influenced my thinking. Interestingly enough, the questions of Dr. Friedrich Thimme, Gooch's counterpart in Berlin, followed a somewhat similar course. But my mind was then too full of the tragedy taking place in Germany and elsewhere—the goings on of Hitler and the disintegration of collective security in Europe—to permit the full implication of the interviews and the fumblings of my mind to crystallize into a logical pattern of thought and action.

I returned to Wisconsin, wrote the dissertation, received the degree in 1935, and was one of the few in the department to secure a teaching position immediately. My school was Northern Montana College at Havre, a unit of the University of Montana. Two years later I accepted a position in history and economics at St. Olaf, with the understanding that in a short time the work would be exclusively in history. This change facilitated the choice of a specialized area of research and writing.

Shortly after coming to St. Olaf, I was asked to assist in the preparation of a pamphlet explaining the history and objectives of the Norwegian-American Historical Association, under the managing editorship of Dr. Theodore C. Blegen, who was then superintendent of the Minnesota Historical Society. This simple study, resulting as it did in associations with Mr. Blegen, provided the answer to my long searchings. I was soon deep in the work of the Association—writing articles and books, assisting with the editorial work, and finally, in 1960, assuming a major responsibility as managing editor. The work has been exciting, personally gratifying, and challenging in a special way. I have much to learn, and this situation will continue for years to come. Even more significant, I have severe standards of writing and editing to live up to. These standards, developed over a thirty-year period by Dean Blegen, were set by a master.

Anyone engaged in the writing of history hopes that as a result of his work some readers will come to a clearer understanding of their past, and therefore of themselves. To this I should like to add another hope—that the publications of the Association will add a new dimension of maturity and depth to the larger study of American history, especially by contributing to a universal acceptance that many elements heretofore neglected entered into the shaping of the American soul and mind.

BOOKS: The two following books published by the Norwegian-American Historical Association: *Saga in Steel and Concrete*, 1947; *West of the Great Divide*, 1958.

WILLIAM ANDERSON

Few teachers have dedicated themselves to their work as has Dr. William Anderson, professor of political science at the University of Minnesota until his retirement as professor emeritus in 1957. After graduation from the university with a bachelor's degree in 1913, he entered Harvard, where he earned the master's and doctor of philosophy degrees. He taught there for a year before returning to Minnesota in 1916 as instructor, assistant professor, associate, and full professor of political science. He was so deeply interested in his work with the students that, if he felt a certain textbook was needed, he wrote it. He has also written books with an adult appeal. He has served on many government planning and research commissions. He was president of Minneapolis Research Bureau, and also American Political Science Association. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in 1913, and was honored with the Outstanding Achievement Award by the University of Minnesota in 1958.

◆

Born in North Minneapolis in 1888 of recently arrived Norwegian Lutheran parents, Edward and Maren (Olavson) Anderson, I was reared in the Camden Place area, and educated at Hamilton School and North High School. Graduating from North High in January, 1907, and continuing to live with my parents, brothers, and sisters, I found employment, first at Wyman, Partridge and Company (wholesale drygoods) and then at Green and DeLaittre Company (wholesale grocers), while also attending business college evenings and learning typing and shorthand.

Having decided the business world was not for me, in September, 1909, I enrolled in the College of Science, Literature, and the Arts of the University of Minnesota. My tentative plans to go into law were changed when a number of stimulating and scholarly teachers in history, political science, mathematics, English, German, French, and zoology in their different fields revealed to me the exciting and fascinating possibilities in a scholarly career. Several of these teachers, especially Cephas D. Allin of political science, and Wallace Notestein of history, made it clear they thought I had some talent for scholarly work, and aided me in getting a tuition scholarship in the graduate school of Harvard University. I studied there for the next three years, concentrating in the department of government, with a minor in economics. I obtained my doctor's degree at Harvard in 1917. In the meantime I had married Morgia DeLaittre Mansur, a high school classmate, and had joined the faculty of the University of Minnesota as an instructor in political science. These both turned out to be lifetime attachments. In the years that followed, my teaching at Minnesota was interrupted only by summer schools at a number of other universities and a few sabbatical leaves. I felt at home at Minnesota and was never strongly tempted by offers to go elsewhere. Our two daughters, Morgia Jeannette and Marian Ruth, both attended and were graduated from Minneapolis public schools and the University.

Writing was at first only an incidental interest, but with the years it grew into a major preoccupation. The subjects on which I wrote were determined mainly by the field of my teaching and research, which was almost entirely in American government and politics. I was spurred to write largely by the discovery of one important topic after another on which either the available books were inaccurate and incomplete, or on which there was no published information whatever to which I could refer my students. Beginning with state and local problems in Minnesota I later advanced into the fields of national government and the American federal system—national, state, and local—as an integrated whole. Without boasting I think I can say that the series of ten monographs written by younger scholars under me, and in part by me, and published between 1950 to 1960 by the University of Minnesota Press offer the most comprehensive survey of the relations between national, state, and local governments in the United States yet produced. The series, as a whole, is entitled "Intergovernmental Relations in the United States as Observed in the State of Minnesota."

Incidentally, as a result of the knowledge I acquired in the fields of my studies, I was called upon to serve on, or to do research and writing for, various state committees in Minnesota; national research groups like the Social Science Research Council (Committee on Public Administration, and Committee on Government); the American Political Science Association; and the United States Government; for example, first Hoover Commission (Subcommittee on Federal-State Relations) and the Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, 1953 to 1955 (citizen member by presidential appointment). These experiences resulted in writings not here listed, as well as in some contributions to public policy decisions.

My present post-retirement project, a history of the study of politics in the Near East and the West since the beginnings of civilization, represents another and, I hope, not too belated an attempt to fill a gap in human knowledge. No one, to my knowledge, has ever before attempted such a work. But I think it is very important that men learn how politics has been studied and how it can be successfully studied.

I am not a writer's writer. Writing always comes hard for me and I have never been able to develop a satisfactory or entertaining style. I strive mainly for accuracy and clarity. Writing is to me a necessity as a means to an end—the advancement of human knowledge about government and politics. This is one of the greatest needs of men at all times, everywhere. The world is today advancing and must continue to advance toward more ethical, efficient, stable, and responsible government on every continent, on all the islands, and in all nations. It must be government in the interests of the people and controlled by the people, not by dictatorial regimes and totalitarian parties for their own interests or to carry out their pet theories.

I realize that large numbers of people in even the most literate nations have a strong distaste for politics ("a dirty business") and even for government (those horrible taxers and tax spenders!). But I stand firmly on the side of Presidents Lincoln and James Madison. To Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" I add that to me there is no tolerable substitute for popular government, none that comports with the potentialities of the human spirit or the dignity of man. With Madison I hold that "a popular government, without popular information, or the means of acquiring it, is but the prologue to a farce or a tragedy, or perhaps both." And the information that all people need under popular government must include a great deal more than ever in the past about government and politics, at home and abroad.

BOOKS: *A History of the Constitution of Minnesota*, University of Minnesota Press, 1921; *City Charter Making in Minnesota*, University of Minnesota Press, 1922; *American City Government*, Henry Holt and Company, 1925, 1950; *Local Government and Finance in Minnesota* (handbook), University of Minnesota Press, 1935; *American Government*, Henry Holt and Company, 1938, 4th edition—1953; *Fundamentals of American Government*, Henry Holt and Company, 1940; *The National Government of the United States*, Henry Holt and Company, 1946; *Federalism and Intergovernmental Relations*, Public Administration Service, 1946; *The Nation and the States: Rivals or Partners?*, University of Minnesota Press, 1955; two research monographs published by the University of Minnesota Press: *Intergovernmental Fiscal Relations*, 1956, and *Intergovernmental Relations in Review*, 1960.

DORIS BEATRICE BANET

Juvenile stories are Doris (Beatrice) Banet's contribution to literature. In her two published books, she used animal heroes to "sneak" in object lessons for the benefit of her four chiudren.

Mrs. Banet was born in St. Louis, Missouri, where she attended Kennard Grammar School, Southwest High School, and one year in St. Louis Business College. Since then, she has taken many English and art short courses. She was married to William R. Banet in Wilmette, Illinois, in 1947. The next year they moved to Minneapolis.

* * *

I exploded into this world brandishing a spiked imagination which has been sharpened through the years by a tiger-sized curiosity, a love of books, and a tendency to prefer imaginary playmates to the real thing. More often than not, I swung through the trees of Africa, braved a stormy sea, or rode a camel's hump through a burning Sahara with my dog as my sole companion. (Actually, I have never been beyond the U.S.A.'s mid-section.)

My mother, a sensitive woman of German descent, wove magical tales of fantasy and fact; while my father, a huge, brawny sailor of "Hash" descent, filled me with story-book tales of his travels and adventures. He was proud of his mongrel heritage and boasted at length about my great-great-great grandmother or an even more distant English ancestor who was allegedly knighted for bravery. Between these verbal narratives, I read the written ones. If my reading selection grew short on fiction, I would resort to the encyclopedia or the label on the bottle of castor-oil. Dissolved in my mental palisade of fantasy, I tripped blithely through my growing-up period without actually ever growing up. It was only natural that my imaginative reveries would eventually overflow into pen and ink or onto a sketch pad. However, I have never thought of myself as "talented." Cursed by a negatively self-critical nature, I looked upon my creative efforts as something akin to blasphemy, and for ten years I did not pursue them at all.

I guess I can thank several rather unfriendly neighbors for awakening my dormant interests. Mentally and morally I was in a turmoil. In other words, "fit to be tied!" I had never before had to cope with a deliberate act of unkindness and I was at a complete loss. A good friend, who happens to be an artist, rekindled my interest in sketching and from these creative efforts I found myself again scribbling out poetry and writing short stories. I had always enjoyed inventing stories for my children, but now I began writing them down. It was my long-suffering husband (for thirteen years he has put up with my reluctance to routine, my overcooked dinners, and my blindness to popped-off buttons) who finally pressured me into submitting some of my writings. Let me tell you—there is nothing more deflating to the ego than a rejection form. I wonder if I shall ever be able to accept them graciously! With each one I fall into an abyss of depression and swear I'll never write another word. So why do I? I am restless when I don't.

Bill and I are guilty of contributing to the "population explosion"! Our explosion appeared in the form of four innocent-looking firecrackers which, when fired together, make for one very large explosion. Our first three combined efforts are boys. The caboose has turned into a pony-tailed, squealing "I'm gonna tell Mom" tomboy. These confusing creatures look pretty much alike with their torn (I'm sick of patching) jeans, smudged faces and freckles spilling over pug noses. Nine months a year, five days a week, their normally bright and alert minds become torpid. During this period of mental hibernation, they seem incapable of even turning on a light switch. The poor, harrassed teachers struggle bravely to convince these reluctants that two and two really *do* make four, and *cat* can only be spelled *c-a-t*. Yet these half-pints have proved the existence of perpetual motion in a few short years where it took our educated scientists hundreds of years to establish that fact. On Mondays through Fridays, these agitators find it impossible to get out of bed. But come Saturdays they are up to greet the first flush of day. Their minds magically awaken and they become brilliant conspirators in crime. Yet, under the chaos they create, lie four truly nice little people who are only trying, in their own indefinable way, to cope with the insecurities of growing up—and, besides, they like the stories I tell.

My husband is a bright, young business executive with the usual problems that go with that type of responsibility. Yet he has patiently succumbed to my highly dramatic readings of newly inspired poetry, lent constructive criticism to a new manuscript, replied tactfully when I would unveil my latest painting or piece of sculpture, and listened in quiet resignation as I analyzed his handwriting or read his horoscope. But I remember once when his patience came to a temporary, but quite abrupt halt. It was about three a.m. and I had just completed what I considered a particularly stirring bit of patriotic poetry. I dashed into our bedroom where my faithful confidant was snoring peacefully, shook him soundly, and proceeded to give an emotional rendition of my newest creation. When I had finished I looked down at my darling who was staring at me with a slightly glazed expression. As usual, I asked, "What-cha-think?"—naturally expecting the reply to be heavy-laden with glowing epithets over the superb quality of my masterpiece. Instead, he exploded with an evenly spaced, "I - think - it - stinks!" I drew back, bewildered and wounded by the words that snapped at me. "Let's face it, Doris. Carl Sandburg would stink at this hour and you're no Carl Sandburg." Needless to say

I never again let my creative enthusiasm get the best of my common sense—at least not at three a.m.

I guess we Banets are what you would call a hobby family who piously practice "togetherness"—sometimes. We love music of all types, visit the art galleries regularly, collect rocks, shells, and butterflies. Occasionally we bowl. We all try our hands at clay modeling and our newest group activity is archery. Before the children came, I was a golf enthusiast, and I am anxious to rejoin Bill on that first tee. We all love animals, particularly dogs and horses, and in the summer we spend every possible week end camping out.

Although I must admit I still treasure my solitude, I do enjoy people. I am fascinated by the wonderful personalities I have met throughout the years. Some people claim one has to travel a lot in order to find interesting subjects to write about. Pooh! I don't believe a word of it. I could write a volume of stories just about the people in my own neighborhood (though I am not entirely sure they would appreciate it).

I was raised a Lutheran, but find I have an insatiable interest in all religions. Politically, I fancy myself an "independent" but have voted Republican ever since I was old enough to mark my X on the ballot. I have strong opinions about some issues and total bewilderment about the rest.

As to my goal in the literary field? Why the Pulitzer Prize, of course! Seriously though, I feel books were invented not only to teach, but also to amuse and lighten the heart; to stir and excite the imagination; to give the reader another life vicariously. If I can contribute a few hours of relaxation and pleasure to the reading public, I shall feel I have reached my literary goal in life.

BOOKS published by T. S. Denison and Co., Inc.: *Tiny the Teeny Turtle*, 1960; *Flicker the Discontented Firefly*, 1960.

CEDRIC ADAMS

Cedric Adams was the popular columnist for the Minneapolis Star *and a radio and TV news broadcaster since 1935. Reading his newspaper column, "In This Corner," people enjoyed a folksy, back-fence chatter type of writing. He had been a contributor to* Reader's Digest, Esquire, *and* Holiday *magazines. He was a member of Sigma Delta Chi and Headliners Club of America. His hobby was boating.*

* * *

I was born May 27, 1902, in Adrian, Minnesota, and at the age of two moved with my parents (Josephine Calvin Adams and Ray Adams) to Magnolia, Minnesota. The first of my famous appearances took place at the town dance at the age of four, clad in pajamas.

While attending high school at Central in Minneapolis, I first became a working-man. I started as a soda jerk at the Chamber of Commerce for twelve dollars a week. From soda jerk, I progressed to office boy at Washburn Crosby Company and then to McCarthy Brothers Grain Company.

I matriculated at the University of Minnesota in 1921. My prose came to have acceptance in local magazines and I began writing a humor column for the *Minnesota Daily*.

In 1926, I joined the staff of the *Minneapolis Star* as a rewrite man, and also wrote a humor column entitled "The Observatory." After two years with the *Star,* I went to Fawcett's Publishing House as associate editor of Captain Billy's *Whiz Bang, Smokehouse Monthly,* and *Hooey*. I was also contributing editor of the *Golfer and Sportsman.*

In 1931, I married Bernice Lemont of Virginia, Minnesota. We have three sons: David, Cedric, Jr., and Stephen.

In 1935, I returned to the *Minneapolis Star* to write a daily column, "In This Corner." Proof of the popularity of my column came when I made an appeal to the readers for one cent each to help an aged couple pay their taxes. The plea brought in 57,000 pennies, more than enough to cover the taxes of the grateful couple.

BOOKS: *The Country Plumber*, Fawcett, 1925; *Poor Cedric's Almanac*, Doubleday, 1952.

HELEN ACKER ANDERSON

"As we know the people of other countries, share their feelings, and value their achievements, we come to the great fact that the men of our world are equal," wrote Helen Acker Anderson in the dedication of one of her books. Her aim in her writings has been to bring to young Americans a better understanding of other boys and girls of our world. Her biographies of Norwegian, Italian, and Russian boys were written for teen-age readers; while the fiction books appeal to children eight to twelve years of age.

Helen Acker and her husband, Arthur B. Anderson, live in Minneapolis, the city she has considered home since 1914.

◆

I was born in Niagara Falls, New York, where my uncle and my father had a chemical plant, called "The Acker Process." This plant burned to the ground one day and night. My father's lungs were injured in the ordeal and he was ordered to live quietly in some north pine country place. My parents chose northern Minnesota. We went there—I as a child of ten, and there I learned to know well the northern woods.

We later moved to Minneapolis. I went to Lincoln Grade School, then to North High School, and then to the University of Minnesota, where I took bachelor and master of arts degrees in English literature. I taught school first in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and later in the junior college department of Katharine Gibbs School in New York City. While there I took courses in literature at Columbia University and at the New School of Social Research. I lived at 36 Perry Street, one of the old tree-lined Greenwich Village streets. During the early 1930's, I supported myself by giving book talks and reviews for women's clubs in New York City.

When I returned to Minneapolis in 1935, I taught for the General Extension Division of the University of Minnesota. I have taught in day school and night school for the department of English. I now teach seven courses for the department of correspondence study.

I do not write regularly; but, when I am wound up for a writing project, I do nothing but that for the project's duration. During this time, I am nervous—and live with the book's characters and scenes around the clock.

BOOKS: Published by Thomas Nelson and Sons: *Three Boys of Old Russia*, 1944; *Four Sons of Norway*, 1948; *Five Sons of Italy*, 1950. *The School Train*, Abelard Schuman, 1953; *Lee Natoni, Young Navajo*, Abelard Schuman, 1958.

EDNA A. ANDERSON

Edna A. Anderson's work with children has made her naturally interested in writing stories for them. She has associated with children as teacher, mother, Sunday school teacher, club sponsor, and now is completing four years as principal of Greeley Elementary School in Minneapolis.

She has also written a book that is helpful as a guide for new teachers. She is aptly qualified as she spent two years working with teachers, new to Minneapolis, in their classrooms and at the administration building. She also spent two years as demonstration teacher in second grade at Tuttle Elementary School for classes from the University of Minnesota. She has taught in small rural to large city schools. She says, "A sea of childish faces stretch back through the years, and form a glowing tapestry that becomes the fabric of life."

◆

When I was thirteen and a high school junior in the central South Dakota town of Kimball, Tuesdays in English class were cherished days to me. The regular assignment for fourth period, any Tuesday, was "Original Work." This class opened the door to self-confidence for me, for I was painfully shy and usually turned beet-red, or stammered to focus my voice when called upon to recite. But I could lose myself in writing, and the approval of classmates was like manna from heaven! Sometimes they sat quietly and listened, and sometimes they even whispered, "Hey, that's good!" I remember an "Ode to the Janitor," which was placed on the assembly bulletin board, an excruciating adventure story about Kip and his dog, and a fiery essay applauding Bill, the candidate for student council president.

What a patient teacher was Miss Audrey Sturchler to nurture these green and awkward efforts!

My early years held many ties to Minnesota. My parents farmed the level plains of the often drouth-ridden sister state of South Dakota. When we drove the several hundred miles to visit relatives near Luverne for holidays, the blue haze over the Mounds unfailingly signified "This is Minnesota!" a land of plenty. My aunt's orchard trees laden with juicy apples, the long bluish grass of her front yard, the Rock River gurgling invitingly through the pastures, and the fields buzzing with crickets in the heat of autumn when hayracks carried the last of the bundles to the threshing machine made Minnesota a glorious place to partake of in those early years.

Two years of college at Madison, South Dakota, were filled with widening knowledge, sometimes painful, often rewarding. I worked hard at what I liked and often neglected that which held less appeal for me. A campus essay contest caught my fancy, and when my opus, "Life in My Home Town," won first prize, the local newspaper asked to print it. To my dismay I found that I first had to rewrite much of it because the descriptions of some of the local people and events were uncomfortably identifiable.

As my second year of college neared its close, big news prompted an excited long distance telephone call to my father, "Guess what, Dad! I'm to teach—I have a job! This fall! At Lake Norden —what? Primary grades—seventy dollars a month! Isn't that wonderful? Let me talk to Mother!"

Seventy dollars was a good monthly wage at that time, and in the excitement of the moment, how to teach reading or arithmetic faded from my consciousness and all I could remember was the tense argument about behaviorism vs. heredity in psychology class! When school opened, twenty-three young faces eager to learn soon brought the task into focus.

I met a young man during my teaching years at Lake Norden who had just returned from several years of military service in the Hawaiian Islands. We were married and lived in this small town for a number of years. Two daughters, Clarace and Sharon, were born. During these years of busy home-making, there was little time for writing, although I did manage a few humorous incidents that were printed in current magazines.

Upset war years led to a complete up-rooting of small town life. We left the carrots and tomatoes burgeoning in the garden, leisurely bridge games, and the clean smell of washing on the line to join the press of people, rumbling street cars, boat whistles, and overpowering ocean that make up San Francisco. We lived there for several years, the girls learning to jump rope and play house on concrete instead of on grass, and my husband and I learning to adjust our lives to people, people, people! After a few years we returned to the pines, the lakes, the fishermen of northern Minnesota.

I have much affection for the very fine college at Bemidji, Minnesota, for it was there I completed my bachelor's degree. I remember my biology teacher in his first session commenting to the class, "I feel sorry for those of you who have not been in college for some years. This course will be difficult for you." This was a challenge! I set out to prove something or other, and earned the top score in the course—if I couldn't succeed at the start, I'd better not try to finish! Completing my bachelor's degree in late summer of 1955 climaxed a full year of "meeting the requirements," chopping down trees and lashing together camp furniture as an antidote to heavy academic courses, private piano and voice lessons to abet my less-than-musical abilities, completing a correspondence course in harmony without a piano but with the help of mathematical equations—all of the side-learnings that went into my bachelor's degree made that August graduation day in 1955 an important day in my life.

Moving to Minneapolis was a new experience in Minnesota. From the rich farmlands to the lakes and pines, and finally to the sprawling, growing city, with arms widespread, offering opportunity to the seeker! Years became filled with teaching boys and girls, completing a master's degree at the University of Minnesota, and a return to writing.

Learning and writing were burning fires in busy years, encouraged by a husband who was as interested in helping to collect birch bark to complete a nature project as he was in helping to type a manuscript in his spare time. He listened, read, measured, and made possible many things.

Children in one way or another have generated much writing effort. My first books were stories for children, and the third book, "Round the Clock in the Classroom," was a book for teachers of children. Currently, two chapter books for older children are in the process of being illustrated and published: "Snowshoe" and "The Ice-bound Treasure."

Why do I write? I suppose for the same reason that women sew or bake a cake, or that painters paint, or farmers nurse a seed to a full-blown plant. Although the task of developing an idea into a manuscript becomes just plain hard work when the going is rough, the thrill of seeing the idea take form is not easy to match.

BOOKS: These books were published by T. S. Denison and Company: *Round the Clock in the Classroom* (adult), 1959; *The Extra Egg*, 1958; *Mac, the Fire Fighter*, 1958; *Snowshoe*, 1961; *The Ice-bound Treasure*, 1961.

DARRAGH ALDRICH

To people who know northern Minnesota only as a vacation land, it is just a grand place to camp, fish, and hunt — rocky shores, blue lakes, and giant pines. But to those who know Darragh Aldrich's novels, it has deeper significance, for she presents honest-to-goodness folks who live in that part of our state. The scenes of most of her novels are the Superior National Forest country and the Arrowhead, north of Lake Superior. Mrs. Aldrich knows this North Country well, for she and her husband, Chilson D. Aldrich (deceased 1948), canoed six thousand miles over the lakes and streams. She tells her stories with a skill learned in the writing of comedies for the stage. Her novels read easily, for they are full of quick-moving scenes, witty dialogue, and humor, that reflect a wholesome philosophy of life.

Besides being a writer, she was a radio commentator from 1941 to 1956 on station WCCO, in Minneapolis, where she makes her home. She is a member of Delta Phi Lambda, National League of American Pen Women, Theta Sigma Phi journalistic sorority, and Mortar Board.

◆

In autobiographical notes one is expected to give only the important facts and, until after one has died, one doesn't know which they are! I suppose, however, that being born in Indiana is important since everybody born in Indiana is either a politician or an author, and I am no politician.

As Clara Chapline Thomas, I accepted my fate early in life and, at the age of eight, sent my first completed story to *St. Nicholas*. Mrs. Mapes Dodge, then editor, returned the story with a kindly letter that I prize highly now—though I hated her at the time.

Since one's education is supposed to be important, I shall hastily sum mine up in one sentence: I have been loyal to Minnesota throughout—grammar and high school in Minneapolis, and a bachelor of arts degree from the University of Minnesota. In high school, I was editor of the high school paper; and, at the university, I was one of the editors of *The Gopher,* and an occasional editor and contributor to *The Minnesota Daily.* During this period also I wrote stories for national magazines, my first one being published in *The American.*

Acceptance of short stories during college definitely decided me upon becoming a professional writer. Accordingly I applied for and was accepted as a special human interest writer on the *Minneapolis Tribune.* My big opportunity came in the resignation of the paper's well-known columnist, for I was assigned to carry on until they could find someone to take his place. From that time until ten years later when, on my marriage, I resigned from the *Tribune,* I continued to carry on under the masculine nom de plume of "Quentin." *Quentin's Column* won me a membership in the national society of Press Humorists, composed entirely of men, but—alas—after a personal appearance at their national convention in Chicago, I had to resign!

My marriage to a Minneapolis architect, Chilson Darragh Aldrich, two of whose names I immediately appropriated, gave me a chance to exchange a regular salary for free-lance rejection slips. However, my first novel followed and was immediately accepted under the sentimental title of "Enchanted Hearts." Within a year, it had been dramatized by George M. Cohan under the title, "A Prince There Was," and chosen as his Broadway starring vehicle. Later it was filmed and, still later, produced by Cecil B. DeMille over the radio.

Other plays published and produced in little theatres have been light comedies: "Luck of the Irish," "Girls Are Like That," "Why Be Rich?" My novels, however, have been sincere studies of Minnesota life in its various aspects: "Peter Good for Nothing"—of the logging camps; "Red Headed School Ma'am"—of the canoe country; "Earth Never Tires"—modern pioneer life in the Arrowhead region; "Girl Going Nowhere"—a story of today's youth "on the drift." "Some Trails Never End" is an outdoor romance of the north shore of Lake Superior. Besides these novels, I have written two biographies: the story of "John Deere" and "Lady in Law" (Mabeth Hurd Paige, first woman legislator) and collaborated with my husband in "The Real Log Cabin" (a semi-textbook on pioneer architecture).

To sum up—there's just one thing to say about writing as a profession: it is the most arduous, discouraging work one minute, and the next the happiest and most heartening! Many begin, but few follow through. To me the best part of it is that it has let me live a large part of the year in a pioneerish log cabin amid trees and rocks and wild flowers and birds and funny little animals—and unfunny larger ones.

It seems to me that both life and writing are rightly built on just three foundation stones. Or perhaps they are more like the three primary colors from which all shades are developed through combinations.

First—Sincerity—nothing artificial or merely striving for effect. This means Honesty—being as true as one can be to an ideal one has set up for one's self and one's work.

Second—Beauty—not mere prettiness, which is always unbeautiful, for it is untrue. But I do feel that it is the artist's job to bring out the beauty in whatever material is set to his hand. The grossest stark realism may be used by the true artist to reveal a spiritual significance in life—and an underlying reality of beauty.

Third—Simplicity, or Directness, getting rid of everything that doesn't count—whether words and phrases in writing or a clutter of useless material wants in life. We must keep our tools sharp, our responses to all livingness sensitive—and only hardness used as a whetstone will give them a keen edge.

NOVELS: *Enchanted Hearts*, Doubleday, 1917; *Peter Good for Nothing*, Macmillan, 1929; *Red Headed School Ma'am*, Penn Publishing Company, 1935; *Earth Never Tires*, H. C. Kinsey Company, 1936; *Girl Going Nowhere*, H. C. Kinsey, 1939; *Some Trails Never End*, H. C. Kinsey, 1941.

PLAYS: *A Prince There Was* (with George M. Cohan), Doubleday, 1919; and the following by The Northwestern Press: *Girls Are Like That*, 1932; *Why Be Rich?*, 1932; *Luck of the Irish*, 1933.

BIOGRAPHY: *The Story of John Deere*, John Deere Company, 1942; *Lady in Law*, Ralph Seymour, 1952.

NON-FICTION: *The Real Log Cabin* (with Chilson D. Aldrich), Macmillan, 1918.

LAURA NELSON BAKER

Humboldt, Iowa, was the birthplace of Laura Nelson Baker, but she considers Lake Mills her home town, where she lived from age five to her sixteenth birthday when she moved to Minneapolis. Here she completed her formal education at the University of Minnesota. She was a member of Tom Gaddis' creative writing class at West High School and later joined the Minneapolis Writers' Workshop. As editor of The Richfield News *she became well known among writers in and around the Twin Cities. As free-lance writer, she has had fiction, articles, or poetry in* Seventeen, Woman's Day, Christian Science Monitor, Good Housekeeping, Today's Woman, The American Girl, *and other magazines. All her books, except the adult novel, "The Red Mountain," were written for junior readers. With Adrien Stoutenburg, she has collaborated under the joint pseudonym, Nelson Minier.*

Writing stories and books for a living isn't nearly as much fun as the writing I did when I was ten years old. Third from the youngest in a family of ten children, I created a "studio" under the front porch of our farmhouse a mile west of Lake Mills, Iowa, and there composed magnificent poems and stories. At least I considered them magnificent. The foundation of the porch was of concrete blocks, and the openings in these made wonderful cubbyholes for storing manuscripts, temporarily.

During the housing shortage after World War II, I went back to Lake Mills and lived for two years in an old, derelict house on a corner of the same farm. My son Tim was then about eight years old. He and I and another woman writer spent two years alone with the mice, the birds, rabbits, and other wild neighbors. We had no plumbing, no electricity, no running water, no telephone, and the quarter of a mile from the highway to our house was impassable for about six months of the year, from deep snow in winter and from deep, heavy mud all spring. A pair of woodchucks moved into the dirt cellar and spent the first winter with us, moving out in the spring accompanied by five newborn offspring. We called the place "The Hump" and all three of us loved it. My son liked the climbing-trees, the wild strawberries in the spring, the plum orchard in summer, the whole wonderful world of country living. For us writers, no place could have been more wonderful—free rent, privacy, and peace and time for thinking.

I have also lived in Colorado; Guadalajara, Mexico; and now in a woodland retreat thirty miles from San Francisco, called Lagunitas. The town consists of a postoffice, a store, and a Catholic church, and is on Sir Francis Drake Highway. The residents perch on the sides of the ridges above the highway and I happen to live at the end of the road going up! Behind my house is the watershed belonging to the municipal water company and uninhabited except by deer, hummingbirds, gray squirrels and other creatures whose acquaintance I have not yet made. By climbing at a 45-degree angle behind the house, to the top of the ridge, it is possible to walk for about six miles and see no other human being.

While still in Minnesota, I worked for Unity House in north Minneapolis, and later edited *The Richfield News.* My weekly column, "The Very Idea," continued while I was in Guadalajara for five months, in 1954. In 1955, I moved to Berkeley, California, where I supervised the manuscript reading room of the Bancroft Library, University of California's historical library. Since moving to Lagunitas a year ago, I have been a full-time free-lance writer. When I want a change from the typewriter I go outdoors and saw wood for our huge fireplace and for the old-fashioned wood-burning heater, which keeps the studio part of the house warm. Reading, listening to music, studying birds and wildflowers take up most of the rest of the time at home here in the woods. Since I am so close to San Francisco and Berkeley, there is no lack of society or amusement; and the University of California's library at Berkeley is a regular haunt of mine. There is only one flaw—my son, his wife, and two adorable daughters prefer Minnesota to California, so I see them only once a year.

BOOKS: *The Red Mountain* (adult novel), The Itasca Press, 1946; *Wanted Women in War Industry*, E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 1948; *The Friendly Beasts* (picture book), Parnassus Press, 1957; *Snowshoe Thompson* (biography, with Adrien Stoutenburg), Charles Scribner's Sons, 1957; *Wild Treasure, Story of David Douglas* (with Adrien Stoutenburg), Charles Scribner's Sons, 1958; *Scannon, Dog with Lewis and Clark* (with Adrien Stoutenburg) Charles Scribner's Sons, 1959; *The Special Year* (novel), Charles Scribner's Sons, 1959; *Somebody, Somewhere* (novel), Alfred A. Knopf, 1961; *In the Winter, in the Winter* (picture book), Abelard-Schuman, 1961; *Carl Linnaeus* (with Stoutenburg), Charles Scribner's Sons, 1961; *It's Only Me* (with Stoutenburg but under pseudo, Nelson Minier), Macrae-Smith, 1961.

WALTER C. ALVAREZ, M.D.

Physician, syndicated medical columnist, editor, lecturer—these are the titles that have been truly earned by the versatile Walter C. Alvarez. On his retirement from the Mayo Clinic (Rochester) in 1951, where he had served for 25 years, he moved to Chicago and opened an office on Michigan Boulevard. Here he gives advice to a few patients, and writes his columns and pamphlets that are read by millions of people daily. He is, indeed, everybody's family doctor.

In 1907, he married Harriet Skidmore Smyth. They have four children: Gladys (Mrs. Raymond Archibald), Luis Walter, Robert Smyth, Bernice (Mrs. Bradley Brownson).

* * *

I feel almost like a Minnesotan for two reasons: one, that my mother was born in St. Paul, and her people were Minnesota pioneers who came over from Germany about 1840. Also, I spent twenty-five years of my life as one of the senior consultants at the Mayo Clinic.

I was born in San Francisco in 1884, the year my father started his medical education. After he was graduated in 1887, we went to Hawaii where my father was a government physician. He later took charge of research on leprosy, and became one of the world's authorities in this field. In 1901, I went to San Francisco where I started my medical education in what is now the medical school of Stanford University. During my internship, in 1906, I had the interesting experience of living through the great earthquake and fire of San Francisco. In 1910, I became associated in practice with my ablest teacher, Dr. Emile Schmoll, and with him I obtained my training as an internist and a stomach specialist.

In 1912, I induced my chief to go to Vienna and learn the then-new type of X-ray screening of stomachs. Dr. Schmoll brought with him one of the first of the new types of X-ray apparatus to be brought back to America. In 1913, I went to Harvard to try to learn more about the workings of the stomach and bowel, and I had the great good fortune to be taken by the world famous Dr. Walter B. Cannon into his private laboratory, where I worked for a while on animals. This was the beginning of a wonderful friendship with Dr. Cannon which I cherished until he died.

Soon after my return to San Francisco, The Hooper Foundation was built, and opened under the directorship of Dr. George H. Whipple, who very kindly made space for me. Under him, I rose to become associate professor of research medicine at the University of California. The famous Dr. William H. Welch once said to me, as he sat in my lab in San Francisco, "You know, you are one of two men I have known who were equally successful in laboratory research and in the practice of medicine." Actually, this "equal success" brought me much puzzlement, because for years I could not decide which field I should stay in. Eventually, the practice of medicine claimed me.

Interestingly, my first bit of research was done in 1905 and 1906 when I was still an intern. I was the first man in the United States to confirm Schaudinn's discovery of the cause of syphilis. I had my first scientific paper published by the time I was 22. In 1910, I became greatly interested in the study of the heredity of chronic nervous diseases and constitutional frailness, and this interest is still very much with me. Also, I became fascinated with the problem of what is now called psychosomatic medicine; in 1912, I gave a lecture on this subject before the San Francisco County Medical Society.

While in California, my greatest joy was in going up into the high Sierras with the Sierra Club, a group of mountaineers. We would walk from ten to twenty miles a day and sleep out under the stars in a sleeping bag. I also developed the hobbies of photography and the history of medicine. By the time I was twelve, I was reading avidly in the fields of archaeology and evolution and these two interests have remained with me all my days.

About 1917, while examining draftees, I became interested in trying to find out what was normal blood pressure for men and women at the different ages. When the Student Health Department of the University of California very kindly shared with me their records of the blood pressures of 15,000 freshmen, I had to turn to and study medical statistics before I could make the analysis I wanted to make.

By 1925, my practice had become so large that it was very difficult for me to save time for my laboratory researches. Hence when, in 1925, I received an invitation to go to the Mayo Clinic, I gladly went. At Mayo's, a wonderful new life of opportunity opened up to me. For a few years, I had enough time for my lab work and I also could dip into the huge and interesting mass of human material, finding thousands of cases of rare diseases which interested me greatly. During my years at the Mayo Clinic, I published 347 scientific papers, plus a number of books and scores of editorials. I edited, first, the *American Journal of Digestive Diseases* and later, *Gastroenterology*. I am still, in my middle seventies, doing clinical researches and publishing the reports. Each month, I still spend part of my time on the road, lecturing and attending conventions.

In 1928, I became president of the American Gastroenterological Association. Later I received the Friedenwald Medal, the highest honor that can come to a stomach specialist. I became a member of 48 scientific societies, including the Association of American Physicians. I became an honorary member of twenty societies, including the Royal Society of Medicine of England. During my years at Mayo's, some of my work was done on the physiology of the bowel; much was on migraine; much was on little strokes, and much was on neuroses, and mild forms of psychoses and epilepsy. I made a number of statistical studies on digestive secretions.

In many ways, the most rewarding of my experiences were the many friendships I made with wonderful men, many of them leaders in American medicine, and many distinguished lay men and women who came often from the ends of the earth, and some remained my friends for years. Every year, in my home, I would entertain over 600 of these visitors and their friendships enriched my life. During my Mayo Clinic days, I became professor of medicine in the University of Minnesota (Mayo Foundation). In 1950, I was retired because of the age limit. I moved to Chicago and began one of the busiest retirements a man ever put in.

I have always felt that we physicians much need booklets and folders and leaflets to hand out to our patients to help answer their many questions when we have no time. When I wrote a number of such booklets, they were syndicated in newspapers, and the next thing I knew, I was writing a special medical column which now goes to over 80 newspapers in the United States and Canada; also, to some papers scattered about the world. Also, for a year, I edited the medical magazine *GP (General Practitioner)*, and later *Modern Medicine* and *Geriatrics,* which are published in Minneapolis. I keep seeing a few patients each day "just to keep my hand in."

One of my burdens and joys is a tremendous correspondence. It keeps me in contact with old and new friends. My column causes me to receive each year some 100,000 letters.

BOOKS: *How to Live with Your Allergy*, Wilcox and Follett, 1951; *The Neuroses*, W. B. Saunders Co., 1951; *Danger Signals, Warnings of Serious Disease,* Wilcox and Follett, 1953; *Nervousness, Indigestion and Pain Danger Signals*, Harper and Bros., 1954; *Live at Peace with Your Nerves*, Prentice-

Hall, Inc., 1958; *Practical Leads to Puzzling Diagnoses*, J. B. Lippincott Co., 1958.

BOOKLETS published by Harper and Bros.: *Colitis, Gallstones and Disease of the Gallbladder; Sick Headaches or Migraine; Constipation; High Blood Pressure; Food Allergy.* Booklets published by Follett Pub. Co.: *How to Live with Your Nerves; How to Live with Your Migraine Headache; Cancer.* Published by Darnell Co.: *What a Salesman Should Know About His Health.* Booklets published by The Register and Tribune Syndicate, Des Moines: *Weight Control; Heart Trouble; Triumph Over Nervousness; Cancer; When Mental Illness Strikes a Family; Blood Pressure; Arthritis and Rheumatism; Menopause and Hysterectomy; Allergy, Hay Fever, and Asthma; Ulcers of the Stomach and Duodenum; How to Safeguard Your Vision.*

ANNE CAWLEY BOARDMAN

Anne Cawley Boardman taught English and speech in West Virginia—first in Sisterville High School, and then at University High School, Morgantown, before coming to Minnesota in September, 1931, to teach in the University of Minnesota High School. Three years later, in 1934, she married Dr. Charles W. Boardman, who was director of student teaching at the university and administrative head of the high school.

No doubt she would have continued her teaching had not the university rule, still in effect, prevented two members of the same family being on the staff simultaneously. Because she loved to teach she sought employment in the Minneapolis public schools only to be informed by the personnel director, Mr. McWhorter, that married women were ineligible for appointment. By the time this rule had become obsolete, she had established herself as a book reviewer and story teller, appearing in schools, colleges, churches, and women's groups throughout the school and club year. She always felt, she says, that she was a teacher whether she lectured or wrote. Her purpose has been to *stimulate a great love of good books on the part of those with whom she came in contact.*

❧

Everyone writes for different reasons just as everyone writes at a different time and in a different manner. Fundamentally anyone who writes seriously does it because he has to, because he feels an urge to translate his ideas and reactions into forms that will reach and influence others. These forms may vary in length, message, and permanence. Whatever their nature they establish contacts beyond the place where they were conceived and written, affecting readers according to the author's purpose and ability.

I found my way to the writing of books through a compulsion to introduce a great but little-known woman to the larger sphere I felt she deserved. Before this I had written countless short pieces, some of which had been published. I loved to write letters almost as much as I loved to talk—my earlier career having been that of high school teacher of speech and English, my later career of book-reviewer and lecturer continuing to the present.

But until I learned about Mother Mary Walsh, foundress of the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor, an order dedicated to the free nursing of deserving sick people of all races and creeds, I had not channeled my efforts into a full-length project requiring involved research, travel, and discipline. Result: "Such Love Is Seldom."

The satisfactions that followed were great but the weariness, intense. In sincerity I vowed I would never again consider the concentrated demands of biography, especially the biography of a person who lives in the hearts and minds of her followers.

But knowledge of Mother Euphrasia Pelletier, pioneer sociologist and reformer and foundress of the world's largest organization of religious social workers, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, brought the desire to write about her.

I worked hard on "Such Love Is Seldom." I worked harder on "Good Shepherd's Fold." In advance of the actual writing of "Good Shepherd's Fold" I traveled widely; I read and interviewed tirelessly; I spent weeks in various juvenile courts; and I lived, worked, and played with the girls who lived in Good Shepherd Homes.

Steadily I have resisted opportunities to do further biographies. Nevertheless I write daily, publishing intermittently, in religious and secular magazines. Presently I am busy with a full-length story of an Irish Catholic family living at the turn of the century in Sisterville, West Virginia—my birthplace—an oil town on the Ohio River. The recent death of my husband has delayed the completion of this book.

Additionally I inform potential readers and book-buyers of the upper Midwest about modern books, speaking to whatever organizations are inquiring and book-conscious.

My biography appears in "Who's Who of American Women" and "The American Catholic Who's Who." It is enough to say that I have a Phi Beta Kappa key from West Virginia University, together with M.A. and Ph.D. degrees respectively from Ohio State University and University of Minnesota. From 1931-1934 I served as teacher and chairman of the English Department, University of Minnesota High School—my marriage to Charles W. Boardman (1934) terminating my teaching.

Among the organizations in which I hold memberships are Minneapolis League of Catholic Women and Minnesota Branch of the National League of American Pen Women. With their members I share great respect for Minnesota writers and lasting affection for the state in which we live

---

BOOKS: *Such Love Is Seldom*, Harper, 1950; *Good Shepherd's Fold*, Harper, 1955.

THEODORE C. BLEGEN

Minnesota is fortunate in having as its biographer and historian a man such as Theodore C. Blegen with scholarly attainments and deep sympathetic interest in human problems. To him, history is not just statistics, dates, battles, treaties; instead, it is the story of the ambitions, joys, sorrows, and frustrations of individual persons. In the early fur-trading days he sees not only the ambitions of men seeking wealth but also their love of adventure; he hears the gayety of the songs of the voyageurs, and recognizes the courage that brought them over miles of hardships. He knows the zeal of the missionary, the clear vision of the pioneer, the lonely hardiness of the immigrant, and other forces that have built our state. This insight and friendly understanding of people have given Dr. Blegen's writings wide appeal and lasting value.

His contribution to history has been recognized. For his studies and publications on Norwegians in America, the Royal Fredrik University in Oslo, Norway, has conferred on him an honorary doctorate, as have five American institutions. For 1928 to 1929, he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship. After teaching history at Hamline University from 1920 to 1927, he joined the staff of the University of Minnesota where, in 1940, he became dean of the Graduate School until his retirement in June, 1960. He served as superintendent of Minnesota Historical Society from 1931 to 1939, and spent 1943 to 1944 in Washington, D.C., as director of the Historical Service Board. Since his retirement from the University, he is research fellow for Minnesota Historical Society, and will be writing a single-volume "History of Minnesota" for the general reader. In connection with his retirement, a national conference on "Immigration and American History" was held at the University of Minnesota, *and a volume of its addresses and papers, edited by Henry Steele Commager, was published in 1961.*

◆

Since I was born and grew up in Minnesota, and my mother's parents were pioneers in the Minnesota River country, I came naturally by an interest in the backgrounds of Minnesota. My early studies centered in languages, especially Greek, but after graduating from Augsburg College, where my father was professor of Greek, I went to the University of Minnesota. There I found myself fascinated by English literature, but soon shifted my major interest to history, with such great teachers as Guy Stanton Ford, Wallace Notestein, and A. B. White.

One summer, working for the Minnesota Historical Society, I explored the contents of an old trunk which for more than twenty years had been gathering dust in the basement of the Old Capitol. It was packed with letters, pamphlets, and other records left by James W. Taylor, who had played an important role in the frontier history of Minnesota and the Canadian Northwest. This was a new thrill for me—original manuscripts that no author had used. Later, when I was teaching history in a Milwaukee high school, I sent my pupils on an attic hunt, and one boy brought to the class an original diary kept by a grandfather who made his way to California in 1849 as a gold-hunter. This was an exciting find both for the class and for me. It deepened my interest in American history as revealed in original sources.

Then I stumbled upon a book written by a young immigrant in an Illinois settlement in 1837 and 1838. The author was Ole Rynning, a Norwegian of university education who had led a party of emigrants to the New World. One winter day he left his cabin to explore the surrounding territory, got caught in a blizzard, and froze both his feet. While confined to bed he wrote, in Norwegian, the manuscript of a book entitled "A True Account of America." This was carried back to Norway by a friend, published, and was read with great interest by thousands of people interested in emigration. Everywhere it was called "The America Book." It was a clear, sensible, highly informing account. Rynning himself never saw his own book. He regained the use of his feet but in 1839, a victim of malaria and typhoid, he died. His story appealed to my imagination, and so I translated and edited the book.

Through the years I have carried on my studies in this immigration field, and ultimately I went to Norway on a fellowship and collected many hundreds of "America letters" and other records from the nineteenth century. Such sources helped me immensely when I later wrote my two-volume history of the migration from Norway to America. While digging up old letters I also gathered the texts and melodies of ballads and songs about emigration and many of these were published in a volume for which I had the collaboration of the late Martin B. Ruud. On the American side I became interested in the Civil War and brought out in book form the letters of an officer of a Wisconsin regiment who met his death at Chickamauga. Meanwhile I had pushed ahead with my graduate studies and then turned to college teaching and historical society administration. Through many years at the Minnesota Historical Society, where I was first assistant superintendent and then superintendent, I studied the history of Minnesota and tried to stir statewide interest in the preservation of historical records. During those years I sensed a growth of interest and of creative work that seemed almost like a movement—history, biography, fiction, art; and my own concern with what I later called "Grass Roots History" led me into many highways and by-ways of the Minnesota saga from the time of French explorers and traders to the present. So I wrote many essays and even tried my hand at a book for younger readers in "Building Minnesota." About the same time I worked on a syllabus or study outline which has recently been revised and published in a new edition (with the collaboration of Dr. Theodore Nydahl).

My interest in immigration and Minnesota history continued through the twenty years (1940-1960) when I served as dean of the Graduate School of the University of Minnesota, and it was in this period that I brought out a collection of immigrant letters, "Land of Their Choice," and also sundry volumes of essays, including "Grass Roots History" and "The Land Lies Open." I also made a little study of "Lincoln's Imagery" and, as a hobby, wrote and edited (with Dean E. W. McDiarmid) several pieces about the master detective, Sherlock Holmes.

Always I have thought of history as a second sight that enables us to see more than the surrounding scene—that makes the past, as Carl Becker puts it, "an integral and living part of our present world of semblance." This concept proved fruitful for me during the years of my deanship, when I necessarily concerned myself with the problems of higher education, especially graduate education, both in their local aspects at Minnesota and nationally.

As I now revise the sketch that I wrote long ago for "Minnesota Writes," I am once again in my old and favorite field of history, this time engaged in writing a one-volume history of the state of Minnesota—a congenial task for a few years of theoretical retirement.

BOOKS: *Ole Rynning's True Account of America*, Norwegian Historical Association, 1927; *Norwegian Migration to America* (2 volumes, 1931, 1940), Norwegian Historical Association; *Building Minnesota*, Heath, 1938; *With Various Voices* (with Philip D. Jordan), Itasca Press, 1949; *Iron Face* (with Sarah A. Davidson), Caxton Press, 1950; *The Crowded Box-Room*, Sumac Press, 1951; *Lincoln's Imagery*, Sumac Press, 1954. The following were published by the University of Minnesota Press: *Norwegian Emigrant Songs and Ballads* (with M. B. Ruud), 1937; *Grass Roots History*, 1947; *The Land Lies Open*, 1949; *Land of Their Choice*, 1955—Norwegian edition 1958; *Minnesota History: A Guide to Reading* (with Theodore L. Nydahl), 1960.

CAROL RYRIE BRINK

Carol Ryrie Brink's writings have high literary quality, rich in historical significance. She writes from an intimate knowledge, for her books are suggested by or connected with places she has been, people she has known, or other personal experiences. Her characters are portrayed so lively and vividly that they are favorite book friends of hosts of readers.

For six years, 1934 to 1940, she edited a yearly collection of "Best Short Stories for Boys and Girls" for the publishers, Row, Peterson, and Company of Evanston, Illinois. Besides her books, she has written short stories, poems, and plays for magazines.

With her husband, Professor Raymond W. Brink of the University of Minnesota, she spent several years in France and two years in Scotland, where he was lecturer at the University of Edinburgh. Since his retirement from the University of Minnesota in 1957, they have made their home in La Jolla, California.

◆

I was born in Moscow, Idaho, December 28, 1895. When I was in France, the officials who inspected my card of identity put me down as a Russian because they had never heard of Idaho and thought that there was only one Moscow. But this one is a beautiful little university town among blue hills and I am glad that I grew up there.

My father came from Scotland when he was about twenty and went West, as young men were advised to do in those days. He settled in Idaho when it was not yet a state, and married the daughter of the pioneer doctor. He was the first mayor of the town, and he helped to survey and lay out the streets.

My mother's people were of English and New England stock. Through my mother's father I am related to Jacob and John S. C. Abbott, both popular writers for children in the 1830's. Jacob Abbott was the author of some two hundred books. The best remembered are the twenty-eight Rollo books. They seem preachy and insipid to us today, but they were a lively innovation in their time. I sometimes think that my pleasure in writing for young people must have come from my connection with the prolific Abbotts, for I know of no other writers on either side of my family. The desire to put experience down on paper is a curious one! To enjoy living is natural and right, but to feel that experience is not complete until it is recorded seems to be a superfluous embellishment. Yet as soon as I learned to read, I wanted to write. I have been writing ever since, with satisfaction and pleasure.

By the time I was eight years old I had lost both my parents. I went to live with my maternal grandmother and an unmarried aunt. My aunt was very dear to me, but it was my grandmother whose wisdom, courage, and good sense meant most to me. Sometimes people who knew my grandmother tell me that, as I grow older, I am beginning to look like her. If this is so, it may be in part because I admired her so much and wished to be like her.

We were three females alone in a big old house on a large lot which was like a small farm in that it contained a barn, chicken runs, fruit trees, flower and vegetable gardens. I had a lonely childhood, yet in many ways it was a very happy one. I had dogs, cats, and a Shetland pony who carried me all over the countryside in search of wild flowers, birds, and adventure. We had a good library of books, my grandmother was a wonderful storyteller, and I made up stories of my own as I rode the countryside. Because of the fun of making them up, my own stories pleased me as much as those I read.

Gram's stories were nearly all connected with her pioneer childhood in Wisconsin, and I never tired of hearing them. Caroline Augusta Woodhouse (or Caddie as she was called by her family) had had a vivid frontier experience which she was able to communicate. Perhaps the fact that she had been one of a large, lively and happy family made her stories even more wonderful to a child without parents or brothers or sisters. Caddie Woodhouse's childhood in the 1860's became a part of my childhood in the 1900's. My grandmother was still living in the 1930's when I wrote the book, "Caddie Woodlawn." I could still ask her for details which were lacking in my own knowledge. I made a journey to the part of Wisconsin where she had lived, and found the schoolhouse, her father's farm, and the village of Dunnville little changed by modern civilization. This journey, the book, and the honor of the Newbery Medal, all gave my grandmother pleasure and satisfaction. She died in 1940 at the age of eighty-six.

My life has been a tranquil and happy one. I attended the University of Idaho for three years and was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1918. In the summer after graduation I married Raymond W. Brink, and we went to Minnesota where he had just begun what was to be a distinguished career as a professor in mathematics at the University of Minnesota. We lived in Prospect Park in Minneapolis for fourteen years, and in University Grove in St. Paul for over twenty-five years—good years full of work, pleasure, friends, and the satisfactions of daily living. We have two children and eight grandchildren—a family we love and enjoy.

Although my husband's and my special interests have been so different, we have had the same general interests and the same work habits. We enjoy the primitive living that a Wisconsin lake cottage affords us, and we both like to travel, taking our work with us to interesting places. On our six trips together to Europe, we have made a practice of settling down in attractive spots for several weeks or months at a time. After breakfast we begin a morning of concentrated work. Even if we are working in the same room, we are far apart, each lost in a silent private life of his own. After lunch we walk, drive, sightsee, climb mountains, or relax in the sunshine together. Much of our best work has come out of these sabbatical or other years abroad.

My husband's career has included a long chairmanship of the Department of Mathematics at the University of Minnesota, presidency of the Mathematical Association of America, authorship of ten books on mathematics and the editing of many more. My own career has included twenty books on various subjects for both adult and juvenile readers. People sometimes remark about the variety and versatility of my writing. This is not really a virtue. I am easily bored, and, after I have written one kind of book, I like to try another kind. Each book is a new problem, and I come to it with the zest of a new adventure.

I have been fortunate in receiving awards. The John Newbery Medal went to "Caddie Woodlawn" in 1936; "The Headland" received the Friends of American Writers' Award of $1000 for the year 1950. "Stopover" was made into a motion picture. "Strangers in the Forest" was selected for inclusion in the spring 1960 *Reader's Digest Condensed Books.* Two of my children's books were selected by the Junior Literary Guild, two others by the Weekly Reader Children's Book Club. Hamline University in 1954 included me among twenty-eight women chosen as representative of Minnesota. There have been English, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish editions of my books.

Our European living gave me the settings and characters for a number of my books: "The Headland," "Anything Can Happen on the River," "Mademoiselle Misfortune," "Lad with a Whistle," and "Family Sabbatical." The small Idaho town where I grew up gave me settings and characters for

"Buffalo Coat," "Strangers in the Forest," and "All Over Town." Some of my books, such as "Baby Island," "The Highly Trained Dogs of Professor Petit," and "The Pink Motel," have been creations of my fancy; but even in these I like to preserve a core of reality and some sort of tie-in with my own personal experience. This firsthand element gives satisfaction to both author and reader in any fictional re-creation. Books which lack the author's own experience of living rarely move the reader.

Minnesota has given me settings for "Stopover" and for parts of the biography of the singing Hutchinsons, "Harps in the Wind," as well as for the juvenile, "Family Grandstand." I have just completed a non-fiction book on the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul at the request of my publisher. This is off my usual line of writing, but, since I was allowed to treat the material informally from my personal point of view, it has been fun to do. My family tells me that it may be just as well that I am moving to California before the book appears. But I do not think that the Twin Cities will be angry with me for writing them a chatty kind of love letter after my forty-two years of living in them. I am still a good Minnesotan at heart.

BOOKS: The following books published by Macmillan; *Anything Can Happen on the River* (juvenile), 1934; *Caddie Woodlawn* (juvenile), 1935; *Mademoiselle Misfortune* (juvenile), 1936; *Baby Island* (juvenile), 1937; *All Over Town* (juvenile), 1939; *Lad with a Whistle* (juvenile), 1941; *Magical Melons* (juvenile), 1944; *Buffalo Coat* (adult novel), 1944; *Caddie Woodlawn* (juvenile play), 1945; *Harps in the Wind* (adult biography), 1947; *Stopover* (adult novel), 1951; *The Highly Trained Dogs of Professor Petit* (juvenile), 1953; *The Headland* (adult novel), 1955; *The Pink Motel* (juvenile), 1959; *Strangers in the Forest* (adult novel), 1959; *The Twin Cities* (adult non-fiction), 1961. Two books published by Row, Peterson and Company: *Narcissa Whitman* (juvenile biography), 1950; *Lafayette* (juvenile biography), 1953. Two books published by Viking Press: *Family Grandstand* (juvenile), *Family Sabbatical* (juvenile), 1956.

STAN W. CARLSON

Stan W. Carlson (Stanley Waldo Carlson), owner of the publishing firm, Olympic Press, has led an interesting and busy life as a writer, especially in the field of sports and, since 1954, religious writings on the Eastern Orthodox Religion. In World War II, serving for five years with a combat infantry division, he wrote several manuals for the services, including "Special Service Handbook," "Motorized Division Handbook," "Guide to the Philippines," "Guide to Japan," and a book, "Jungle Fighting." After the war, he brought out "Regimental History of the 123rd Infantry Regiment." His books, written on a wide variety of subjects, have had sales totaling well over three hundred seven thousand to date.

◆

It has been my personal good fortune to have turned my creative efforts toward the field of writing at a rather early age with the result that my entire life has been spent in the various phases of writing and journalism. I never had to make an actual career decision—it seems I just worked my way into it. As the field has been termed by another, it has been, for me, the happy profession.

I began writing at an early age. In grammar school I wrote and edited a mimeographed weekly news sheet. The school was appropriately named after a great journalist, Horace Greeley, and, as I read about his great, and often turbulent, career as one of the leading newspaper publishers in the country, I no doubt had an imprint left on me.

In high school, I wrote special feature articles for the school paper along with conducting regular columns and editing the important editorial page. This page earned a gold medal award in national competition.

At the University of Minnesota, where I majored in journalism-advertising along with a great deal of English and writing courses, I wrote regularly for the campus humor magazine and was on the yearbook staff. In my junior and senior years, I was associate editor of the Gopher yearbook. I was awarded the gold matrix, highest journalism award.

All my life has been spent in Minneapolis and its environs. I lived in the city proper until 1958 and since have resided in an adjacent suburb, Fridley. I worked my way through college on a civil service job in the Minneapolis Public Library. My wife, Pauline, is a graduate librarian and formerly was a branch head in the Minneapolis library system.

While still in college, I formed a partnership to produce a series of books on photography. These were called the "Kink" books, covering regular photography, miniature photography, and movie photography. The series, which ended up with eight compact volumes, pioneered the field and sold very well.

After finishing college, I edited and published several popular sports annuals, including *The Wind-up, America's Baseball Annual* and the *Huddle,* a football annual. My entry into the military service at the outbreak of World War II halted this venture; publication was not resumed after the war.

My first full-sized book was "Dr. Henry L. Williams, a Football Biography." In my research for another project, I began to read up on the genial doctor and the biography resulted. In collecting material for this book, I had many interesting and unusual experiences such as taking a shower in an athletic locker room with Amos Alonzo Stagg to get some data on Dr. Williams, who had been a close friend of Stagg. Stagg had a very tight schedule and invited me to shower with him as we talked.

In my early working years, especially during summers of my high school years, and before I entered college, I worked at a wide variety of jobs—all of them gave me experience and background. I have been an itinerant berry picker, a magazine salesman, a chemist's helper, a bottler of soft drinks, highway construction worker, landscape gardener, civic club executive secretary and press agent. I spent one summer as a press agent with Ringling Brothers Circus. This experience gave me vivid memories of the glamour of the Big Top. I have always been an enthusiastic fan of the tent circus and I regret that it is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

All my life I have had a close association with athletics and have maintained a deep interest in sports. I played football as an end, basketball as a center, and baseball as a pitcher and first baseman. I competed in many track meets, winning half a hundred medals.

I played softball for several years, pitching in top leagues. At the University of Minnesota I pitched for the crack Rambler team in intramural softball, hurling that club to four straight titles. Each year I was selected on the mythical all-university team. In the state tournament, I pitched four complete games in two days, winning all of them as the team took the title.

For a ten-year period following World War II, I coached amateur basketball, baseball, and softball teams. These teams, in all age brackets, won more than fifty league trophies for championship play. In Minnesota's recent centennial year, along with being honored at the author's banquet, I was selected as one of Minnesota's sports champions.

During World War II, I served with combat infantry divisions as an officer. I received my original commission from the University of Minnesota through the R.O.T.C. program. I was with the Seventh Infantry Division early in the war. We trained in California, mainly for desert operations, and then went to the Aleutian Islands off Alaska to retake Attu and Kiska Islands from the Japanese. For the initial assault landings on Attu, I had a ten-man patrol which went up 4500 feet to the flanking ridge of the advancing troops. Our small patrol had the task of preventing Japanese troops from coming through mountain passes to flank our troops. We stayed in the mountains six days.

Later, I served with the 33rd Infantry Division through campaigns in New Guinea and the Philippine Islands and then on to the occupation of Japan. With both the 7th and 33rd Divisions, when we had a period of respite from fighting, I produced news sheets for the troops. On Attu, after the fighting was over, I put out a mimeographed daily called the *Attu Hourglass*. This was acclaimed as the best newspaper in the Aleutians. In New Guinea, where we were isolated and in jungle areas, our only news was by radio. Here I put out the *Flying Dinosaur*. This paper gained fame for several "scoops" including the invasion of the Philippines. I had arranged for the men who carried the first radios to hit the beaches of Leyte to radio the message back and it was relayed to New Guinea where we had our special edition out within minutes after the landing.

Among my army awards, in addition to the Combat Infantryman's Badge, are the Purple Heart, the Bronze Medal, and the Legion of Merit (the nation's third highest award). I am still in the active reserve, with the rank of lieutenant colonel and in August, 1961, was graduated from the Command School, the top army school.

My interest in sports has led to the natural development of writing books on sports. In addition to the Williams biography, I wrote "Lou Gehrig, Baseball's Iron Man," which was a popular baseball book for several years. It is now out of print.

"Football Fables, an Anthology of Football Humor," was first written and published in 1939. Ten years later, after having been sold out for a spell during World War II, it was reissued in a revised and greatly enlarged edition. It has been a popular book with fans and coaches. It is now in its seventh printing of the revised edition. This book contains more than 450 humorous football anecdotes. In the same vein, I wrote and published "Baseball Banter," an anthology of baseball humor.

In the past half dozen years, I have added religious writing to my field, mainly in the realm of the Eastern Orthodox Church. With the advice of a priest of the Eastern Orthodox Church I wrote "Faith of Our Fathers," which was published in 1954. It was reprinted in a revised and enlarged edition in 1959 and sales now are well above 20,000 copies. This book has become an accepted standard work and is now used in seminaries and colleges for religious education and comparative theology.

My hobbies include military history (mainly the Civil War) and backyard gardening. I bowl a little, used to do a lot of photography and hope to find time again to do so. I run the publishing firm of Olympic Press, along with my writing. I belong to a number of clubs, among them the Spectators, a sports group, and the Optimists. I teach Sunday School at St. Mary's Russian Orthodox Church and have been the secretary of the Board of Northeast Neighborhood House for the past ten years.

BOOKS published by Olympic Press: *Dr. Henry L. Williams, A Football Biography*, 1938; *Lou Gehrig, Baseball's Iron Man*, 1940; *Football Fables*, 1939, revised enlarged edition—1949; *Baseball Banter*, 1940; *Faith of Our Fathers, the Eastern Orthodox Religion*, 1954.

ALFRED HOYT BILL

Alfred Hoyt Bill, who lives in Princeton, New Jersey, was born in Rochester, New York, in 1879, and grew up in Faribault, Minnesota, where he prepared for college through grade and high schools. After earning the bachelor of arts degree at Yale, he returned to Faribault to teach and to act as treasurer for the Bishop Seabury Mission and Shattuck School. In World War I, he served as captain and division representative of the American Red Cross, attached to the Ninety-first Division of the American Expeditionary Force.

It was not until after the war that he began to write, when he was living in St. Paul (1922-1927). He has chosen the romantic and spectacular periods of the world's history as materials for his writings. Napoleon suffers the throes of his downfall in "The Clutch of the Corsican," an American boy witnesses the tragic drama of the French Revolution in "Red Prior's Legacy," Sir Philip Sidney lives again in "Astrophel," Richmond is "The Beleaguered City." New stories against a background of authentic history are Mr. Bill's contribution to literature.

A high point for him in the past fifteen years was motoring, with his wife in 1955, to St. Paul and Faribault. In St. Paul he examined the archives of the Young Men's Christian Association, preparatory to writing the history of its "One Hundred Years of Fellowship and Service."

He is a member of Minnesota Historical Society, Zeta Psi, and the Nassau Club of Princeton. Because of his literary contributions, he has been elected to the American Historical Association and the Society of American Historians.

He has two children: Florence Dorothy and Edward Clark Bill.

There used to be Indians around Faribault in the times that I can first remember. On Sunday morning they used to tramp in from a little reservation up Straight River and sit around the font in the Cathedral, very decently dressed, with strong, patient faces filled with religious devotion. It seemed to me hardly possible that they were of the same race as those who had spread ruin and massacre through the settlements only a little more than twenty years before.

My father had come out to Minnesota from Brooklyn, New York, to become one of Bishop Whipple's clergymen, but his work did not take him among the Indians. Mostly he taught at Seabury Divinity School. But he made many journeys among the struggling missionary stations in the southern part of the state, often by sleigh in the depth of winter, and I still remember his humorous accounts of being dug out of snowdrifts, sleeping in his clothes in the unheated guest rooms of the more prosperous farmers, and of the kindly hospitality of settlers who made him welcome in the single room in which the whole family slept, cooked, and ate during the coldest weather because the cook-stove was the only stove they had.

The small cities were centers of civilization in my boyhood as they cannot be in these days of motor highways, radios, and chain stores. Life in Faribault was anything but dull. Shattuck School with its corps of uniformed cadets, the flock of pretty girls at St. Mary's Hall, the professors at Seabury, whose embroidered stoles and academic hoods gave color and interest to the Cathedral services, all united to present a sort of microcosm to a small boy whose family life was naturally bound up in the ecclesiastical and scholastic activities of the place.

Perhaps it is owing to this that I have always been moved to write about the romantic side of life, of brilliant historical periods like the Napoleonic and the Elizabethan, and of figures bizarre and chivalrous, such as Lawrence

Sterne and Sir Philip Sidney, and to treat them in a romantic and somewhat old-fashioned way. It has always been what Sir Walter Scott called "the big Bow-Wow strain" which attracted me; and though I have more than once tried my hand at the "ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment," I have never succeeded in getting past a publisher's second reader with such efforts.

Quite often, to be sure, characteristics of people whom I have known or seen have turned up in my books, to give, I hope, verisimilitude to what would have been otherwise a paper-stuffed Napoleonic uniform or the richly upholstered lay figure of a young lady in the toils of the French Revolution. But it is the heart-stopping event against a brilliant, even a violent background, that makes my fingers itch to describe it. I would still walk a mile to see a small-town Decoration Day parade; and though I adore Jane Austen and all her works, I could choose only one way if "Pride and Prejudice" and "Foreign Correspondent" were at the movies on the only night when I could go.

With such a taste I have been fortunate in traveling widely among historic scenes both in America and abroad, in being present on some historic occasions, and in bearing a humble part—though only a Red Cross man—in one of the decisive battles of history. Visits to Wolfe's Cove below the heights of Quebec, to Ticonderoga, and Gettysburg, to the Tower of London, the Martyr's Monument at Oxford, the farm of Hugomont at Waterloo, and the forts around Verdun are a few of many similar high points in my experience. Nor do I believe that any one with a knowledge of the past can stand in such surroundings without being uplifted by the memory of men who believed so profoundly in the righteousness of their cause or in the obligation of their duty that they gave their lives for their faith.

It was my painful privilege to see them doing it in France in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne in World War I: thousands of them streaming forward on three parallel roads toward the all but impregnable German positions with such a unanimous courage that a man would have had to be more courageous to turn back than to go forward with them. Next day I saw the platoon columns of a regiment of them plod steadily across a bare hilltop with the German shell-fire exploding above them; and a night or two later in the great field hospital tents which were crammed shoulder to shoulder with prostrate men too dangerously wounded to be carried farther to the rear, I heard them sing "Good-bye, Broadway! Hello, France!" And in the circumstances "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" could not have been more moving than that gay ditty.

As memorable, though in a different way, of course, was the state entry of President Wilson into London in the December of that year. With the history of the small beginnings of our country well in mind, our struggles against the arrogance and tyranny of England, it was a fine thing to see the President of the United States welcomed by the English king with all the royal pageantry at his command as a most valued friend; to see the great statue of old George III covered with United States bluejackets from his shoulders to his prancing horse's ears; to hear the roaring British cheers as if those people saw before them the savior of a civilization all but lost. But there was pathos in that cheering, too, for one like me, who even then foresaw that the people of the United States of America would turn aside from the sacrifices which would be entailed by following their leader's vision of a United States of the World.

If I were asked how all these things have helped me to write, I would have to answer that I hardly know how, but that I know they did help. Sometimes they gave me incidents and characters, to be sure, which I was able to use. They showed me what similar events in the past must have been like. But, of course, such picturesque experiences are in no way essential to writing. Good factual accounts of them might have given me as much, provided—it is a great proviso, however—provided that I had been moved to think deeply upon them. For that is the essential of all creative writing, it seems to me—the ability and the perseverance to delve deeply into one's subject matter until one has discovered at least some part of the true inwardness of it.

It is such ability and perseverance at their height which make for great writing, which place Jane Austen's novels on a higher plane than Walter Scott's and make "David Copperfield" a finer book than "A Tale of Two Cities." It is not the event, but what the writer is able to discover in the event which gives the account of it its importance. I would not be misunderstood from this, however. I do not mean that any dull chronicle of clodhopperdom is better than a fine romance, as some of our critics of the baser sort would have us believe today. If in a tale of commonplace people and everyday happenings, characters and events seem commonplace, the truth is not in that tale. "There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon." A fine moonlight night is better than a drizzly day; and "The Three Musketeers" is a better book than the best of William Dean Howells'.

Books: The following published by Atlantic Monthly Press—Little Brown: *The Clutch of the Corsican*, a tale of the days of the downfall of the Great Napoleon, 1925; *Highroads of Peril* (adventures of an American boy among the secret agents of the exiled Louis XVIII), 1926; *Alas, Poor Yorick!* (hitherto unrecorded adventures of the life of Reverend Lawrence Sterne), 1927; *The Red Prior's Legacy* (adventures of an American boy in the French Revolution, juvenile), Longmans Green, 1929; *The Wolf in the Garden* (adult fiction), Longmans Green, 1931; *Astrophel*, the Life of Sir Philip Sidney (adult biography), Farrar and Rinehart, 1937; *The Beleaguered City, Richmond*, 1861-1865, Alfred A. Knopf, 1946; *Rehearsal for Conflict* (the war with Mexico, 1846-1848, adult history), Alfred A. Knopf, 1947; *The Ring of Danger* (a tale of Elizabethan England, teen-age), Alfred A. Knopf, 1948; *The Campaign of Princeton*, 1776-1777 (adult history), Princeton University Press, 1948; *Valley Forge*, the Making of an Army (adult history), Scribner, 1952; *A House Called Morven* (its role in American history, 1701-1954, adult history), Princeton University Press, 1954; *One Hundred Years of Fellow-*

ship and Service (the story of St. Paul Young Men's Christian Association), privately printed, 1956; *Horsemen Blue and Gray* (a pictorial history of the cavalry in the Civil War, with H. D. Milhollen and J. R. Johnson), Oxford University Press, 1960.

EMMA LILLIAN BROCK

Emma Lillian Brock has made her home in Minnesota since 1904—St. Paul, Fort Snelling, and now in Minneapolis since 1957. She has had the happy experience of being a children's librarian and also an artist, so it was only a short step to writing and illustrating attractive and humorous books for children. Travel in many parts of the United States and Europe has given her authentic material for her stories.

◆

Beginning at Fort Shaw, Montana, my life has been a series of travels which have taken me from one side of the country to the other and over the sea to Europe.

I attended grammar schools in Illinois, Montana, and New York; and high schools in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. From the time I entered the University of Minnesota, this state has been my home. After receiving my bachelor of arts degree, I attended the Minneapolis School of Art and the Art Students' League of New York.

In 1922, I began illustrating children's books; and a few years later published my first complete book, "The Runaway Sardine." That first adventure in writing was so much fun that I continued doing picture books—the material collected in Europe—and wrote stories of American life. Also during this time I have worked in the children's rooms of the New

York and Minneapolis libraries, thus having a chance to know the book-likes of all ages of children.

It might be interesting to know how I collected material for my foreign picture books. I chose a country, Holland for example, and the Zeeland province because it had not been done so often as Volendam, the costume of which we know as "Dutch." I settled down in Middelburg and made excursions from there by bus and by foot, watching the people at their daily work and making sketches and notes. The Thursday Butter Market at Middelburg gave me much material. Some of the peasants drove into town in their high carts, with white canvas coverings, that looked like covered wagons. Some came in automobiles and dozens on bicycles. In the large square were booths of all sorts of things, from silk stockings and wooden shoes to fruits and vegetables. In a smaller square the peasant wives spread out their prints of butter; and in another square the men gathered in a sort of stock market, bargaining about prices.

From sketches and notes made there I did "To Market, to Market," and from studies in Brittany, "Little Duchess, Anne of Brittany." "Come On-along, Fish" came from Cornwall. There have been other books with the Middle West for a setting, pioneer and present day.

I suppose that the reason for my interest in writing and illustrating books for children is simply that I am interested in children. Altogether the combination of writing, drawing children, and traveling is a very satisfying profession.

BOOKS: Macmillan published the story book, *Drusilla*, in 1937, the rest of Miss Brock's books were published by A. A. Knopf: *Runaway Sardine*, 1929; *To Market, To Market*, 1930; *The Greedy Goat*, 1931; *One Little Indian Boy*, 1932; *Little Fat Gretchen*, 1934; *Heedless Susan*, 1939; *Here Comes Kristie*, 1942; *Topsy-Turvy Family*, 1943; *Mr. Wren's House*, 1944; *The Little Duchess*, 1946; *Bird's Christmas Tree*, 1946; *Till Potatoes Grow on Trees*, 1947; *Kristie and the Colt*, *Three Ring Circus*, 1950; *Kristie's Buttercup*, 1952; *Ballet for Mary*, 1954; *Plug Horse Derby*, 1955; *Come On-along, Fish*, 1957; *Skipping Island*, 1958; *Patty on Horseback*, 1959; *Pancakes and the Merry-go-round*, 1960; *The Plaid Cow*, 1961.

MARY CHUTE SMITH
MARCHETTE and JOY CHUTE

Minnesota may well be proud of the literary accomplishments of its three native daughters—Mary Grace, Marchette, and Joy Chute. Mary Grace and Marchette were born at Hazelwood, Wayzata, Minnesota; and Joy, in Minneapolis. Mary Grace and Marchette are graduates of the University of Minnesota, and Marchette was awarded the Outstanding Achievement Award by the University in 1958. The sisters lived at Wayzata until the fall of 1940 when they and their mother went to San Clemente, California, for the winter. In 1941, they moved to New York City. In 1943, Mary Grace was married to Frank Smith and lives in Natick, Massachusetts.

Mary Grace writes under the pen name, M. G. Chute; and Joy uses the pen name B. J. Chute. Marchette has written the following story about the three sisters.

* * *

The Chute family came to America about 1634, and we are of the tenth generation. Our grandfather, Richard Chute, was active in the early history of Minnesota; he left the fur trade to settle in St. Anthony and helped it grow into the city of Minneapolis. Among his many civic activities, he helped start the University of Minnesota; and, when I was in Minneapolis in 1958 to receive the Outstanding Achievement Award gold medal from the University, I had the pleasure of seeing its drama group present a play that showed him as one of the first regents. He was active in the state railroads and in water power, spending much time in Washington in consequence and getting to know President Lincoln. He also had much to do with the Indians, and when he was present at the treaty of Traverse Des Sioux he brought along his beautiful bride, Mary Eliza Young, who was the only white woman present.

His younger son, William Young Chute, was also very active in civic affairs, helping to start the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and the Minneapolis Art Institute, among many other things. He was a confirmed bachelor, living at the Minneapolis Club, until he went to California for relief work after the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. There he met Edith Mary Pickburn, an Englishwoman who was on her way to India for a visit, and she married him and settled down in Minnesota instead. They had three daughters: Mary Grace, Marchette, and Joy.

Our father specialized in country properties as a realtor, and he built a home which he called Hazelwood, about twelve miles from Minneapolis. There were over two hundred acres of beautiful wooded hills along Minnehaha Creek and about forty acres of farm land, so that when we were children we knew the ways of ducks and snow and wildflowers as well as we knew books and games. My first book, "Rhymes About Ourselves," was dedicated to Hazelwood and reflects the environment in which I grew up, but the loveliest evocation of a country background is in Joy's famous novel, "Greenwillow."

All three of us had private schooling in the grades from an excellent teacher, Mrs. Estella B. Nye, who gave us a thorough grounding in grammar that has been very useful ever since. We all went to public high school in Minneapolis, and Mary Grace and I were graduated from the University of Minnesota. Although our Uncle Charles was the first student to be enrolled in the University, Mary Grace was the first member of the family to be graduated from there, and former President Folwell sent her a special note of congratulation.

We continued to live at Hazelwood until my father died in 1939, and by that time we had all become professional writers.

The first of us to make a sale was my younger sister, Joy, who sold a boys' sports story to *St. Nicholas* in 1931. After that she published hundreds of similar stories, mostly in *Boys Life,* and, as she says, covered every sport except water polo. She also published five books for boys: "Blocking Back," "Camp Hero," "Shattuck Cadet," "Shift to the Right," and "Teen-Age Sports Parade." Her readers thought of her as a man and she published under her initials as B. J. Chute. (Her first name is Beatrice, but it is not a family name and she no longer uses it legally. Her second name is derived from the initials of her great-grandmother, Jeannette Olive Young.)

Joy then began writing adult short stories. The first one was sold in 1942, and since then she has contributed to nearly all the major magazines—*The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Good Housekeeping, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's, Woman's Day, Cosmopolitan, Red Book,* and so on. A collection of these stories was issued in book form in "The Blue Cup," and a single short story, "Journey to Christmas," was published separately as a book also. She has published three novels: "The Fields Are White," "The End of Loving," and "Greenwillow." "Greenwillow" has been published in many countries of Europe, and in 1960 it was made into a Broadway musical by Frank Loesser.

My older sister, Mary Grace, also writes under her initials, and her first sale was to *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1937. The hero of the story was a Minnesota sheriff named Sheriff Olson. He became so popular that she wrote a whole series of stories about him, a selection of which was published in book form under the title, "Sheriff Olson." She has written many other short stories, some of which deal with early days in the far West and some of which have a New York background, and nearly all of them have appeared in the *Post*.

Mary Grace is married to an electrical engineer, Frank Smith, who is a member of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Frank is English and very fond of gardening, and they live in a charming house in Natick, Massachusetts. They have two children: Elizabeth Marchette, who was born in 1944, and William Frank, born in 1947—both of them good writers and good musicians.

I published my first book in 1932 and used my full name, Marchette Gaylord Chute. Then I dropped the middle name when I realized that it created confusion to have the same initials as my writing sister, M. G. Chute. With the exception of a few articles, all my work has been in book form. I have done four books of verses for children: "Rhymes about Ourselves," "Rhymes about the Country," "Rhymes about the City," and "Around and About." I had a year at the Minneapolis School of Art after I left high school, and all four books are illustrated with my own silhouettes. I also did a novel for girls, "The Innocent Wayfaring," which I decorated with line drawings.

I have written several biographies of English poets: "Geoffrey Chaucer of England," "Shakespeare of London," "Ben Jonson of Westminster," and a dual life of George Herbert and Robert Herrick called "Two Gentle Men." The second of these was a Book-of-the-Month choice and I have since done three other books on Shakespeare: "An Introduction to Shakespeare," "Stories from Shakespeare," and a novel for young people called "The Wonderful Winter," in which Shakespeare is one of the characters. I have also done three books on the Bible: "The Search for God," "The End of the Search," and a study of Jesus, based solely on contemporary materials, which is called "Jesus of Israel." I am a member of the National Institute of Arts and a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts; and I hold honorary degrees from Western and Carleton Colleges.

Joy and I live with our mother in New York. We have a Manhattan apartment overlooking the midtown towers, with a balcony to take care of the overflow of Joy's fifty-seven plants. Joy has carried on the interest in civic work of her father and grandfather and is particularly well known for her volunteer work with the Police Athletic League. We have both served as president of the American Center of the P.E.N., the international organization of writers, and we have both served as judges on the National Book Awards and the Carey-Thomas Awards. We both love the city, as we also love the country, and we find it just as easy to work in New York as we did in Minnesota.

BOOKS by M. G. Chute (Mrs. Frank Smith): *Sheriff Olson* (collection of short stories), Appleton-Century, 1942.

BOOKS by Marchette Chute—the following published by Macmillan: *Rhymes About Ourselves* (verse), 1932; *Rhymes About the Country* (verse), 1941; *Rhymes About the City* (verse), 1946. *The Innocent Wayfaring* (fiction), Scribners, 1943; *The End of the Search* (philosophical), North River Press, 1947; *Stories from Shakespeare* (educational), World, 1956. The following published by Dutton: *The Search for God*, 1941; *Geoffrey Chaucer of England*, 1946; *Shakespeare of London*, 1950; *An Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1951; *Ben Johnson of Westminster*, 1953; *The Wonderful Winter*, 1954; *Around and About*, 1957; *Two Gentle Men: The Lives of George Herbert and Robert Herrick*, 1959.

BOOKS by Joy Chute—juvenile books published by Macmillan: *Blocking Back*, 1938; *Shattuck Cadet*, 1940; *Camp Hero*, 1942; *Shift to the Right*, 1944. *Teen-Age Sports Stories* published by Lantern Press, 1949. The following adult books published by Dutton: *The Fields Are White*, 1950; *The End of Loving*, 1953; *Greenwillow*, 1956; *The Blue Cup and Other Stories*, 1957; *Journey to Christmas*, 1958; *The Moon and the Thorn*, 1961.

LUELLA BENDER CARR

Genealogy, which ties in with a love of American history, is Luella Bender Carr's favorite hobby. As a rural school teacher, she had enjoyed her classes in history the most. She has read many books on town, county, and state histories. She says that what Homer Carr, her husband, knows about politics, she knows about history. With this love of research, it is natural that she would write historical fiction. Her first book is written for girls nine to fourteen years of age. She has two other book-length historical fiction manuscripts completed and ready for publication.

◆

I am a tenth generation American on my mother's side, sixth on my father's—English-Dutch on both sides. I was born in Cloquet, Minnesota, the famous paper mill town. My father was superintendent of Carlton County schools at the time.

A few years later we moved to the Mesabi Iron Range. Father established a general store in the new town of Sparta, not yet platted—no walks, schoolhouse, or churches. Only yellow stumps dotted every vacant spot where a short time before the great pines stood. Three newly opened underground mines were on the outskirts of the town and the sound of mine whistles and constant blasting became familiar.

I was reared alone but there was plenty of reading, a whole set of McGuffey's readers that had belonged to my grown brother and sister, a stack of *Chatterboxes,* as well as back numbers of the *Youth's Companion*. There were few magazines and Mother forbade my reading her paper-back novels, with fascinating titles, by Laura Jean Libby and E.D.E.N. Southworth.

In a few years the steel corporation bought the town property in order to get at the body of iron ore that lay beneath the town. We moved to Gilbert, another new town, two miles away. There I got my education and became a rural school teacher.

At my first school I met the man I later married, Homer M. Carr, locomotive engineer on the Duluth, Missabe, and Northern Railroad. He is at present serving his twenty-eighth year in the Minnesota Legislature as senator from the fifty-ninth district. We have two sons: Dale Bender Martin of Denver, Colorado, and Major Robert J. Carr, pilot USAFR, now stationed at Zharagossa Air Force Base, Spain. His two small daughters are our only grandchildren.

My favorite hobbies, or recreations, are reading, doing fine handwork, genealogy, collecting souvenir spoons, cat figurines, antique plates, and writing lyric verse. I have been a member of the League of Minnesota Poets for over twenty years. Some three hundred poems have appeared in poetry journals, newspaper columns, and late anthologies. All my life I have written prose—straight narrative without knowing how to plot. Then I joined an adult education class in creative writing at a Duluth high school and learned to plot. I spent ten years there under a fine teacher, and then one day I started a book. I did hours of research, which was easy, as my favorite hobby of genealogy had introduced me to the fine Americana in both the Duluth, Minnesota, and the Superior, Wisconsin, libraries nearby.

I grew up with my father's stories of the Nebraska Territory and his life there, 1856 on, with his widower father and eight brothers and sisters, not far from the Platte River and the California Trail. That is the background of my story. So my book was completed and now World Publishing Company has bought it.

BOOKS: *When Tamaracks Are Golden* (poetry), Reflections Press, 1942; *A Way to California* (juvenile), World Publishing Company, 1961.

DAN BRENNAN

Dan Brennan, who was born in Devils Lake, North Dakota, has considered Minneapolis home for the past forty-two years. After graduation from the University of Minnesota, he entered the newspaper field as a reporter for Minneapolis newspapers. During World War II, he was a member of the Canadian Air Force, based in England. There he met Helen Harmsworth whom he married in 1944. They live in Minneapolis with their five children: Diana, 15; John, 14; Thomas, 10; Michael, 4; Cathleen, 1.

Mr. Brennan's novels are mainly concerned with war and romance against the background of England and the air war over Europe. His short stories deal with crime and flying. Some of his articles have been written under the pseudonym, Jack Avreen. In 1960 he was awarded the McKnight Foundation $1,000 for his novel, "Honorable Estate." He also won the Minneapolis Aquatennial play contest with a three-act play, "See You at Breakfast."

◆

I became interested in writing when I was about sixteen or seventeen. It all came as a kind of hang-over from reading "The Rover Boys and Tom Swift," with a Christmas present of seven Tarzan books thrown in that left me cross-eyed after one junior high school Christmas vacation. Then I read "All Quiet on the Western Front" and continued my life-long subscription to *Battle Aces* until the demise of that piece of early American culture. About the time of the demise I was working nights on *The Minneapolis Morning Tribune,* 1939, among Columbia Journalism School graduates and watching the demise of Europe and rather wishing they would have a war so I could get in it. Having read enough books about it, I wanted to try it on for size and take a typewriter along, since at this time I was also writing novels which were being used by the neighborhood children to win school paper sales. There's nothing like a war for writing novels about.

That summer, just prior to the invasion of Norway and Denmark, I had been reading Faulkner. He had written a couple good flying stories about the first world war so I went south on a Faulkner pilgrimage to Oxford, Mississippi, and sat around with him for a couple days while we drank mint juleps and he wrote a story called "Go Down Moses" between teaching his daughter how to ride horses and being cordial to me in driving me around the countryside. I never did find the Old Sutpen Place nor the exact location of Sanctuary. But I went home and read Faulkner's stories and decided it was time to get out of the newspaper business and get into the war before the market got crowded.

I went to Canada and joined the RCAF and took my typewriter along. In late 1940 I arrived in England as a tail gunner in the RAF. The scientist Lindeman, who was predicting the end of the war by mass attacks on workers' houses via heavy bombers, also had another set of statistics: average life of an air gunner in combat was four minutes. That was in 1940. I got out of the big show five years later, with a couple books I wrote and published in England—a lot of people say they are autobiographical and they are right only they confuse the time sequence of autobiography and diary. I never kept a diary. I wrote and published two air war novels in England, writing in long hand between missions over Germany and missions to London.

In 1945, I came home with five well-sealed bullet holes and a beautiful wife, Helen Harmsworth, who never reads anything I write, so we get along well. I went back to work on the newspaper, impersonating for several years, on *The Minneapolis Daily Times* and *The Minneapolis Morning Tribune,* among other things a church editor, rewrite, general assignment, theatre critic (used to rewrite the lead out of the evening paper for the morning), police reporter, and various sundry rabbit holes, but never an editor. I got out of this racket into politics, working first as secretary to Senator Humphrey when he was mayor, and later for Mayor Hoyer and then writing a variety of campaigns, including firing political spit-balls at both parties as a free-lance writer. You simply rearrange the clichés for the speeches and you can hardly tell one party from the other, unless you throw in alliteration, which only female political candidates buy.

At present? Five children, two dogs, same wife, smaller mortgage, and always a book in the machine.

BOOKS: The following three books were published in England: *Mosaic*, Allen-Unwin, 1942; *Never So Young Again*, Allen-Unwin, 1943; *Time Enough to Live*, Secker-Warburg, 1953. *Naked Night*, Lion Pocket Books, 1955; *Third Time Down*, Ace Pocket Books, 1960; *Taken*, Merit Pocket Books, 1961; *The Big Stash*, Novel Books, 1961; *Dig Two Graves*, Novel Books, 1961.

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Margaret Culkin Banning (Mrs. LeRoy Salsich) of Duluth, Minnesota, and Tryon, North Carolina, was born in Buffalo, Minnesota, daughter of William E. Culkin. She grew up in Duluth, was graduated from Vassar College, where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and later became a trustee of the college for eight years. She attended the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, and, in 1913, held a fellowship from Russell Sage Foundation for research work.

Nationally, she is director of the Council of Community Chests of America, a trustee of the Health and Welfare Retirement Association, has served as chairman of program coordination for the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and is a member of the Commission on Education of Women. In Minnesota, she is a member of the board of the United Defense Fund, the advisory committee on Defense Bonds, and a trustee of the Community Research Council. In Duluth, she has been chairman of the Duluth Library Board for a number of years and also for the Community Fund. She is honorary chairman of the Duluth Women's Institute, an honorary member of the Duluth Junior League, a member of the League of American Pen Women, past-president of the American Association of University Women, and member of many other organizations. In 1934, for outstanding public service, she was elected the first woman in the Duluth Hall of Fame.

She is one of the best known short story writers and novelists of the United States. Because she is recognized as an authority on woman's place in politics and economics, and also on the problems of youth today, her articles have been published in all leading magazines, and she has been in demand as a lecturer for clubs and over the radio.

In private life, Margaret Culkin Banning is Mrs. LeRoy Salsich, wife of the former president of the Oliver Mining Company. She has two children by her earlier marriage: Dr. Mary Banning Friedlander is a research physicist who was engaged in technical work during the war; and Lieutenant-Commander A. Tanner Banning was on active duty with the United States Navy from 1941 to 1945.

◆

To show the pattern of your own life, as you look back in maturity, is not at all an easy task. Parts of it are faded.

There are worn spots where the pattern almost disappears and there are torn places where the thread seems to have been broken.

The plump, straggly-haired, dreamy child who went to grammar school in a Duluth suburb seems a long way off. Yet she was I. It was not a suburb as they exist today near modern cities. Hunter's Park, where I grew up, was a little community, set off by itself, its life dominated by a fine group of Scotch people, though my family was of Irish descent. The first residents had dreams of pleasant country life, I think. They bought large tracts of land and built a couple of stone houses, and a little group of Italian immigrants followed them and were employed as gardeners and washer-women. We went to the city, when we went at all, on small streetcars with a stove in the middle of each car, and even the streetcars had a community life. We "caught on teams" in the winter and just "played outdoors" in the summer. I had close girl friends and after many years some of them are still as close as ever.

First, I went to grade school and then to high school in Duluth and in those years I wrote a few verses that had little originality and no merit, but one of them was printed in the newspapers. Naturally after that I always said and gradually I finally believed that I was "going to write." I suppose that, from the time I was nine years old, there was no chance for me to escape from my profession.

But now and then I did run away from it. In college an interest in human affairs and in the structure of society began to develop with increasing knowledge, and the passionate socialism of the student became for a while the most urgent force in my life. I wrote poems at that time too, awkward little emotional releases; but what I really wanted to do was to have a hand in making society more noble and just in its dealings. So, when I was graduated, I went into social work and lived at a settlement house for a year and did field work that seems immeasurably far off.

Then I married. There was war in Europe at almost the same time, and by chance I saw it almost at firsthand, for I spent the first winter of my married life in England and Holland. It is very hard for me to see myself as I was that winter, almost completely separated from all my life that had gone before, a very young woman living in London. I kept a diary and scrapbook and I tried to write, but it seemed as if the pen could not make any marks. Not at that time, anyway, though a couple of years later I wrote an unpublished novel about what had happened to me and pretended that it was fiction!

There were subsequent years in America, rich years, poor years, child-bearing years, house-furnishing years. But gradually the writing impulse, as strong as the other creative impulses, won. There was a published book—not a very good book—but there it was, "bound." And now there are more than twenty books to keep it company. There are hundreds of short stories, many essays, but no poems.

As I look back, I see that I have always written "as I went along," and that what I have written has changed in mood and style and in presentation according to the accidents and growth of life behind it. My aim in writing has been rather simple and single—to represent the contemporary scene, either in the United States or in other countries where I have been able to have firsthand observation, as accurately as possible. I am, I think, less interested in projecting actual physical scenes than I am in reflecting manners and ideas that seem to me to be significant, either because they are typical or because they depart from the current type. This general aim has, of course, affected the way I live and most of my social and civic habits. There has been no possibility of an ivory tower as a place of residence; but, instead, I have found that an active citizenship in the middlewestern city where I live—Duluth—and a continuing acquaintanceship and friendship with the people who live around me have formed the best American laboratory for me at least. This kind of living could be very inbred, of course; but I have been lucky enough to add to it a great deal of travel and, at least, temporary residence in other parts of the country. My prescription for myself has been to have a definite base for work and living but to depart from it at very frequent intervals. In the summer of 1946, 1948, and 1951, I spent several months in Europe, studying post-war conditions. Since then I have spent time in Russia, the South Pacific Islands, and in Mexico.

What interests me most now is what I shall write next, for again I can feel events taking hold of my life and my habits. I am not the woman with little children but a woman with grown children. The rather vain and dreamy little girl who drummed out poems has grown into a humble and realistic woman. The student who suffered over labor problems in college and looked for a correct "system" is observing the great battle of "systems," living through it with pain and puzzlement.

All I know is that one thread has not been broken. I am still "going to write."

BOOKS: The following were published by Doran: *This Marrying*, 1920; *Half Loaves*, 1921; *Spellbinders*, 1922; *Country Club People*, 1923; *Handmaid of the Lord*, 1924. The following were published by Harper: *Women of the Family* (novel), 1926; *Pressure*, 1927; *Money of Her Own*, 1928; *Prelude to Love*, 1930; *Mixed Marriage* (novel), 1930; *Path of True Love*, 1933; *Third Son*, 1934; *The First Woman* (novel), 1935; *Iron Will*, 1936; *Case for Chastity* (novel), 1937; *You Haven't Changed*, 1938; *Too Young to Marry* (novel), 1938; *Out in Society*, 1940; *Enough to Live On*, 1940; *Salud! A South American Journal* (non-fiction), 1941; *A Week in New York*, 1941; *Letters from England* (non-fiction), 1942; *Conduct Yourself Accordingly* (with M. L. Culkin), 1944; *The Clever Sister* (fiction), 1947; *Give Us Our Years* (novel), 1950; *Fallen Away* (novel), 1951; *Dowry*, 1955; *Convert*, 1957. *His Side of It* was published by Mills and Boon, London, in 1932; and *Women for Defense* by Duell in 1942.

VICTOR COHN

"One of the best science reporters in the country" was the comment of the New York Times *about Victor Cohn. For outstanding newspaper writing he has been the recipient of many awards. For the most distinguished newspaper science reporting, the American Association for the Advancement of Science awarded him the "Westinghouse Prize" in both 1951 and 1959. The 1959 award was for "The Year of the Sputnik," written after five weeks in Russia where he toured the Soviet centers of physical science. Sigma Delta Chi conferred on him their "Distinguished Service Award" three times: in 1952, for "Never Too Old"; in 1956, for "The World Goes Atomic"; and in 1959, for science reporting. With articles that helped to lead to better care for Minnesota's mentally ill children, he received the Lasker Award in 1958. Seven times, he was winner of the Twin Cities Newspaper Guild "Page One" awards for the best stories of the year. The State Medical Association honored him for "distinguished service to medicine" in 1955; the Minneapolis Junior Association of Commerce gave him a plaque for "distinguished community and public service"; the National Headliner Club gave him an award in 1959.*

Mr. Cohn was graduated from the University of Minnesota with honors in journalism, political science, and history. He was editor of the Minnesota Daily, *the university newspaper, from 1940 to 1941. He served in the navy from 1942 to 1945, advancing to communications and signal officer with a final rank of lieutenant.*

He was born in Minneapolis on August 4, 1919. He married Marcella Rigler of Minneapolis in 1941. They have three children: Jeffrey, Deborah, and Phyllis.

I grew up in Minneapolis, went to South High School and the University of Minnesota, spent four years in the navy, then, in the last of those years, discovered that I was not very educated. The event that did this was the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

I immediately felt that this was the commanding event of our time. I felt that science—what scientists were doing, to matter and to us—would command our times. I was very conscious that I knew nothing about science and scientists, but that somebody had to know and write about them, if we were to have any chance of continuing to live in our times.

When I returned to Minneapolis and *The Minneapolis Star and Tribune,* I said something like this to the late Gideon Seymour, who was then executive editor of the *Star* and *Tribune*; to William P. Steven, who was managing editor of the *Tribune,* and to Bower Hawthorne, who was the *Tribune's* city editor.

All immediately understood and shared these thoughts, and went well beyond them with practical ideas about how a newspaper could report science. After Gid's death, Bill Steven became executive editor. Bill recently left us—Bower succeeded him. I've been lucky in my editors.

I discovered very quickly, of course, that the bread and butter of science writing, for newspapers and magazines, is medical writing. This is what people mainly buy, understandably. This is all right for the writer. I think I'd get bored if I wrote only about scientists or only about doctors. As it is I skip from one kind of super-specialist to another, and all remain pretty fascinating semi-strangers.

I have covered—I borrow here from a *Tribune* biography —"space and the stars, new scientific weapons, parents' problems and delinquency, and the attacks against cancer, heart disease, and polio." In 1949 I wrote about socialized medicine in Britain. I traveled in Australia to write a 1953 biographical series on the late Sister Elizabeth Kenny. I covered the 1955 and 1958 International Atomic Energy Congresses at Geneva. I've been in India, Russia, Germany, France, Norway, and Sweden after stories about science and the way science affects our times.

I don't expect to finish writing the story, but I expect to keep chasing it.

BOOK: *1999: Our Hopeful Future*, Bobbs-Merrill, 1956.

MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT

"It seems rather amusing, looking back," says Mildred Houghton Comfort, "that I was so sure that I was meant to be a research scientist and mathematician. Fiction, especially romantic fiction, was farthest from my thoughts." How circumstances alter our plans we realize as we read her life story! In addition to short stories and articles, she now has over thirty books brought out by major publishers in the United States: William Morrow and Company, Beckley-Cardy, Rand McNally, and T. S. Denison and Company, Inc. She also has a foreign publisher: Editrice La Sorgente of Milan, Italy.

She has won several prizes, including the David C. Cook prize for her girls' story, "The Land of Singing Birds," which has a Mayan setting. Her sequel to "Winter on the Johnny Smoker," entitled "Treasure on the Johnny Smoker," won a Junior Book Award and was chosen by the Boys' Club of America as one of their favorite books. "Little Lost Kitten" received the Williamsburg Seal in 1959 at the same time that Johnny Smoker came out in Italy for world distribution in the Italian language.

I am a Minnesotan by birth, education, and choice. I was born two weeks before Christmas, way back in 1886, in the city of Winona, when doctors arrived in horse-drawn cutters for blessed events.

Grandparents played an important part in my childhood: Grandfather Bergemann, an autocratic Prussian with blue eyes and a white beard; Grandmother Bergemann, a tiny Swiss woman; Grandfather Dustin, who became more real to me in "Winter on the Johnny Smoker" than he ever was in real life; and Grandmother Dustin, who had come from the East and is one of my dearest memories. Even as a baby she must have been gregarious, for the neighbors all wanted her named after them. Consequently she was christened Polly Molly Adeline Permelia Emma Slow. Add Houghton and Dustin to that and Grandmother has an edge on most people with hyphenated names.

My father, Louis Bergemann, with a scanty winter school education, built up a big grocery and meat business; and by the time he was in his forties was sending three daughters to college—my sisters, Laura and Ceona, and me. My mother had attended a normal school and was of inestimable help to him.

Our greatest happiness as children lay in our trips into Gilmore and Pleasant valleys with our cousins. Here we climbed the hills to pick wild flowers while the men fished for trout in the creek below.

At first we rode in the delivery wagon, drawn by a team, we children seated on boards set across the wagon box. Later there was a surrey, and, finally, an automobile, one of the first in Winona. My father was always open to new ideas. We had the first electric lights in our neighborhood, and the first gas stove. I am sure, were my father alive today, he would fly his private plane.

When I was graduated from Winona High School as valedictorian in a class of sixty-five, my father was inordinately proud. At Carleton College I secured my bachelor's degree in three years, studying so hard that I lost most of the social life.

Because I had been trained to become a teacher, I became one for six years. In Caledonia, Minnesota, I taught ten high school subjects in two years. Then followed three years in Stillwater, where I lived in the old Sawyer House, third floor back. These were the gayest years of my life, with the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis within commuting distance. Plays, operas, and lectures crowded my week ends.

I even went to Europe. I saw the ships at Glasgow, the church at Stratford, the Tower of London, the Peace Palace at the Hague. I stood in Cologne Cathedral, fed the doves of St. Mark's, verified the fact that the Leaning Tower did lean, looked down on Rome from St. Peter's, recrossed the Alps to visit the Castle of Chillon at Montreux, rode along the Champs Elysées in Paris, and put the White Cliffs of Dover in my memory book.

The first time I saw Stillwater on a glorious fall day when the river was bluer than the sky and the Wisconsin hills were a bright tapestry, I said, "I'm going to marry a Stillwater man and live here all my life." Now I was engaged to Hollis Murdock Comfort of an old Stillwater family. We were engaged for a year and, for that interim, I taught English in the Rapid City High School. We were married September 30, 1914, and went north to live in a log cabin that my husband had built for our honeymoon. After an idyllic month, we returned to Stillwater to learn that the first World War had begun.

On August 31, 1918, our son was born—James Dustin Comfort. I had always wanted a daughter. I must have wanted her vocally as well as prayerfully because, when she arrived, everybody said, "Well, that lucky Mrs. Comfort has her girl." Yes, I had my girl, and I christened her Nancy Houghton.

We lived in a fourteen-room house with two fireplaces, a conservatory that grew hundreds of bulbs in the winter; and we had a view of the St. Croix. Then came 1929 and the loss of our home—storing furniture, living in a shabby big rented house, then moving into a large modern apartment. The children were in school—Nancy studying music and appearing in a concert, Jimmy breaking a high school record as a half-miler and going to the university. Always the undercurrent of happiness in spite of financial stress! Writing sixteen hours a day now!

Writing? I haven't said anything about writing up to this point because, hitherto, I had not thought of myself as a writer. I was the wife of a lawyer who thought the first little verses I wrote for Jimmy were good enough to print. To my own amazement I sold the verses on their first journey to the editorial world. In 1929, when I needed money for writing, I had developed a technique that enabled me to turn out stories, articles, verse, and even plays in quantity production. Acceptances came from over sixty-five magazines.

My first book was pure accident, a manuscript about Europe sent to J. C. Sidelar of Beckley-Cardy Company of Chicago. Mr. Sidelar asked me to enlarge the manuscript to book length; and thus "Peter and Nancy in Europe" came to be written. It sold so well that I was asked to take Peter and Nancy through South America, Asia, Africa, Australia, Mexico, and Canada. I was ready for the final book of the series when my husband died suddenly.

Jimmy married Iris Tracy and went to live in Milwaukee. Without him, Nancy and I decided it was no fun to run a big house. We went to New Orleans for the winter—I to write, and she to do part-time work and study music. This adventure changed both our lives. There Nancy met Maurice MacRoberts, an engineer, and married him. There I met

Earl Stanley Gardner who put me in touch with William Morrow and Company of New York, his publisher.

I went back to Minnesota to write "Winter on the Johnny Smoker" with my mother, whose story it is. This book was published simultaneously by Morrow and McClelland-Stewart of Canada, then was brought out in England by Frederick Muller. It was rated a Keepworthy Book by Parents' Institute and was printed in Italy in the Italian language by Editrice La Sorgente. I did the sequel in Reads Landing with the help of my mother. It was entitled "Treasure on the Johnny Smoker."

My latest departure has been in biography. I have just completed three books for T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., of Minneapolis: "J. Edgar Hoover, Modern Knight Errant," "John Foster Dulles, Peacemaker," and "Herbert Hoover, Humanitarian." I met Mr. Hoover in February last year on my way home from Florida where I visited my children. Jimmy, long since home from the war, is an executive in his telephone company. Nancy's husband has just built her a new home in Tampa. My one-and-only grandson, Alain, now ten years old, has world-wide interests in science, gardening, and history. He was as thrilled as I over my meeting with the thirty-first President of the United States. All of us hope that all of America will continue to deserve the blessing of Almighty God.

BOOKS: Published by William Morrow and Company: *Winter on the Johnny Smoker*, 1943; *Treasure on the Johnny Smoker*, 1947; *Search Through Pirate's Alley*, 1945. Published by Beckley-Cardy Company, The Benefic Press: The *Peter and Nancy* series of geographical readers, seven books, 1932-1940. *Happy Health Stories*, 1934. The Children of Early America series—four books: *Children of the Mayflower*, 1947; *Children of the Colonies*, 1948; *Flatboats and Wagon Wheels*, 1948; *Prairie Schooner West* (a gold-rush story), 1949. The Post-War stories—four books: *Temple Town to Tokyo*, 1952; *Alpine Paths*, 1953; *Kish of India*, 1953; *Beans from Brazil*, 1956. Published by Rand McNally—three books: *Sergeant Preston and Yukon King*, 1955; *Little Lost Kitten*, 1956; *Moving Day*, 1958. Published by T. S. Denison and Company, Inc.—three biographies: *J. Edgar Hoover, Modern Knight Errant*, 1959; *John Foster Dulles, Peacemaker*, 1960; *Herbert Hoover, Humanitarian*, 1960.

KEITH DAVID BERGH

Would you know the secrets of good fishing in Minnesota? Keith David Bergh, better known as Kit, is an expert fisherman who shares his secrets of how, when, and where suggestions in his book, "Minnesota Fish and Fishing." He explains the tackle, locations of various species of fish, and the many other questions people who wish to go fishing want to ask. Besides his story is told in an interesting narrative style.

Mr. Bergh was born in Baudette, Minnesota, attended school at Hallock and the University of Minnesota. He is fishing editor for Sports and Recreation *magazine and outdoor editor for the* Bloomington Sun. *His writings have appeared in several weekly newspapers,* Outdoor Life Magazine, Northern Sportsman, Minnesota Motorist, *and* Conservation Volunteer.

His wife is the former Patricia Helen McCutchan, a native of Bloomington, whose family moved here in 1856. The Berghs have three children: Kent, Darcy, and Scotty.

◆

It seems natural enough that I should have fallen into the conservation and outdoor recreation writing field, for my father, as a youth, homesteaded in the boglands near Baudette not far from the sprawling Lake of the Woods and there met my mother, who had been born in Ontario and had come to Minnesota with her family. This was after the great Baudette fire that leveled every house in the region except that of the Henderson's, my mother's family. Shortly thereafter great areas of the vast Roseau-Red Lake boglands were wastefully drained and became useless for farms; useless, too, for most forms of native wildlife. Stories of the fire and shameful drainage left a lasting impression on me. My father, who had been raised on the fertile lands near Detroit Lakes, soon abandoned attempts at farming and went into the feed business; but always he was a hunter and fisherman while he lived. He was one of the founders of a conservation group in the northern reaches of the Red River Valley, that is active and thriving today after thirty years.

In high school I wanted to be a forester, but it was doubted that my scholastic standing merited spending money for higher education. After a year of wandering and working in the western states I spent part of another summer at farm work. I attended art school in Minneapolis for almost a full term before impulsively bumming my way to Florida to see a friend and then promptly announcing I was joining the Navy, which it took me three more months to get around to doing.

I was with the 8th Amphibious Force during the last of the African and Italo-European war, where I was slightly injured (by my own shrapnel, I think).

I was a number of years coming around to what I would term as "normal," and I had attended college and was fast becoming a vagabond on the "great American desert" of the Southwest before I became a partner in a prosperous little sporting goods shop. As the result of too many partners we decided a year later to sell it while the business was still making a profit, which it soon afterwards failed to do for the new owner.

During those years I had dabbled in poetry for the ship's newspaper and had made some feeble attempts at writing fiction. I was encouraged by only one thing: a young woman at the university, an instructor, held out hope for me by comparing my writing to that of Thomas Wolfe. I discounted the fact that she was no older than I, and that perhaps she told that to all her students.

My writing began only when I achieved readership. There is no way to become a writer until you have readers. No one writes with any other thought than to be read. Once the critics began to point out how I was wrong here and there, I began to feel I was at last a writer. I could actually influence people by what I said. At times I suppose I have perhaps taken advantage of this privilege, but I think I have tried harder to be fair and objective in newspaper writing.

Today my writing keeps me busy all the time and I am beginning to see a few of the golden fruits that hang high on the tree of success—to me these unattainable fruits are success in fiction writing. I have become aware of my growing readiness to plunge into fiction writing; and for the past two years I have been selling a fiction series called "Muskeg Camp Adventures." Through it I have been able to improve my story-telling technique. My first complete fiction work, and departure from strict outdoor-conservation writing, is a manuscript entitled "The Adventures of Joe Hopkins," an adventure story based on life in northwestern Minnesota during the depression. The story of Joe Hopkins is also that of his friends, Ham Poole and the half-Indian boy, Snake LeGarde, and of their involvement with a bootleg ring which has a hideout in an old house not too far from town. The story is aimed at ten to fourteen-year-olds but the target area seems much larger judging from the adult reactions. I am already doing research for a second novel dealing with the Sioux uprising of 1862-1863. Actual work on this book will not begin until fall, after I have moved with my family to Gainesville, Florida, some sixty miles west of Jacksonville. I give health as the reason I have decided to leave the North—not as my family contends—fear of reader reaction to my first honest fiction effort.

My present plans are to establish myself in a more compatible climate and continue writing with growing emphasis on those phases of writing that I feel I am best adapted to. I have not proved myself in the most difficult field of them all yet, that of fiction. If I do, I shall continue to do research in that direction, breaking away from newspaper and magazine writing which currently takes most of my time.

Book: *Minnesota Fish and Fishing,* T. S. Denison and Co., 1958.

BORGHILD MARGARETHE DAHL

To anyone who must learn to face life with impaired eyesight, Borghild Dahl's autobiography, "I Wanted to See," presents a victory over self-pity that is truly admirable. Now that she is totally blind, she emerges an optimistic, happy person, always doing more than her share of the world's work. She has a philosophy of life that should be an inspiration to others. She says, "I have three ambitions in life—at least three goals toward which I try to work. One is to be a good citizen of the world, so I can do my bit to help promote world peace; my second aim is to try to help other people to be happy—developing their talents for work or play is one way by which I hope to bring this about; my third aim is to do all I can to develop my own talents to the utmost. The story of the talents in the Bible is forever hounding me, and I keep wondering if the Lord is going to be satisfied when He makes His accounting of me." Miss Dahl's life story and writings are delightful reading and reflect a life of service for others. Because of her literary achievements, she was elected to Delta Phi Lambda, the creative writing society of the University of Minnesota.

◆

After living so long and happily as I have, it is difficult to know where to begin telling about myself. However, I suppose the first real event in my life, as in others, was that I was born. This took place on February 5, 1890, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. My parents, Peter Mogens Dahl and Ingeborg Haugseth Dahl, came from Norway and we children spoke and learned Norwegian before we did English. I was the fourth of eight children—two boys and six girls. My father was a civil engineer and surveyor and provided our family with a good home. He re-surveyed all Hennepin County and, as a gift for his work, he was given a grant of several acres of land on West Arm, Lake Minnetonka, where I spent all my summers until the death of both parents. It was there I learned to swim and to love and appreciate the out-of-doors.

I believe I loved fun more than most children and, in spite of limited sight, I managed to have it. If I could not see the figures the children drew for their games of hopscotch, I waited until they had gone home and then I crawled on my hands and knees so I could make out exactly how they looked. Thus I learned the game and could join the rest. I polished my jacks, which were the largest I could buy, so they were easier to see and everyone wanted to play with me. As a child, everything that was new seemed alluring and I was on needles and pins until I had satisfied my curiosity. For years I tried to find one of my sins in the lake after I had heard a woman say she hoped that a drunkard, who had drowned there, had seen his sins before he went down for the last time.

When I was four years old, I started kindergarten in a little Baptist church near my home. I loved the children and teachers there and it was only the prospect of attending "big school" that reconciled me, after two years, to leave it. I attended Monroe and Seward grade schools, and, in the spring of 1908, I was graduated from South High School. I was on the honor roll of the senior class although I received unsatisfactory marks in deportment because I visited too much with my neighbors. In 1912, I received my B.A. degree from the University of Minnesota. Some of my closest friends and I were charter members of Sigma Beta, which later became the Kappa Delta sorority on the campus. I have had three years of graduate work at Columbia University in New York City and was elected to the English Graduate Union there. I had private piano lessons from John Blickfeldt and Heinrich Gunnerson in Minneapolis and from Professor Johnson of the former Minneapolis School of Music and Dramatic Art. My music enabled me to give lessons which paid my tuition while attending the University of Minnesota.

I was principal of the high schools of Twin Valley and Harmony in Minnesota and at Enderlin, North Dakota. I taught English and French in the high school at Bismarck, North Dakota, and worked in the junior college at Watertown, South Dakota. My last thirteen years of teaching were spent as professor of literature and journalism at Augustana College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Since I moved to New York City in 1943, I have tutored students in English and other languages—students whom Columbia University has sent me.

I studied a year at the University of Norway in Oslo on an American-Scandinavian fellowship. I traveled in Norway, Sweden, and the British Isles and did considerable lecturing. The world's Conference of University Women met in Oslo the second summer I was there and I was one of the speakers. Because of my promoting good relations between the United States and Norway by my lectures, classes in Norwegian, and my books, I was given a medal from King Haakon of Norway.

As far back as I can remember I have been interested in writing. While I was in seventh grade in Seward, I began contributing stories to *Journal Junior,* the literary supplement for children in the *Minneapolis Journal.* I sent in stories and won prizes until I finished high school. I was the reporter for South High School for the *Journal Junior.*

I have recently returned to New York City from a trip to my native city, Minneapolis. It has been ten years since last visiting there. The purpose of this visit was to launch my latest book, "Minnetonka Summer." During a series of autograph parties, lectures, radio and television appearances, I renewed old acquaintances and friends. In fact, there were people with whom I came in contact who represented practically all phases of my entire life, a thrilling experience and a time of happy reunions.

Since the main purpose of my visit was to introduce my latest book, all the books I have written came in for attention. "Glimpses of Norway," published in 1935 as the result of my fellowship in Norway, was the first one. Then came my autobiography, "I Wanted to See." At about the same time, "Marit," which was the story of the home front in Norway at the time of the German occupation, was translated into Norwegian and ran as a serial in *Ved Arnen,* a literary supplement to *Decorah Posten.* These books were followed by "Karen," a novel of pioneer life in Dakota Territory among Norwegian-Americans; "Homecoming," a novel about a Norwegian-American girl who became a teacher in a northern Minnesota community mostly composed of Norwegian immigrants; "The Daughter," a novel with a Norwegian background; "The Cloud Shoes," a folk tale for younger children about how skiing came to be in Norway; and "Minnetonka Summer," based on summers spent at Lake Minnetonka during my youth. At present, I am putting the finishing touches on a novel titled "Under This Roof," which also has a Minnesota background.

I spoke at the assembly at South High School while in Minneapolis. The student who introduced me read parts of the poem I wrote for my graduating class there in 1908, and parts of the class prophecy, which promised that I should become a writer. As a matter of fact, this and becoming a teacher were my two ambitions from my earliest childhood and I have achieved both. It is easy to understand that I owe much to having been born of Norwegian parents and that I spent many happy years during my youth in my beloved state of Minnesota.

Books: *Glimpses of Norway*, 1935; *I Wanted to See*, Macmillan, 1944; *Karen*, Random House, 1947; *Homecoming*, E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 1953; *The Daughter*, E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 1956, 1957, 1958; *The Cloud Shoes*, Dutton, 1957; *Stowaway to America*, Dutton, 1959; *Minnetonka Summer*, Dutton, 1960; *Under This Roof*, Dutton, 1961.

JAMES WESTFALL CLARK

James Westfall Clark, who was born at Lake Preston, South Dakota, in 1893, came to Minnesota in 1911, where he has spent a long and useful life as a schoolteacher, publisher's representative, and executive officer in the state government. As Commissioner of the Department of Business Development, he has promoted the tourist travel, trade and industrial expansion of Minnesota enterprise. He has spoken in so many communities, written so many publications, and traveled so widely as spokesman for our state as to become known to many as "Mr. Minnesota." He holds two degrees from the University of Minnesota, is the father of four children, and grandfather of eleven. Together with his wife, he now lives on the shores of Silver Lake at North St. Paul.

◆

An invitation extended to an obscure author to write his own biography is comparable to asking Fidel Castro if he would like to make a few remarks. In full recognition of the fact that a generation hence both Castro and Clark will be equally dead and equally forgotten, here is that which seems to come closest to meriting print.

Back in the early '30's I was selling textbooks to schools in this area. There was imperative need for a book, written at junior high level, dealing with Minnesota social studies topics. Since no one else seemed both able and inclined, I got a good teacher, Miss Maude Lindquist of Duluth, to help me in such an effort. The results proved there was a good market for such a book and that we had limited competence in the writing of it. In subsequent years we have, in other and revised editions, endeavored to demonstrate increased competence.

This very minor event had the effect, through influences undeserving of relation here, of catapulting me into public life. For approximately twenty years now I have been the state official responsible for interpreting Minnesota to our own people and to the nation. In that activity I have served under two different party denominations and five governors. Now I wish that I could go back to the Minnesota classrooms, from which I came, to prove that I am qualified to teach the subjects on which I have been an administrator and writer for these many years.

Writing of Minnesota history and government, at the same time I have been participating in those fields of learning as a state department executive, has been challenging, demanding, and rewarding. It has given greater faith in the ultimate advantage and benefit of the operations of American democracy. It has provided faith in the future of our state. It has made me aware of the enduring qualities of character we have inherited from our pioneer forefathers.

The changes through which I have lived and been favored in having a part since I was an eager-eyed boy growing up on a raw Pine County farm have, of course, been many. There I saw what our Scandinavian, German, Bohemian, and Yankee forebears gave of their blood, sweat, and tears to provide food for a nation, a living for themselves, and a home for their children. Some part of what I learned has been put into words which have become part of the lives of those children and their children's children. The satisfactions so earned are larger by far than any I ever felt could be mine when I helped my father and brothers pull the reluctant roots of stumps left by Paul Bunyan's men. Most gratifying is the realization that thousands of more and better chronicles still remain to be told by me and by others in the years which lie ahead.

BOOKS: *Community Life in Minnesota* (with others), Scribner, 1933; *Early Days and Ways in the Old Northwest* (with Maude L. Lindquist), Scribner, 1936; *Minnesota: the Story of a Great State* (with Maude L. Lindquist), Scribner, 1950, 1957.

J. LUKE CREEL

After earning a bachelor of arts degree in English from the University of Illinois and a master of arts from Northwestern in 1937, J. Luke Creel began his teaching as a member of the English department of a small Presbyterian college in Storm Lake, Iowa. In 1946, he came to Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minnesota, where he is associate professor in English. He has often spent summers in Europe visiting renowned spots of history and literature. 1952 to 1953, he was on leave of absence and spent the year in Heidelberg, Germany. There he met Bai Gai Kiahon, with whose collaboration Mr. Creel rendered the folk tales of the Vai tribe of Liberia into English. These stories, which have been passed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, are a means of becoming acquainted with the culture and high morality of these natives who are "now emerging as citizens of the world."

Civil War gunsmoke, dust, proud scorn, and economic degradation lingered thick and heavy upon the South until deep into our century—one might as well say until the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Kentucky was part of that ruin and I was heir to it. For there in central Kentucky by the old town of Greensburg (the oldest courthouse west of the Appalachian Mountains is standing there on the public square) I was born and there I grew up. My ancestors on both sides were Scots who came to Virginia in the late seventeenth century, and a century later some of them joined the early stream of settlers moving to Virginia's Fincastle County, disputed by the Indians as their very own Kentucky. There in that central area among others of Scot descent, those bearing my name established themselves, fenced in their land, married and begat children, who married and begat children, who married and begat children until a child who married begat me. I grew up loving those hills, valleys, streams, pastures, and deep cool woodlands. When I had grown up I attended two midwestern universities. Upon leaving Northwestern University, I was beckoned farther west where I have remained since 1937, and at Gustavus Adolphus College since 1946.

I have not always been a writer published and read, but I have always been a writer, saying on paper things which, perforce, I had to say, and committing all—poems, essays, and so forth—to a convenient drawer much as do some women, who complete one piece after another of fancy needlework, store each completed and un-needed article away with a host of other like ones and, by some sort of irresistless compulsion, start all anew upon another.

The publication that has prompted a request for these statements from me is a collection of folk stories that have come out of the Vai tribe of Liberia and which I have helped render into English in collaboration with a talented and cultured Liberian and member of that same tribe. This collection was published last November, 1960, and I am presently watching reception of the book and response to it by the reading public.

Book: *Folk Tales of Liberia* (with Bai Gai Kiahon), T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., 1960.

FRANK PIERCE DONOVAN, JR.

Railroads have been Frank Pierce Donovan's chief interest. After completing his college education, he worked for railroads in various capacities. It is not surprising that he has written several books dealing with their history, their stories, and a biography of Harry Bedwell, "last of the great railroad storytellers."

In 1944, he married Janice F. Goerner in Minneapolis and they made their home in Philadelphia, where he was the expediter of transportation for the American Friends Service Committee. In 1946, he was invited to be editor of Trains Magazine *and so they moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Since 1948 they have lived in Minneapolis, and Mr. Donovan has been a case worker for the Hennepin County Welfare Board since 1954.*

◆

I was born in Wayne, Pennsylvania, on the so-called Main Line, which is a series of Philadelphia suburbs along the four-track route of the Pennsylvania Railroad. I am told the house of my birth was midway between the tracks of the "Pennsy" and an electric interurban railway. At any rate I have retained a lively interest in railroads of all kinds as far back as I can remember.

How did I come to write?

I suppose that can be attributed to my desire to try for an award while a freshman at Maryville College, Maryville, Tennessee. I had borrowed money for my tuition and wished to show my appreciation by doing something a little out of the ordinary. Most of the awards and prizes, as I recall, were in the realm of athletics, scholarship, and religion. There was also an essay contest on "The Value of Truth." For one reason or another it seemed to me my best, and perhaps only, chance to win an award would be in the essay contest. As a result I worked hard and long on a short, compact essay. And I did get the award. Another essay contest at the American University, Washington, D.C. (where I received my A.B.), resulted in my getting the D.A.R. prize for a study of Colonial newspapers. It was these two incidents which gave me the initial stimulus to write.

My first published article?

It was the idea and not the quality of the writing which marketed my first manuscript. I thought it would be a novel plan to ride the high-speed interurbans from Cleveland to St. Louis and tell of my experiences. I queried the editor of a magazine about the theme, and he gave me the assignment. Moreover, I had made arrangements to take summer school work at the State University of Iowa; and here was one way I could underwrite most of the transportation expenses. I called the article "A 1000 Miles by Trolley" and rode all the way by electric car with the exception of two "breaks" made by steam train. The story appeared in December, 1937, *Railroad Magazine*. Shortly after the article was printed most of the lines over which I rode were in the process of being abandoned. Whatever shortcomings the travelogue had, it brings back fond memories of my earliest manuscript placement and the last article on first-hand experiences of long-distance trolleying to appear in print.

From article writing it was but a jump to getting a book published. (What writer does not want to do at least one book?) Having a liking for general literature and railroading, my combined interests jelled in a little volume titled "The Railroad in Literature." This was a thesis-like survey of rail literature in fiction, essays, biography, verse, drama, and song, together with copious bibliographies. It was of limited interest and had an incredibly slow sale. Ironically enough when it finally went out of print, the study suddenly increased in value and is now hard to come by and copies extant bring a good figure. Such is often the fate of an author: the prospect is poor but the retrospect sometimes brings a rosy glow. Not infrequently the latter is posthumous!

My interest in railroad tales led to compiling an anthology of short stories, in conjunction with Robert Selph Henry, called "Headlights and Markers." But the most fun I had in writing stemmed from the time when I came to the Mill City to chronicle the story of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway, now a part of the Chicago and Northwestern System. Riding over the 1,400-mile line, mostly in engine cabs, cabooses, and section motor cars for local color, was an adventure. The Minneapolis and St. Louis history was published in 1950 under the title of "Mileposts on the Prairie." It was followed by "Gateway to the Northwest," a capsule history of the Minnesota Transfer Railway. This mighty midget of a line is in the "midway" area of St. Paul.

St. Paul served as the locale of my next book which was a history of that city's First National Bank, written in collaboration with Cushing F. Wright. It was called "The First Through a Century."

My liking for railroads and transportation was further enhanced by working in the Public Relations Department of the Association of American Railroads in Washington, D.C.; in handling domestic transportation for the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia; and in a stint as an editor of *Trains Magazine* in Milwaukee. It was when

I was with *Trains* that I edited "Railroads of America," a volume of historical articles on railroading.

I came to Minneapolis to do the Minneapolis and St. Louis history in 1948 and have remained here ever since. For the past seven years I have been a case worker for the Hennepin County Welfare Department. I live in Minneapolis with my wife and ten-year-old son. I like the upper Midwest and cannot think of a better place to call home.

The question has often been asked of me: "Does your writing come easy?"

My reply: an emphatic "No."

I try to write a little every day except Sunday. Regularity and persistence, system and constant application are my precepts for getting the job done. My gremlin? That mischievous imp who whispers in my ear to take a day, or possibly two, off work! Ah, it is so easy to postpone writing and at the same time wax vocal on what you are going to do, how you are going to do it and when you will start. Many are the masterpieces of imagination which never appear on paper.

Another query which comes my way: "Do you have any suggestions for those who want to write?"

Again, "No," save for the homespun advice about putting the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair and writing. Except for a few gifted and facile individuals, writing is work—hard work.

But there are pleasurable features, especially when writing on subjects which interest me. On the other hand, while specialization may be to your liking, it will limit your markets and publishers. To hit the widest range of publications you must write what the public wants and not necessarily what you want. Over a period of years I have had articles in such a diversity of paying publications as *Westways, The*

Saturday Review, Railway Age, The Palimpsest, Modern Railroads, The New York Times, R.N., The American-German Review, Scene, Tracks, Wheels, and *Railway Progress.*

Sometimes a writer may explore one aspect of a subject which has been relatively overlooked. For example, I am interested in the railroader when railroading was very much a part of the American scene in much the same way others have been engrossed in seamen in the days of sailing vessels, or the sagas of lumbermen when felling trees was done by hand. With the advent of the Diesel, the push-button yard, centralized traffic control, and other modern adjuncts of railroading, the salty, highly individualistic railroader has disappeared with the steam locomotive. So, too, has that colorful itinerant, man-about-the-railroad, known as the "boomer." Comparatively little has been written on this phase of the industry. It is with that in mind that I wrote a biography of Harry Bedwell who was himself a boomer and the last of the railroad storytellers.

Similarly I have chronicled the history of an Iowa shortline in a little book called "The Manchester and Oneida Railway." Perhaps I should call it the biography of a railroad, for it is seen through the men who ran it as a home town, grass roots enterprise which once meant so much to the people it served.

In closing I'd like to add a word of caution to beginning writers: take your work seriously but not yourself. Be philosophic. All of which reminds me of the time I found my "First National Bank" history on sale in a second-hand bookstore run by a social service agency in St. Paul. My first jolt came when I noticed the cost: 25 cents.

I remarked to the clerk that the price was very reasonable; perhaps there was some mistake.

"No," said she, "we rarely get more than a quarter for fiction."

BOOKS: *The Railroad in Literature*, The Railway and Locomotive Historical Society, 1940; *Headlights and Markers; an Anthology of Railroad Stories* (co-edited with Robert Selph Henry), Creative Age Press, 1946; *Railroads of America* (edited by F. P. Donovan, containing three of his articles: "The Reading Company," "The Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway," "The Pacific Electric Railway," and also eleven articles by other writers), Kalmbach Publishing Co., 1949; *Mileposts on the Prairie*, Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corp., 1950; *Gateway to the Northwest; The Story of the Minnesota Transfer Railway*, published by author, 1954; *The First Through a Century, 1853-1953* (with Cushing F. Wright), The Webb Publishing Co., 1954; *The Manchester and Oneida Railway, 1901-1951*, The State Historical Society of Iowa, 1957; *Harry Bedwell, Last of the Great Railroad Storytellers*, Ross and Haines, Inc., 1959.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

A person does not rise to a leading position in the world without showing that he has ability and a willingness to serve. William Orville Douglas, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, is no exception. His father, who was a home missionary of the Presbyterian Church, died when Justice Douglas was six years old. The family was then living in Cleveland, Washington, and soon moved to Yakima, where he attended grade and high schools. In 1918, he served as a private in the United States Army. By 1920, he had earned a bachelor of arts degree from Whitman College in Walla Walla, and by 1925, the doctor of laws degree from Columbia University in New York City.

He was a member of the faculty of Columbia Law School from 1924 to 1928, and of Yale Law School from 1928 to 1936. From 1929 to 1932, he conducted studies in bankruptcy for William J. Donovan, Yale Institute of Human Relations, and

United States Department of Commerce. From 1930 to 1932, he was secretary of Commission of Federal Courts, National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement; from 1934 to 1936, director of Protective Committee Study, Securities and Exchange Commission, serving as commissioner and chairman from 1934 to 1939. On March 20, 1939, he was nominated associate justice of the Supreme Court by President Roosevelt. His nomination was confirmed by the Senate and on April 17, 1939, he took his seat on the bench.

Honorary degrees have been conferred on him by many universities, in recognition of his achievements. Such was the progress of Justice William O. Douglas from a small town in Minnesota to a seat on the highest court in our land!

* * *

My connection with Minnesota in terms of residence has been brief but, to me, important, for I was born in Maine in Ottertail County. The year was 1898 and my father then had pastorates both at Maine and at Maplewood. But he soon left the Middle West, going first to Estrella, California (near Paso Robles), and later to Cleveland, Washington (near Bickleton), where he shortly died.

My awareness of the glories of Minnesota came in later years when I explored its lake country. One chapter in "My Wilderness—East of Katadin," published in the fall of 1961, is devoted to the Quetico-Superior region.

My outdoor books include "Of Men and Mountains," which deals with my experiences as boy and man in the mountains of Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Oregon. "My Wilderness—Pacific West" starts in Alaska and ends in the High Sierra in California. "Beyond the High Himalayas" is my account of a long 250-mile trek over the Himalaya in 1951.

My family has been much interested in foreign lands starting with our close ties to American missionaries in

India, China, and Africa. My daughter, Mildred, has lived abroad for some years with her American husband and now resides near London. My son, William, took his graduate work at the Sorbonne. He and I early explored the Middle East which resulted in my first travel book, "Strange Lands and Friendly People."

In 1952, I visited five fighting fronts where the free world faced communist armies and published a story of the experience—"North from Malaya." I visited Soviet Russia in 1955, my companion being the present attorney general, Robert F. Kennedy. The long trip resulted in another travel book, "Russian Journey." My last travel book is "West of the Indus," an account of an automobile trip that my wife and I, together with another American lady, Mary Watkins, made from Karachi, West Pakistan, to Istanbul, Turkey, in 1957.

"America Challenged" contains the Edge Lectures I delivered at Princeton in 1960. It is the book that led Albert Parvin of Los Angeles to establish the Albert Parvin Foundation to help in the monumental task of regaining the ground we of the West lost among the peoples of the world during the Truman and Eisenhower administrations.

"An Almanac of Liberty," which has recently appeared in a paperback edition, is a collection of historic incidents making up our birthright of freedom, an entry being made for each day of the year, the first day being July 4.

"We the Judges" contains the Tagore Lectures I gave at the University of Calcutta. "The Right of the People" is a set of three lectures on the Bill of Rights given at Franklin and Marshall College in Pennsylvania. "A Living Bill of Rights" was written primarily for high school students.

There are three teen-age books in my writings: "Exploring the Himalaya," "Muir of the Mountains," and "Lincoln's Second Inaugural."

Writing, like hiking and climbing, is one of my hobbies. It is for me what painting or playing musical instruments is for others. It is a form of relaxation, not a chore. It is a hobby that often can be fulfilled high in the skies in an airplane as well as in the study at home.

Books: *Democracy and Finance*, Yale University Press, 1940; *Of Men and Mountains*, Harper and Brothers, 1950; *Strange Lands and Friendly People*, Harper, 1951; the following books published by Doubleday: *Beyond the High Himalayas*, 1952; *North from Malaya*, 1953; *An Almanac of Liberty*, 1954; *We, the Judges*, 1956; *Russian Journey*, 1956; *The Right of the People*, 1958; *West of the Indus*, 1958; *My Wilderness—Pacific West*, 1960; *My Wilderness—East of Katahdin*, 1961. *Exploring the Himalaya*, Random House, 1958; *America Challenged*, Princeton University Press, 1960; *Muir of the Mountains*, Houghton, 1961.

SAMUEL EDDY

If you would know the fishes of the United States, read the books by Dr. Samuel Eddy, professor of zoology at the University of Minnesota. He came here as assistant professor in 1929 and has been professor since 1944. Besides his teaching, he developed Minnesota lake surveys from 1929 to 1934; conducted and supervised surveys of lakes for the United States Forest Service and also was in charge of fisheries research for the Minnesota Department of Conservation from 1935 to 1940. Since 1940, he has been an ichthyological researcher. He has written not only books but also many articles on aquatic biology for scientific and popular magazines.

In 1925, he married Vera Conel. They have two sons: Samuel Conel and Richard Lee Eddy.

◆

Because I have written several books on fishes, many people regard me as an expert fisherman, but I am only a zoologist with a major interest in the study of fishes. When I was a small boy in Decatur, Illinois, where I was born in 1897, I developed a love for natural history and an ambition to become a zoologist and a farmer. I roamed the woodlands along the Sangamon River, taking notes on the wildlife. I had very little interest in fishing, as fishes were not abundant in that prairie region. I remember a few fishing expeditions with my father when we fished all night with a hundred setlines for catfish. My father was an ardent fisherman but died when I was eleven years old. After his death, a family friend, who was an expert, tried to make a fisherman of me. However, I never became interested. Perhaps this was partly because, after my father's death, I was reared by a kind but old-fashioned grandfather who regarded fishing as a sinful waste of time.

My principal hobby in high school was to dissect every animal I could collect and to keep careful notes on my dissections. I read every book on biology in our public library. It was fortunate for me that I entered college at James Millikin University, a small school where the red tape could easily be cut. I managed to persuade the registrar that I did not need the elementary courses. I was soon given a key to the laboratory where I could study as early and as late as I wished. In the first two years at college, I gained credit by examination in all the courses offered in zoology.

There were several outstanding men on the faculty and one of these was the professor of zoology. He took me on his field trips and showed me the multitudes of minute animal life in the roadside ponds. He told me no one knew much about them. I decided to study them and am still doing it. At the end of the junior year, my professor retired and was replaced by a man of different caliber and, as there were no more zoology courses left for me, I decided that I would be a farmer and dropped out of college and started farming.

Seven years of farming was a wonderful experience in many ways, giving me many opportunities to study nature, but I had no spare time for fishing. The collapse of farm prices following World War I disillusioned me about the glamour of farming, so I returned to Millikin University to complete my senior year, graduating just ten years after I had entered as a freshman. I remained at Millikin for two years, teaching and doing graduate work at the University of Illinois where I eventually moved to teach and to complete my studies for the doctor of philosophy degree in zoology.

While at the University of Illinois, I became part-time aquatic zoologist for the Illinois Natural History survey, traveling over the state studying the microscopic life in the various waters. I often accompanied the ichthyologist and spent my spare time helping him with his fishes. In the meantime, I published many scientific papers on my aquatic studies.

At the completion of my graduate work in 1929, I accepted my present position at the University of Minnesota for the purpose of developing the aquatic life in this state. The wealth of aquatic resources here has kept me busy for many years and has yielded material for many scientific papers.

The depression of 1932 to 1933 brought numerous W.P.A. and C.C.C. camps to Minnesota and I was asked to help direct a fishery research program for these agencies. Soon this was expanded to include the State Department of Conservation. This was the real beginning of my study of fishes. For many years I traveled over the state developing methods for the study of fish populations and dynamics. I penetrated into many of the little-known lakes of the border region where, after seining and netting all day, I would relax in the evening by fishing. Naturally in such virgin waters, I often made remarkable catches. I was never more than an ordinary fisherman but these catches soon gave me the reputation of being an expert. I was persuaded to offer an evening course for adults, entitled “Fishes and Fishing.” This course soon became very popular. I think the reason was that I let the class talk about their fishing exploits and I merely acted as a moderator.

By 1940, I had, at the university, a collection of all the fishes in the state. We needed a book on Minnesota fishes. Thaddeus Surber of the Minnesota Department of Conservation had published a catalogue of the fishes of Minnesota in 1920 but this failed to give people the information they desired. I had always admired Mr. Surber and invited him to join me in writing "Northern Fishes," first published in 1943. The first edition was soon exhausted and a revised edition appeared in 1947.

About 1938 I started teaching ichthyology to advanced students at the university but there was nothing available for a reference work. It was necessary to make up mimeographed outlines for the identification of fishes as we progressed. Each year, I revised these outlines until, in 1950, I decided to write a book on all the fresh water fishes in the United States. This made it necessary to secure specimens of every kind of fish, so each year I made trips to different parts of the states to collect fishes. This did not involve much sport fishing but consisted of seining and exchanging with local authorities. All these fishes were carefully studied and detailed drawings were made of each species to show every scale and fin ray.

In 1957, I published "How to Know the Freshwater Fishes," a completely illustrated book covering more than six hundred species of fishes. This filled the need of a book covering all the fishes found in the fresh waters of the United States, and is already in need of revision, since Alaska and Hawaii have been added to our states.

My books have primarily been written to supply definite needs in our educational program. In 1940, I wrote, with the aid of Dr. A. C. Hodson, "Taxonomic Keys to the Common Animals of the North Central States," which is a book to aid in the identification of animals, especially the microscopic aquatic forms. This book has gone through many editions. In the period from 1938 to 1948, I published four books on vertebrate anatomy, a subject I have taught for many years. These are widely used in many of the colleges of the United States.

I have only vague plans for future writing. Revisions of my various books occupy much of the time I would like to spend writing new books. Perhaps some day I shall find time to do a popular book on fresh water fishes and maybe something on marine fishes. I maintain that I am not an expert fisherman but am an ichthyologist or a zoologist with a major interest in the study of fishes. I have a hobby, which is farming.

BOOKS: The following four books published by John Wiley and Sons: *Guide to the Study of the Dogfish Shark, Necturus, and the Cat* (with C. P. Oliver and J. P. Turner), 1939, 1960; *Atlas of Outline Drawings for Vertebrate Anatomy*, 1940, 1955; *Atlas of Drawings for Chordate Anatomy*, 1949; *Comparative Anatomy* (with L. A. Adams). *Northern Fishes* (with Thaddeus Surber), University of Minnesota Press, 1943, 1947; *Taxonomic Keys to the Common Animals of the North Central States* (with A. C. Hodson), Burgess Publishing Company, 1950.

BERNARD F. EDERER

Dr. Bernard F. Ederer, formerly a dentist at Morton, Minnesota, has always been a natural frontiersman. Having descended from a pioneer family and grown up on a farm without electricity and telephone, he seems to have an innate ability to withstand the hardships of the wilderness. Twice, in 1939 and 1940, he traveled by canoe to the Arctic Ocean, then across the Richardson Mountains, and up the Yukon to the headwaters—a trip which was con-

sidered impossible in one season. His book, "Through Alaska's Back Door," is the story of this 3400-mile trip, and merited him the Book of the Month Award from Manuscripters of Los Angeles *and* Travel Club of America. *His "Birch Coulee" book tells of the tragic and most bloody of all Indian uprisings, an historically correct story of the 1862 Sioux uprising in Minnesota. For it he received* Manuscripters of Los Angeles *Award for outstanding contribution to American historical fiction.*

◆

It was from my dear mother that I learned of Minnesota's colorful history. She was also the source of data relating to my family. She informed me that I saw the light of day at Morton, Minnesota, on January 21, 1900, during a howling prairie blizzard in a severe winter, which, somehow, caused my doctor to forget to register my birth at the county seat, Olivia, eighteen miles away. This error was discovered in 1942 when I applied for a commission in the United States Navy. Fortunately, the family physician was still living and gave his affidavit of birth.

Franz Ederer, my grandfather, migrated to Minnesota from Wisconsin shortly after the Civil War. He traveled in a covered wagon to the western part of the state, settling on a knoll overlooking the historic battlefield of Birch Coulie. Here he built a log cabin in which my father, John Ederer, was born, along with his brother, Frank, and sisters—Anna, Jessie, Marie, and Jennie. Before his death, my grandfather planted a vast grove of cottonwood trees, which, coupled with the fact that the farm was located on the prairie just above the beautiful Minnesota Valley, gave the homestead the name, Woodside Farm. My mother's people came to Minnesota about the same time, settling at Mankato. My grandparents and parents now lie side by side in the family burial grounds on top of Buery Hill.

I had two brothers, Leo and the late Dr. John Ederer of Minneapolis, and seven sisters. On September 3, 1921, I married Clara Wendling at Redwood Falls, Minnesota. We have five children and thirteen grandchildren. A close family life is part of my philosophy of living. Most likely this is derived from the early days when life on a farm was truly a family life. Before the coming of the telephone and electricity, the farm family not only worked together, played together, but also always prayed together.

My boyhood was a busy one. From birth to manhood I was guided by a loving mother and a kind but stern father. At the age of seven years I began work on the farm. My duties increased as I grew with the years. Each season I helped in the field besides doing regular daily chores about the farm, such as milking cows, feeding chickens, pigs, cows, and horses, with only Sunday and night time for a period of fun. In the summer the family would attend church on Sunday and then spend the day at Birch Coulie Falls, swimming in the cool waters of the creek, churning ice cream in the shade of the big basswood trees, catching fish and enjoying a hearty picnic before hitching the team to the family three-seated platform buggy to return to the farm and the evening chores. Harvest time kept everyone busy from dawn to dark with horses to change every four hours on the big binder, the grain to be set up in shocks. This called for the cooperation of the whole family. Even the older girls and my mother worked in the fields.

But it all had its rewards when the big smoking steam engine pulled the threshing machine into the barnyard. The romance of the straw burning thresher with its large crew was as thrilling to a farm boy as the circus was to a town lad.

The return to school in the fall was a welcome respite from the daily work on the farm. Yet, the never-ending chores had to be done before and after time at school, which was a mile away.

Thanksgiving was ushered in by the harvest of the corn and even the morning of the holiday was spent bringing in the huge sheaves of corn to stack by the barn for winter feed. This hard work gave a true Thanksgiving appetite to the worker.

In the afternoon I would hike to the nearby woods with my single shot rifle to bring home a "mess" of squirrels for a family dinner. The love of hunting and the spell of the "cold" appeared to be my first love, maybe because of the date of my birth. When blizzards obscured all vision, blocking all roads so the schools were forced to close, this young frontiersman, booted with warm moccasins and face muffled with a huge shawl, would grasp his rifle in mittened hands and fade out into the thick of the storm to hunt the sheltered coulies or brush slope of the wooded areas, bringing home rabbits for the favorite family dish, "Hasenpfeffer." I grew as a young hunter with the years, and acquired Indian companions who added to my knowledge of the outdoors. I established a trap line along the Birch Coulie Creek, tending the traps at night by the light of a lantern, and for years produced all my spending money through the sale of furs.

With my companionship of Sioux Indians, I became an ardent student of history, especially American History. My mother encouraged this interest by buying books of history. Cooper's works were read so often the passages were memorized. Mathew Brady's pictures of the Civil War made that terrible conflict an intimate story to me.

After service in World War I, I was graduated from Marquette University at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1923. For twenty years I practiced dentistry at Morris, Minnesota, where I also devoted a great deal of time to coaching athletics and promoting conservation clubs. My keen interest in history and conservation prompted the late Governor Floyd B. Olson to appoint me to the Minnesota State Conservation Committee.

Later my enthusiasm for adventure and knowledge of the country took me on an exploration of the Arctic regions. Twice, in 1939 and 1940, I traveled the Mackenzie and Yukon systems to Alaska, spending months along the Arctic coast among the Eskimo, studying their customs and diets. Strangely I found their teeth to be excellent but the responsible diet most unacceptable to civilization. While on these canoe voyages, I gathered material for my book, "Through Alaska's Back Door." The name of the book was derived from the Klondike days when the crowded steamship travel forced gold seekers to attempt to use the inland waterways for the back door route. Few made it because of the treacherous Richardson Mountains. On the Rat River, a tributary of the Mackenzie delta, I found the remains of many of their boats. This barren mosquito-infested gravel bar was fittingly called Destruction City. Many of the gold seekers perished here. Only a few lonely, deteriorated markers indicated where they were buried so far from their homes and loved ones.

Traveling thousands of miles (cour-de-bois style) throughout the northern latitudes of North America, I learned to appreciate the courage and fortitude of the early explorers to withstand the hardships and dangers associated with this travel. They gave interesting names to the hazards of the Far North. One well-named is the terrible cascade of tumbling water on the Slave River called to this day the Rapids of the Drowned.

Upon my return from Alaska, I was elected to the Minnesota Legislature. I left the state Capitol in the early spring of 1943 for active duty in World War II, at present holding the rank of commander in the United States Naval Reserve. The end of war also brought my active duty to an end. In 1946, I returned to Minnesota but my family had become enamored with the California sunshine. Reluctantly I gave up my interest in Minnesota politics and joined my family in California. However, each year I have returned to Minnesota to add to my growing library of material relating to the Sioux uprising of 1862. I always have made my headquarters at Woodside Farm in Birch Coulie. From here I roamed the Minnesota Valley region from Fort Ridgely to the site of the Upper Sioux Agency near Granite Falls. Well I recall the thrill of seeing the obscured old store at West Newton in which all the merchandise remained intact on the shelves undisturbed since the store was closed over sixty years ago. Here I found a Sharps Rifle and paper cartridges, a firearm associated with the Battle of Birch Coulie. This quaint, musty old trading store was one of the highlights of my search for material.

Later, in 1953, I finished my manuscript at Morton. This year it was my desire to seek out and photograph the site of the Redwood Ferry and the location of the massacre of the Henderson family at Beaver Falls. My brother Leo from Oklahoma accompanied me to the Minnesota River location, where on a rainy day we fought our way through a tangle of brush and poison ivy vines to the markers on the river bank. Our price for this venture was days of treating the ivy blisters. Next at Beaver Falls, accompanied by my three nieces, I found the Henderson site in the midst of an eighty-acre cornfield—and corn seven feet high. The only way to find it was by walking the long rows. We spread apart. After hours going up and down the rows, we found the tumbled down marker in a thicket of lilac bushes.

The most startling incident of my search for material for the Sioux Indian story was my acquaintance with Chief Black Hawk from the Santie country. He said his people believed that Little Crow was never killed in Minnesota but participated in the Custer fight on the Big Horn in Montana. Here is the seed for another story.

During the last decade I have given much time to prospecting for uranium and other important metals. My wife and I spend months traveling on horseback and in jeep over isolated mountain and desert regions obtaining specimens of rock and material for many magazine stories. During this time we produced a television movie, "Uranium Strike," which, with the picture, "Top of America," is now being shown by the Hollywood TV program, "I Search for Adventure."

Recently my wife and I journeyed to Alaska to film the Klondike Trail. This picture will be completed in 1961, as a blizzard on the Chilkoot Pass nearly cost us our lives, and we were forced to turn back or perish.

Here again is a thought for another good story.

BOOKS: *Through Alaska's Back Door*, Vantage Press, 1954; *Birch Coulie* (historical novel), Exposition Press, 1957; *Hunting the White Tailed Deer* (hunter's pocket manual), University of Minnesota Press, 1948; *Reindeer Dog, Son of Kobuk*, 1961.

LEONARD A. FORD

Would you like to learn a novel way to entertain your club or friends, or add interest to your classroom work? In "Chemical Magic," Dr. Leonard A. Ford has presented a collection of demonstrations that are magical or mystifying. Besides, they have been thoroughly tested and been presented to groups of adults and students to their amazement and enjoyment.

Dr. Ford is chairman of the division of science and mathematics at Mankato State College. Before coming to Mankato in 1939, he lived in Dunnel, Parkers Prairie, and St. Peter, Minnesota. In 1932, he married Anne Sevanson. They have two daughters: Barbara (Mrs. Robert Olson) and Joyce (Mrs. Richard Anderson).

When a college professor takes a new position, he often becomes a target for the local club program chairman. This happened to me when my family and I moved to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in 1936. The Lions Club needed a speaker. Rather than just talk about chemistry, which I was teaching, I took along some test tubes and chemicals and performed some experiments. The experiments seemed to appeal to the audience. A little showmanship mixed with the demonstrations aroused curiosity and interest.

When I moved to Mankato, Minnesota, in 1939, the Kiwanis Club needed a program, and my performance here was a little more involved. I took along some chemicals that made explosions, color changes, and I proceeded to make synthetic rubber. I was soon demonstrating before parent-teacher groups, the local high school, and church groups.

Several of my students, with a little more than the ordinary curiosity and interest, began to work with spectacular experiments in the laboratory. They devised a kit to carry the chemicals and together we put on public performances.

The Chemical Magic show got its real start in 1951. It came about as part of a science fair which I proposed to interested high school teachers. The magic show, performed by college students, was shown to 700 high school students. The chief magician, dressed in top hat and tails, introduced each of the lesser magicians who then performed feats of magic. Repeated each year, the chemical magic show became a feature of the annual science fair held at Mankato. Each succeeding year new generations of students were trained in the art.

To perform an experiment is one thing, but to teach another person to perform it is something else. Instructions to my student magicians were given by visual means and by written statements. The written instructions contained the action observed, materials needed, and answers to the questions, Why? and How? with a few suggestions.

I discussed the magic show at the National Convention of the American Chemical Society at Cincinnati. Requests for definite procedures came to me from chemists in this country and abroad. Scout leaders, church counselors, industrial chemists, and teachers wished to perform this show.

For many years I had accumulated ideas on chemical magic. I tried them all and, when the demonstration worked well, I immediately wrote the exact procedure and drew diagrams so that a person could do the experiment with little or no coaching. I then tried these written instructions on prospective chemical magicians. Each experiment was written in its final form only after repeated trials. Thus was born the book, "Chemical Magic," published by T. S. Denison and Company. The book has found a place in high school and college laboratories throughout the country. Foreign publishers have found the book useful in teaching scientific principles as well as for chemical shows. The Japanese translation was published in 1960 by Hakuyosha Publishing Company, Ltd., Tokyo. The French translation rights have been given to Dunode of Paris. Publication rights to the British Commonwealth have been given to Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. Interest in translation of "Chemical Magic" in several additional foreign languages is expected. The "Chemical Magic" show, which originated with a few test tubes and an idea, has finally found its way around the world.

A graduate of Gustavus Adolphus College and the University of Iowa, I received the doctor of philosophy degree in physical chemistry in 1931. My early work was with students in high school. Since 1939 I have been associated with Mankato State College where I am chairman of the division of science and mathematics. I am past president of the Minnesota Academy of Science and have been instrumental in initiating the regional and state science fairs in Minnesota.

In spare time I am a canoeist, a hunter, camper, and fisherman. My family and I have camped throughout this country and abroad.

My family shares a scientific interest. Mrs. Ford is a part-time medical technologist at the Mankato Clinic. My daughter Barbara is a medical doctor, and Joyce is a high school chemistry teacher. Both girls are married to medical doctors.

BOOK: *Chemical Magic*, T. S. Denison & Co., 1959; Hakuyosha Publishing Co., Ltd., Tokyo, 1960; Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London, 1961; Donude, Paris, 1961.

CELESTE K. FOSTER

Celeste K. Foster has written two books for juveniles from kindergarten to ten years of age. "Caster, the Caterpillar" is a factual account of how he turns eventually into a beautiful Monarch butterfly. Her other book, "Jonathan and the Octopus," is a highly imaginative tale of a boy's searching for an octopus to help his mother. Both these books are delightful stories for children, with interesting illustrations by the author.

Mrs. Foster was born in Minneapolis and has lived here all her life. Her husband is William P. Foster. They have four children: Bill Richard, David Lee, Peter Jonathan, and Celeste Diane.

* * *

I feel honored to be included in this book of Minnesota authors and if my small contribution of two children's books has brought pleasure to young readers I am indeed happy. Through the use of imagination and whimsy, I have tried to help children grow spiritually, morally, and mentally. I hope that the boys and girls reading about Casper's dissatisfactions, doubts, and fears can sympathize with him and, by so doing, develop a greater appreciation for nature and all God's creatures.

How I became a writer is like a Cinderella story. My chief interest has always been art and, after graduating from Minneapolis Central High School, I did some free-lance fashion art but the jobs were few and far between. When I was offered a position in a local bank I gratefully accepted.

I was married in 1944 and our first child, Bill, was born in 1946. Our second son, David, was born in 1949. A husband, two little boys, and a home to care for kept me busy every moment and it wasn't until both children were in school all day that I had time to resume my hobby of painting.

Then the first thing happened that started me writing. I enjoyed writing stories and poems when I was a child and I shall always remember how proud I was when my sixth grade teacher kept one of my stories to read to her future classes. In junior high school I wrote two mystery stories and I was asked to read them to the other English classes. Being extremely shy and quiet, this did much for my morale but that was as far as my writing went until a few years ago.

A friend of my mother, an English teacher, read some of my things and she so inspired me I wrote and illustrated "Casper, the Caterpillar." I then tucked it away in a drawer where it remained forgotten several months.

An artist, doing my mother's portrait, expressed a desire to see some of my art work so I showed her several paintings including the illustrations and story of Casper. Another woman, seeing it, wanted to read it to her grandchildren and, when they liked it, she asked permission to give it to Mr. Lawrence Brings of T. S. Denison and Company. I was thrilled beyond words when he said he wanted to publish it. While "Casper" was being printed, I wrote "Jonathan and the Octopus." Every time I think of this book, I remember and laugh at a certain incident which describes the conditions under which I usually worked. I was trying to finish the color separations for the illustrations, which is an exacting job and demands a great deal of concentration. I was practically holding my breath to keep my hand steady when suddenly my two sons and four neighbor children came bursting into the kitchen. They clustered around me coughing, sneezing, and snuffing their noses. One little girl leaned her arms on the table and her older sister grabbed her, shaking the table even more, and said, "Janie, stop jiggling the table! Can't you see Mrs. Foster is working?"

Although there was satisfaction in writing and painting, it didn't completely fulfill my need and I wanted another baby. Three months after my second book was published I was blessed with a third son. I named him Peter Jonathan after the two boys in my books. On January 17, 1961, my little daughter was born, so now I feel my family is really complete. I can't help smiling inwardly when people ask me in all seriousness what I am writing now. My sixteen hour day schedule leaves no time for writing or painting but I have never been happier. These words from the twenty-third Psalm can best express my feeling, "My cup runneth over."

I hope in the future to have the time and inspiration to write again, but I believe that making a happy home for my husband and four children is the most rewarding job in the world and one which gives me countless opportunities to use every talent God has given me.

BOOKS published by T. S. Denison & Co.: *Casper, the Caterpillar*, 1958; *Jonathan and the Octopus*, 1958.

FLAVIA GÁG

What a happy combination to be both an author and an artist! Like her late sister Wanda, Flavia Gág is a talented artist, who has written and illustrated books for children. She likes animals and insects, and likes to delve into hidden motives of animal and human behavior. The background matter in her books is based on fact. "As a child," she says, "I liked to be convinced; therefore, I like to write things for children that ring true."

◆

I was born in New Ulm, Minnesota, the youngest of seven children. My parents, Austrian-Bohemians, were both artistic. My father was a photographer, house decorator, and painter. One of his mural-size oils, a scene depicting one of the many Indian uprisings in the vicinity of New Ulm shortly before his arrival there from his native Austria, hangs in the State Historical Society Building in St. Paul, Minnesota.

We spoke German at home, as did most of the townspeople, Bavarian and German immigrants; and I grew up in an atmosphere of Old World customs and speech.

My father died when I was an infant, leaving my mother with a large brood to feed and care for. These were lean years, and yet memories of my childhood fill me with a warm glow. Hardships we had in plenty; yet in no way did they deter me in my enjoyment of the daily life in a large, lively family. I was an imaginative, resourceful child with keen sensibilities, taking delight in the smallest things with no need for extravagant toys and playthings which the child of today takes for granted.

Rather, I found delight and satisfaction in making things, as did all of us children: tiny doll furniture, go-carts, and sleds out of cardboard; sewing doll's dresses to fit even my inch-high penny doll, and later, at the age of eight, sewing things for myself. And of course I was always drawing pictures and writing stories.

I had a kewpie doll, too—this was a luxury item costing all of five cents!—which I cherished. I felt sure at times that I glimpsed it moving an arm or a chubby leg, so much did I wish it to come alive. I recall pretending my kewpie was a fairy as I helped it hop about on the huge rhubarb leaves in our backyard garden. Even at a tender age, contrast in size delighted me, and I myself would have loved to climb about on leaves as large as a room! Climbing was always one of my favorite pastimes, and if the tree trunk was too large for me to scale, I would climb its shadow cast clearly upon the grass up to the tiptop branches—it was easy when one did it this way, with no danger of tumbling either.

All of us had our chores to do: chopping wood, shoveling coal, carrying ashes, building fires, and the like. I have never regretted being poor during my growing years, for through it I learned responsibility, and developed an appreciation of the simpler things in life as well as respect for personal property.

When I was eight, my mother, small and always frail, died at the age forty-eight of a brief, acute pulmonary illness, which wonder drugs of today could have conquered. My oldest sister Wanda, only in her twenties, stepped in bravely as head of the household, determined to keep the family together and send the younger children through school. With money saved by the three oldest girls while teaching country school, we managed to keep going until our house was sold.

Then began a new era. Wanda had won a scholarship to the Art Students League in New York, and before leaving for the East she settled us all in a flat in Minneapolis. What an exciting change! I studied stenography in high school, and after graduation eagerly began work as a stenographer.

In a few years all but one of us yielded to the lure of the big city, and we journeyed east. I shall never forget the thrill of coming to New York. Although I was green as the tall Minnesota corn in July, I adjusted quickly to the different, more Bohemian way of life in a five-flight walk-up apartment on the East River. The boats, so new to me, held a great fascination for me, and on misty nights I was lulled to sleep by the tooting of fog horns which added a note of mystery to the more familiar city sounds.

By this time, my natural bent for writing, drawing, and song-writing was coming to the fore. Working in an office began to irk me, and when Wanda, now becoming recognized as a rising young artist and writer of importance, invited me to spend the summer at Tumble Timbers, her small New Jersey retreat, I jumped at the chance.

With her guidance and encouragement, I wrote my first book for children, "Sue Sew-and-Sew," in collaboration with my sisters, Asta and Dehli. There followed a book of songs which I composed to ukelele and banjo accompaniment, titled "Sing a Song of Seasons," and for which I ventured to make my own drawings. "Always do your level best" is what Wanda tried to impress on me, and this I did.

Gradually I was beginning to do both writing and illustrating for juvenile magazines, such as *Child Life, Girls Today, Church School Publications,* and much later *Story Parade, Jack and Jill,* and *Junior Red Cross News.*

When Wanda and her husband moved to a much larger country place in New Jersey, "All Creation" we called it, I began to work in earnest. My first full-length book for children was begun here, the idea for which I developed from some drawings of a little-known kind of sheep, the broad-

or fat-tailed sheep, found in a *Frank Leslie Magazine* of 1880. This sheep's tremendous tail, sometimes supported on a specially constructed tail-rest, so intrigued me that I decided this was an unexplored territory as story material. Trips to New York for research at the great 42nd Street public library brought much to light on the subject, and the outcome of a summer's work was "Four Legs and a Tail," the story of a Chinese sheep, Sing Wing by name, who does tricks to Chinese commands. Rejected by one editor but later accepted by another, and further developed with illustrations by myself, this was chosen by a Junior Book Club in 1959 as one of its selections.

Other books followed, each successive letter of acceptance sending me into a state of bliss. "Your level best now, remember!" carried me safely through twenty books, seven of which I wrote as well as illustrated.

We spent many happy years at All Creation—Wanda, her husband, my brother Howard and I. In between pursuing our various creative bents, my brother doing wood sculpture, the lettering for Wanda's books and playing the guitar, we remodeled the old farm house, dammed up the brook into a swimming pool and raised vegetables. When winters became too severe, we battened down the shutters and went to New York, then returned eagerly for the summer season.

In 1945, Wanda was stricken with an incurable illness, although I do not believe she was aware of it. I had just had a book of verses accepted about a kitten called Chubby, and while Wanda lay in her bed fighting a losing battle (but always cheerful), I worked on my drawings close at hand, ready to minister to her every need. And it pleased her to see me thus occupied.

When she succumbed to the illness in July, 1947, I was devastated, for we had been very close, sharing our thoughts, our joys, disappointments and achievements in our work. She was father, mother, critic, counselor, and friend to me.

However, I had a piece of work to complete and, knowing that Wanda would want me to carry on, I sat down at my table each day, feeling closer to her than ever as I brought a kitten to life on paper, her hand seeming to guide mine with every stroke.

The charming farm house with its rolling lawns, towering ash trees, and cheery gurgling brook then changed hands, and I entered into yet another phase of life. From then on I lived in New York City exclusively, getting to the open country only for a few weeks each summer. It was soon after this that the man I was to marry also was lost to me. Always at such times, I have found my work my greatest consolation. For I had a gift—however small in comparison to my sister's—a mysterious power in hand, mind, and eye to create characters with words, and people with pen, ink, and paints—and this I felt I must use.

New York was a tremendous stimulus to me, with its surging throngs, concert halls, and museums; and I began to develop my painting along with doing books.

Five years ago, when my sister Stella and her husband moved to Florida, I paid them a visit and fell in love with the semi-tropical scene. Now I have a tiny winter retreat in my sister's backyard, a peach-pink little house with a studio, a graceful cocos plumosa palm in my yard, an orange tree and bright flowers all around, and the great pure sky above. And the sand, let me not forget the sand, the wonderful white sand with never a pebble or a rock anywhere to stub one's toe on! Now I spend summers in New York, New Jersey, and Long Island, while winters find me homesteading in Florida, happy as a mockingbird—who would ever have dreamed that this could happen to me?

BOOKS: *Sue Sew-and-Sew*, Coward-McCann, 1932; *Sing a Song of Seasons*, Coward-McCann, 1936. The following books published by Henry Holt: *Four Legs and a Tail*, 1952; *Fourth Floor Menagerie*, 1955; *Tweeter of Prairie Dog Town*, 1957; *Chubby's First Year*, 1960; *A Wish for Mimi*, 1958.

JOHN M. GRAN

Indulging in his hobby of writing during his leisure time, John M. Gran, assistant superintendent of St. Paul Public Schools, has enjoyed the publication of four plays, a book about Christmas, and two books about teen-agers. The plays were written for high school production and have been performed in nearly every state in the Union. The books on teen-agers, written for parents, teachers, and others interested in youth, have received favorable mention throughout the country. These books are not text-bookish or cluttered with educational jargon, but they abound in narrative examples and cases taken from actual experience.

Mr. Gran was graduated from St. Thomas College, St. Paul, magna cum laude. While at the University of Minnesota, he was elected to Phi Delta Kappa, an honorary fraternity based on high standing in the upper classes.

◆

Some people play bridge in their leisure time. Some play golf. Others paint or collect stamps or listen to music. I like to write, especially for and about youngsters.

I do most of my writing in the early hours of the day, between 4:30 and 7:30 a.m. I got into this early rising habit when I was doing graduate work at the University of Minnesota. I was married and had a small child who demanded (and was entitled to) most of my spare time in the evening, making study before she went to bed impossible. By the time she *was* in bed and asleep, I was ready for bed too. Or if I undertook study, I found that by the time I did get to bed I was so stimulated mentally that sleep came slowly. I find the same true of writing. If I stay up at night to write I can't just turn off creative thinking the way I can turn off the lights. I lie in bed improving on what I have written.

There is another advantage to early-morning creative work—there are no interruptions. The phone doesn't ring. No one is at the door. It is the one time of day when a writer can enjoy the priceless privilege of silence, without hiding out somewhere.

Another good habit I developed early in life is the writing of notes. I always carry a supply of note paper in my pocket. Whenever an idea hits me, regardless of where I am—in a bus, at a luncheon, on a walk, at a gathering—I jot it down. Perhaps it is an idea for a narrative, perhaps an observation, or the description of a character I have just seen, or a clever saying I have heard. I never postpone making a note of it. Then, at the earliest opportunity, I enlarge on it and toss it into a drawer I have for miscellaneous notes. About once a month I go through the contents of the drawer and sort the notes into piles of related material. This material I file away for future reference.

In my leisure, when I am not writing about children, I am torn between two other fascinations: peeking into the future and dwelling in the past. The first terrifies me. The second is a most effective tranquilizer. At present, I am working on two pieces of fiction. One is a play about unidentified flying objects; the other is a somewhat nostalgic novel about the memories of my childhood: the sleighs, the crunching sound of snow under foot on boardwalks, gas lighted streets, sprinkling wagons, horse-drawn fire rigs, my magnificent Norwegian grandfather celebrating May 17, and my lovely Irish grandmother who knew so many delightful stories about the little people and who took care of me when my father died and my mother had to work.

I was born in St. Paul, grew up in St. Paul, and received my education in St. Paul, except for my graduate work at the University of Minnesota, which I feel belongs as much to St. Paul as to Minneapolis.

I went to the old Jefferson Grade School, which was located at Sherman and Pleasant in those days. After "graduation" from grade school, I enrolled at Mechanic Arts High School, where my enchantment with words got its greatest encouragement from Miss Eleanora Deem and Miss Mary Copley, two excellent English and journalism instructors. As a cub reporter on *The Cogwheel,* I got that thrill of seeing my efforts in print for the first time. After high school, I went to St. Thomas College, where a "compulsory" minor in philosophy and an elected major in English, especially English literature, enriched my soul until I felt I would burst with joy of the known, the unknown, the true and the beautiful. At St. Thomas I wrote for *The Purple and Gray,* college paper, and the *Aquinas,* the school annual.

I had intended to be a newspaperman, but I'd had such enjoyment in high school that the lure of high school halls was irresistible. I had to return, and the only way I could return was as a teacher.

I taught business training at Monroe Junior High School and English and journalism when Monroe was converted to a senior high school. From Monroe I went to Humboldt High School as assistant principal, then to Roosevelt Junior High as acting principal, back to Monroe again as assistant principal, then to Cleveland Junior High as principal and back to Humboldt as principal. Presently I am an assistant superintendent in the St. Paul school system.

In 1933, I married Teresa Bloechl, of St. Paul. We have two lovely daughters: Teresa Marie and Michele Marie. Teresa Marie, or "Terry," was born October 1, 1936, and is married and has three children of her own. Michele, or "Shelly," is in the second grade at Douglas School in St. Paul and is a word lover, like her daddy.

BOOKS: *Christmas in St. Paul,* North Central Publishers, 1951; *How to Understand and Teach Teen-agers,* T. S. Denison & Co., Inc., 1958; *Why Children Become Delinquent,* Helicon Publishers, 1961; and four plays published by Northwestern Press: *Passing Fancy,* 1952; *A Nose for News,* 1953; *Aunt Emma,* 1954; *Adventure in Paradise,* 1955.

JAMES GRAY

James Gray, who was drama, music, and book critic of the St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch *from 1920 to 1947, is one of Minnesota's best known authors. His parents, too, were writers. His father, a former mayor of St. Paul, was associate editor of several Minneapolis newspapers; and his mother, besides writing for papers, was editor of* Farmer's Wife *for thirteen years. With such influences, it is not surprising that Professor Gray has made writing his life work. He has written novels, plays, and historical books, and critical essays. It is his skilful craftsmanship and straightforward sincerity that have placed him in the front rank of literary artists.*

In recognition of his outstanding work, Hamline University, in 1939, conferred on him the degree of doctor of letters; and the University of Minnesota, the appointment of professor of English. He has served as president of Delta Phi Lambda, the creative writing society of the University of Minnesota. He is also a member of Lambda Alpha Psi and Phi Delta Theta.

◆

Minnesota must accept complete responsibility for me. I was born in Minneapolis June 30, 1899, in the district we used to call Linden Hills; attended the Lake Harriet School and West High School; was graduated from the University of Minnesota. Except for a brief period in Washington, D.C., where my father, James Gray, was head of the Washington bureau of the *Minneapolis Journal,* I have spent my life vibrating between Minnesota's forty degrees below zero and her one hundred ten degrees above. If there is anything in the theory of the effect of climate on character, we should all be particularly adaptable in a place where the weather shows such an impressive range.

At the University of Minnesota, a student of English should be a very happy person, and I was. I had worked under two distinguished scholars, E. E. Stoll and Joseph Warren Beach, and also with two provocative and stimulating teachers, Richard Burton and Oscar Firkins, whose students remember them with admiration for their enthusiasm and with affection for their strongly marked individualities. I was a freshman during the last year of the George E. Vincent's presidency. His brilliantly witty mind gave a challenging air to the whole campus. It was a good place in which to be, then as now, for anyone who had a taste for striking, dramatic people with sharp, demanding intelligences.

After I was graduated from the University, I had the brash temerity to apply for the job as dramatic critic of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch,* from which Charles Flandrau had just resigned. Flandrau was another wit, author of a half dozen delightful books, one of which, "Viva Mexico," is an American classic, destined for immortality. Thinking perhaps that, since Flandrau could not possibly be replaced, any experiment of substitution might as well be tried, I was given his job. I had it for twenty-seven years.

As the theater had become more penurious toward the cities of the road than once it was, my duties changed a little. My column in the *St. Paul Dispatch* was later devoted chiefly to the consideration of books.

I was from youth completely and hopelessly stage-struck. Happily I was spared the discomfort of wanting to be an actor, but the desire to write for the theater has plagued my waking and sleeping hours from my sixth birthday—on and on and on.

I have written many plays in many veins: high comedy, domestic comedy, psychological melodrama—I even wrote a treatment of "Hamlet" in the style of Mr. Maxwell Anderson's "rhythmic prose." Several of these plays have been produced in Minnesota cities: Minneapolis, St. Paul, Winona. Several have interested Broadway from time to time, but none, in the end, has been produced there.

With a certain reluctance at first, I turned to the novel. But I have enjoyed my experiments greatly. There was a very early book called "The Penciled Frown," a slight, satiric study, more or less in the manner of Aldous Huxley in the "Chrome Yellow" phase. Ten years later, I wrote "Shoulder the Sky," a study of contrasts in ways of life in a Minnesota community seen through the troubled eyes of a very young idealistic doctor. It was followed by "Wake and Remember" which also had a Minnesota scene. The story was of a man trying to struggle back to life out of the turbulent waters of grief. The next undertaking was more ambitious. "Wings of Great Desire" attempted to study the effects on the temperament and character of a gifted woman whose New England father had early implanted in her mind a passion for "the excellent life." At the suggestion of the late Constance Lindsay Skinner, I turned my back on fiction for a time to spend my spare time for two years in the Minnesota Historical Society, using its admirable facilities to gather material for a contribution to the "Rivers of America Series." My assignment was to write "The Illinois." After writing another novel, "Vagabond Path," I again surrendered to the impulse to do a regional study of our own and our neighboring state, Wisconsin. It is called "Pine, Stream, and Prairie."

In 1923, I was married to Sophie Stryker of St. Paul. We have three children: James, Jr., (born, 1926), Richard Alan (born, 1928), and Gabriella Perin (born, 1936). My wife, Sophie, died suddenly during a trip to Mexico.

On December 15, 1953, I was married to the former Elizabeth Bishop of St. Paul. As Elizabeth Reeves she is the author of two novels with Minnesota background: "A House for Emily" and "Then Again June."

Earlier, in 1946, I went to Hollywood where I was briefly engaged as a writer at Warner Brothers Studio—actually at Burbank, California.

In 1946, the same year, I became literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News* and professional lecturer at the University of Chicago.

In 1948, I resigned my Chicago appointments to accept an appointment as professor of English at the University of Minnesota. My first assignment there was to devote my entire time to writing a history of the University for its hundredth anniversary. Later I was occupied as a full-time teacher of English, the humanities, and courses in journalism.

In 1957, I resigned my professorship, and my wife and I spent almost an entire year in travel: England, Scotland, France, Italy, Austria, Spain, Portugal.

Since that time I have been occupied with free-lance writing, concentrating on writing business history. On one such I am currently engaged. My wife and I divide our time between Minnesota and Florida. We spend the summer months in a cabin on the St. Croix River near Marine-on-the-St. Croix and the winter on the island of Captiva in the Gulf of Mexico. Fall and spring months are spent in travel.

BOOKS: *The Penciled Frown*, Scribner, 1925; *Shoulder the Sky*, Putnam, 1935; *Wake and Remember*, Macmillan, 1936; *Wings of Great Desire*, Macmillan, 1938; *The Illinois*, Farrar and Rinehart, 1940; *Vagabond Path*, Macmillan, 1941; *Pine, Stream, and Prairie*, Knopf, 1945; *Open Wide the Door*, G. P. Putnam, 1954. The following published by the University of Minnesota Press:

The University of Minnesota: 1851-1951, 1951; *Business Without Boundary, The Story of General Mills,* 1954; *Education for Nursing, The Story of the University of Minnesota School,* 1960.

HARVEY L. GUNDERSON

Most of the writing by Harvey L. Gunderson, zoologist at the Museum of Natural History at the University of Minnesota, centers about science and natural history: the outdoors — hunting and fishing — and travel. With Dr. James R. Beer, member of the zoology department of the University of Minnesota, he wrote the book, "Mammals of Minnesota." Mr. Gunderson has sold stories to Sports Afield, Sports Review, *and* Ford Times. *Photography is his hobby, and he has illustrated many of his writings with his own pictures.*

He is past president of Minnesota Bird Club and also Minnesota Ornithologist's Union, on the board of directors of Minnesota Natural History Society, and a member of the editorial council of The Minnesota Naturalist. *He is also a member of The American Society of Mammologists, The Wilson Ornithological Club, The Wildlife Society, and Sigma Xi.*

◆

My life started in 1913 on a farm near Gary in northwestern Minnesota, where I had the company of three brothers and four sisters. I attended a country school, an institution which has now nearly disappeared. Beside the school was a sixty-acre woods—our playground most of the time. One of the most popular games was "wolves and hunters," devised by ourselves. Those who finished their noon lunches first took off for the woods and became the wolves. Those who finished later became hunters. The only rule was that the wolves must howl at regular intervals. Capture consisted only of finding the wolves, but most often the game was terminated by the ringing of the school bell. We knew every inch of this woods.

During Sundays and summer time—when I was not working—I spent a great deal of time roaming the woods and marshes, often with a gun of some kind. Spring was a particularly lucrative time for a grade school youngster. We trapped pocket gophers for "bounty" and would end up the season (about the first of June) with sometimes as much as three dollars!

It seems that the outdoors has always been a great part of my life. In college I thought that zoology was most interesting. This was just an extension of my more youthful interests. I finished Concordia College at Moorhead, Minnesota, during the depression years, so I took a job as a chemist (I also had a major in chemistry) with a scientific supply house. Tiring of this I started graduate work at the University of Minnesota.

This was interrupted by four years in service, two of them in Europe. Basic training was at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, Officers' Candidate School at Camp Barkeley, Texas, then to Camp Hale in Colorado, my most fortunate experience in the army. This was a training camp for mountain troops located near Mt. Elbert, the highest mountain in the state. Here I got a smattering of mountain climbing, skiing, and also trout fishing, but most of all a great deal of outdoor experience. I have since spent many vacations in the mountains of Colorado. In Europe I took the "grand tour" along with about a million others — Scotland, England, France, and Germany with leaves to Switzerland and the Riviera. Although I met many good friends and saw much country, it was a great relief to get out of the army.

I returned to my job at the Museum of Natural History at the University and also finished a master's degree in economic zoology, with a decision of no more formal schooling for me.

Soon I married Erika Rogalsky, a graduate of the University, who was teaching medical technology. Just before our first child was born, I was a member of an Arctic expedition to the Back River, Northwest Territories, Canada, serving as mammologist and still photographer. We now have three children: John, James, and Nancy. With the arrival of the children, I gave up my scouting work, feeling that I now should spend more time with my own rather than with other's offspring. My last big event with the scouts was taking a group of explorers on a canoe trip. It was a successful venture—we even made our own tents.

Gradually my decision of no more formal schooling was changing—with encouragement from my wife—and I am now in sight of what is sometimes called the terminal degree—still a major in zoology, but this time from the University of Michigan.

BOOK: *Mammals of Minnesota* (with Dr. James R. Beer), University of Minnesota Press, 1953.

LOIS HOBART

Mrs. Harold Black, who writes under her maiden name, Lois Hobart, now lives in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. She is included in the volume, "Who's Who of American Women, 1959-1960." She was born in Minneapolis, and, after graduation from the University of Minnesota, taught a year at St. Charles before leaving for Chicago in 1943. Three of her fiction books for teenagers have Minneapolis backgrounds: "Katie and Her Camera," "Strangers Among Us," "Behind the Walls." She is now working on a non-fiction book about Mexico, which will be published by Thomas Nelson and Sons in 1962. Her husband, Harold Black, is a painter, enamelist, and designer.

◆

A childhood in Minnesota is an excellent test for survival. No matter where you live afterwards you have seen worse weather, and maybe that accounts for a severe case of chronic pollyannaism. I grew up in Minneapolis and was treated to parks for playing, lakes for swimming, paths for bicycling, courts for tennis, canoes for paddling, snow for sledding, ice for skating, symphony concerts to listen to, plays and movies to attend, and a good education, as American education goes.

After graduating from Washburn High School, I majored in English at the University of Minnesota and received a bachelor of arts degree, a bachelor of science, and a master of arts. I taught for one year in southern Minnesota and then headed for Chicago, where I became a researcher and associate editor of *Esquire*. Two years later I was offered a job on *Glamour* and became associate job editor and later head of the job department.

It was during my eight years of working at Conde Nast Publications that a painter friend of mine suggested that I learn something about photography, since my assignments involved so much work with photographers that it would be useful to me. It seemed like a sensible idea so he set up lights for me to take some pictures of him, spent half an hour explaining a few fundamentals about cameras to me, then gave me his Rolleicord and said go ahead. I did and won second prize with one of those pictures in the Village Art Center Exhibition, for which Steichen was one of the judges. Since then I have had photographs in *Glamour, Life, Epoca, New York Times, Parade, Your New Baby, This Week, U.S. Camera, Color Photography Annual, Friends,* and other magazines and newspapers, and have had two or three photographic shows. My association on the magazine and friendship with various photographers were, of course, very helpful.

Also the painter, Harold Black, became my husband in 1950, and I moved from a Greenwich Village apartment into a Greenwich Village house on Twelfth Street. Our son, Tony (Anthony Hobart Black), was born in 1951. Two or three years later I resigned from *Glamour* to do free-lance writing and photography.

I began a series of vocational novels for Julian Messner —as well as a few simplified vocational sketches for small children in *Humpty Dumpty*—and later for Funk and Wagnalls did two junior novels and a biography. Now I am working on a book on Mexico for teen-agers for Thomas Nelson and Sons and am as fascinated with Mexican history and research as I was with the American Revolutionary period when I worked on "Patriot's Lady."

While beginning the resarch on John and Sarah Jay for that book I found that one of their close friends was Judge Sloss Hobart, and wrote to my uncle in Minneapolis asking if he was any relation that he knew of. Back came a genealogical history which showed me that Judge Hobart was descended, fifth generation, from the same Hobart, our ancestor, who settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, in the 1630's. Oddly enough, one of Tony's friends at school that year was a direct descendant of John Jay, so once again the Hobarts and Jays were friends. In learning about the Jays, I learned more about my own family.

By that time we had moved from New York City to Westchester County and for the first time in years I had the pleasure of watching the change of season year round in the trees and flowers, instead of on pavement and sidewalk. We loved our home in Cross River surrounded by woods, rocky cliffs and creeks, but my husband was burdened with the strain of commuting and business and had little leisure for painting and enameling.

So in 1958, we moved down to San Miguel de Allende in Guanajuato, Mexico, and here are refugees from pressure and pace, conformity and climate. In mid-February, my desk overlooks the corral for our three horses, a gardenful of geraniums, roses, twelve-foot poinsettias, canna lilies (those that our mare Sirena hasn't eaten yet), iris and carnations, not to mention maguey and organ cactus, cedar and jacaranda, rather than snow and slush of Twelfth Street or the snow of the country.

Tony is in fourth year at Fray Bartolomé de las Casas and is studying geometry, arithmetic with fractions, decimals, and long division, Spanish grammar and composition, English, Mexican history and geography, anatomy, and this year has an hour a week of simplified physics, physiology, and botany. He knows roughly as much about Cortes, Juarez, and Diaz as he does about Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln. He plays impartially with Mexican and American children at marbles, bull and matador, soccer, and chess, but comes home about once a month complaining that he's being picked on and persecuted, as he would be in almost any school. He had a burrita (who was so smart she learned to unlock the door of the casita with a key to get at the purina) but now rides his strawberry roan Canelo and is even learning to jump low obstacles.

We miss our friends but not the frenetic activities of New York though there is enough social life to keep us in a whirl if we didn't beg off sometimes to work. We ride most mornings, work—with many interruptions—and have a household of three servants to manage: cook, *criada,* and *mozo*—for a total of sixteen dollars a week!

It is not bargain basement living, and we have changed a fairly stable and ample income for a more limited and uncertain one, but we have extended our horizons in many ways. Harold, who had scarcely been on a horse in his life, at forty-five began riding and under the tutelage of friends in the cavalry at Sarabia, fifty miles away, has become a good enough rider and jumper to enter competitive civilian meets! Tamayo and I are the conservative pair and are content with field rides to the river and beyond, or to visit a pyramid or hidden canyon or ride in the mountains around us.

We have made a host of varied new friends, Mexican and American, and found our daily living much enriched by expeditions never possible at home in the States. We have our own collection of local figuras and a little museum to house them and Harold's paintings and enamels. We have climbed extinct volcanoes to explore haciendas, groves, lakes, and caves within. We have visited the local or garden variety of pyramids, have dug surreptitiously for pottery and buried walls, have seen an extraordinary collection of 35,000 figuras in another village, and have enjoyed the variety of fiestas and the magnificent fireworks of towering *castillos* which spout for half an hour at a time three stories high, have even ridden in the Independence Day Parade of September 16.

Most of all, we are learning something about a different culture, seeing our own from a new perspective, and adding a new dimension to our lives.

BOOKS: The following four published by Messner: *Katie and Her Camera*, 1955; *Palette for Ingrid*, 1956; *Laurie: Physical Therapist*, 1958; *Elaine Forrest, Visiting Nurse*, 1959. Three books published by Funk and Wagnalls: *Strangers Among Us*, 1958; *Patriot's Lady, Sarah Livingston Jay* (biography), 1960; *Behind the Walls*, 1961. *Book on Mexico*, Thomas Nelson and Sons, 1962.

MARIE HOLMSTRAND

Few authors have gained the pinnacle of success with a first novel. Marie Holmstrand's first book, "Trouble at Turtle Bay," was the 1956 winner of the Boys' Life-Dodd, Mead competition. Perhaps the main reason for her success lies in the fact that she has used the Minnesota scene. She knows the state and its problems, especially Duluth and northern Minnesota, for she has lived there all her life. With the exception of a series of missionary articles which she has been working on recently, all her writings have Minnesota backgrounds.

◆

The first ten years of my life were spent on a backwoods farm in the small community of Forbes, on the Iron Range. Here my widowed mother and I lived alone for the most part, my father having died when I was two, and my brother and sister old enough to have gone to the city to work.

If there is one thing a lonely child learns to develop it is an awareness of the world around her, for that, along with an active imagination, has to take the place of playmates and friends. I was no exception.

The school I went to consisted of but one room, and our only pretense of a library was a few shelves of books tucked away in a corner behind the big stove. How I loved those books! To me they were more than books, they were parts of people's minds between hard covers. I guess it was way back then that I decided that someday I, too, would have a book in the library.

When I was ten, we moved to Duluth, and I shall never forget the first time I walked into one of the branch libraries. I never dreamed there were that many books in the whole world!

In Duluth, I attended high school, which was the end of my formal education. Anything added to that education has been done by the hard process of studying on my own. While in high school, I became more certain that I wanted to be a writer someday. I was too shy to tell anyone my plans, but secretly I scribbled whenever and wherever I could.

At sixteen I was considered too young to read the love story magazines of the day, but too old to let them alone. One rainy Saturday a girl friend and I smuggled the latest issue up to the attic and spent the day reading aloud. The outcome was that we decided we could write stories as good as those. (Typical amateur reaction.) With all the bravado of inexperienced youth we each turned out a story. I didn't even know enough about submitting manuscripts to bother sending return postage. Months went by. My friend's story was returned, but I heard nothing from mine. Six months later I was convinced it had landed in some wastebasket when, lo and behold, along came a check! That was the beginning. I was truly bitten by the "writing bug." My second story was sold, and by that time I began to study and learn about writing technique instead of pounding out stories by ear as I had been doing. For the next few years I sold to several of the young love magazines, farm magazines, and so forth.

In 1929 I married. (My maiden name was Gunderson.) For the next twenty some years I found no time for writing anything more profound than an occasional note to the milkman. I was too busy with my family, my husband, Lawrence, a daughter, Jean, and our son, Allan.

During the depression years, we decided to join the "back-to-the-land" movement. We bought a beautiful maple-studded hillside on the outskirts of Proctor, which is practically a suburb of Duluth. Together we built our house, in which we still live. We have a garden, and live a busy, happy life. Before we knew it our children were in college, and with more time on my hands, I once again found the old "writing bug" attacking me. Promptly I enrolled in a writing class and began turning out material.

Strangely enough, whereas when I was little more than a teen-ager myself I had written for adult magazines, now I found myself writing for teen-agers. For about two years I wrote and sold to many of the youth magazines. Then, one day, I decided to try my hand at a book length.

At that time the taconite projects were very new up on the north shore of Lake Superior. I knew the differences of opinions that existed among the fishermen regarding the coming of taconite as opposed to commercial fishing. Here was a story. I told it from the point of view of a young boy torn between the traditions of his forefathers and the progress of today. In three weeks I had written the first draft, and after another couple of months of rewriting I found myself confronted with the question, "Now, what do I do with it?"

Through the *Writers' Magazine* I learned that *Boys' Life Magazine,* in affiliation with Dodd, Mead, has an annual two thousand dollar competition for boys' books. "That's as good a place as any to start," I told myself as I bundled it up and sent it off. Three months later I received word that my first book, "Trouble at Turtle Bay," had won the competition. It was published by Dodd, Mead in 1957, and serialized in *Boys' Life*. The dream of a child inspired by a few shelves of books in a country school had been realized. I had a book in the library.

Since then I have had many short stories and articles in youth publications and denominational magazines as well as travel and sport magazines. Learning to use a camera, I now take my own pictures for articles.

Because I have always felt that Minnesota has so much to offer in the way of material, my second book, "Hijacked Harvest," published in 1960, also has a Minnesota background. Another book for teen-age boys deals with wild-rice harvesting which is becoming such a big business in the northern part of our state. Wild rice and Chippewa Indians! What state could offer anything more inspiring for an author to work with!

Why do I write for teen-agers? I love them. They're young, sparkling, and exciting—as exciting as the life of an author with all its "ups and downs"—and I love that, too, every precious minute of it.

NOVELS: adventure books for boys: *Trouble at Turtle Bay*, Dodd, Mead, 1957; *Hijacked Harvest*, Chilton Company, 1960.

MATTHEW V. HOWARD

Writing stories for children is the special interest of Matthew V. Howard, who is advertising contact man in the chemical division of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company. His seven nieces provide rich background material and a good proving ground for his stories. He has written two books: one is an Easter story and the other a visit to a zoo. The bright, full-color illustrations in his books were made by the artist, Earl W. Moline, Jr.

◆

The first year of my life, 1927, was spent in North Dakota. The second year began in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and I have been here ever since with the exception of a two-year hitch with the Navy and two years on a job in West Bend, Wisconsin.

I am glad that I never ventured away for very long. My formative years were filled with the cultural atmosphere and personalities characteristic of this state, the kind of environment that forms an excellent folio of references for the creative individual to draw from.

The outline was meticulously drawn for me by the nuns of St. Mary's school in Minneapolis—who, luckily for me, discovered my will to create and encouraged it. More importantly, they were strictly critical of my efforts, charting a course through the sciences as well as the arts, forcing questions to be asked, supplying a million answers, and maintaining a comfortable balance of creativity and common sense.

As a result of their efforts teamed with a more recent ever-increasing crew of nieces, who keep me on my toes, I have the greatest respect for the solid-state world of the child. No other audience is more demanding, more critical, more appreciative, once rapport has been established. They know what they like, why they like it and can spot an error with eagle-like precision, completely avoiding the confusion of the more sophisticated adult society.

I remember this clarity of thought and action very well. They are the more enjoyable memories of my life. I guess they are the reason that my first successes in writing have been children's books. I have literally ventured hundreds of times into the adult arena and have failed. I know why. Each attempt has been clouded by adult insecurity and the resultant confusion. I sometimes wonder if adulthood can offer anything quite so wonderful as the solid-state world of the child.

My current plans include the final work on a play and a collection of adult stories, which were started during my last year at the University of Minnesota, 1950. Also here again the effort leans heavily on childhood experience.

The clearer personalizations are those that deal with the first twelve years of my life. Only those who ultimately gifted me with various important facets of my personality are totally understandable and real. These include a Mrs. Garvey, who taught the patient quiet world of brush and paint; Mrs. Fiterman, who proved the basic sameness that unites all people; my grandfather, who used a lake and resort in northern Minnesota to help set my senses at full capacity so that I wouldn't waste a major share of all the good things around me. The list includes my parents too. They introduced me to ambition early in life, gave me two sisters and a brother, and softened the pangs of growing up with the magic of love and understanding. Like anyone else, I could supply an almost endless list; however, most of the people on my list would be remembered from childhood.

As I grow older, the ability to assimilate knowledge from the people I meet becomes less automatic. For the past ten years, I have been meeting many stimulating individuals, who work with me in the advertising field. Although I have learned from them, I have not been able to absorb the lesson in all cases without a great deal of effort. The extra effort is worth it though. I feel, and I suppose it is an obvious assertion, that nothing is more important to that person who has chosen to make his thoughts a matter of record than that he be a kind of sponge to the essence of people, places, and things he experiences.

Eventually the effort pays off. It is beginning to for me, and I am glad it has taken as long as it has. I have a great fund of material to work with in bridging the gap from the world of the child to the more chaotic one of the adult, and there is great comfort in knowing that once I have crossed over, I can move back and forth at will.

BOOKS: *Nancy and the Unhappy Lion*, T. S. Denison and Company, 1958; *Blink, the Patchwork Bunny*, T. S. Denison and Company, 1959.

MARGARET ANN HUBBARD

Margaret Ann Hubbard (Mrs. Joseph C. Priley) is a skilful writer of books, especially for children. She always studies the setting and background carefully before she starts to write. For instance, "Crosswind Canyon" grew out of a visit to the North Dakota Badlands and out of her own experience as a radio operator in Duluth for Northwest Airlines during the war (1942-45). Airplanes have always fascinated her and although the Duluth airport was only a hangar and three runways in those days, it was used by army ships for practice, so she saw many kinds of bombers and cargo ships. The incident of the *pilotless bomber really happened. The crew had bailed out when the engine caught fire, and the ship flew on the automatic pilot until it ran out of gas. Miss Hubbard saw the plane as it passed over Duluth.*

She spent the winter of 1950-51 in the Black Hills of South Dakota and made several visits to Crazy Horse Ranch, where the setting of "Thunderhead Mountain" is laid. She came to know the Indian sculptor, Korczak Ziolkowski, who almost single-handed is carving out of Thunderhead Mountain a gigantic memorial to the Indians, the figure of Crazy Horse riding and pointing to "The lands where my dead lie buried."

Experiences such as these form the background of Miss Hubbard's exciting children's stories and adult mysteries.

◆

I date my interest in an actual writing career from the day in 1931 when an English instructor wrote at the bottom of a theme, "See me." I was a junior then at the University of Minnesota. Wondering what it could be that rated a conference, I went to the instructor's office. I had definite talent for children's writing, my teacher said, and she thought I should go into it seriously. Nothing was farther from my thoughts. I was going to be a teacher even though, as a graduate of the Duluth State Teachers College, I had already done some teaching and disliked it intensely. When I mentioned this new idea to my mother, she caught it up with enthusiasm. In the days when she was pioneering in North Dakota, before her marriage she had done a little writing and it had been her dream that my older sister would become a writer. From that day on, my mother was the constant driving force behind my career.

The career started obscurely enough. In 1932, after graduation from the University, I returned to my home town of Duluth and began to dramatize fairy tales for the old Children's Theatre. These were the days of the depression when people with master's degrees were taking jobs as waiters and filling station attendants, so there was no possibility that I might find a position as a teacher. Writing, then, was my main interest, with whatever small jobs I could pick up as potboilers. A little later I did some part-time teaching. But by 1939 I had decided that I wanted to be a full-time writer, and in order to forsake other means of livelihood my writing must bring me in enough income to live on. Plays such as I was doing would never suffice. So I turned to the idea of a book.

I didn't know what kind of book it would be, or what age level or reading audience it might interest. All I had was an idea that had stayed with me from the time I had worked on a history of northern Minnesota missions for a church group who were putting out a fiftieth anniversary bulletin. The little village of Pembina, North Dakota, had been settled by Scotch immigrants and then, when the international boundary line was finally determined and the village found to be outside of Canada, the Hudson Bay Fur Company could no longer operate their post and so the trader must leave. This was tragedy to the settlers who had built homes at such cost of labor and hope. It seemed to me that it was a natural setting for a story. I would follow a family south out of Pembina into the Indian country along the Red River. Such a story would be for readers of the 10-14 age group, and I wanted a good authentic background of Indian lore. I knew nothing about Indians, so I packed up my young niece and my mother and went out to the Leech Lake Indian Reservation and lived there for a summer. The women were making beadwork for museums under a WPA project, and they were most willing to talk to me. By fall I had plenty of material for my book and a good title, "Gay-shi-bah-yash-shi-quay, Little Whirlwind."

My manuscript was rejected by the first publisher to whom I sent it, but it came back with a friendly letter. The editor felt that there were too many stories already with

Indian village background. I sent it next to Macmillan, and they accepted it because they liked the Indian village idea.

I began then on quite a series of juvenile novels, either historical or regional in background. In 1948 I went down to New Orleans because a friend kept urging me to see this picturesque country. The result of this winter was another book, "Pennyweather Luck," and the next year I wrote my first mystery with the same setting, "Murder Takes the Veil." I had thought for a long time that I would like to write a mystery, and the swamp locale seemed the perfect one for skulduggery. This book was published by Bruce and was the monthly selection of their Catholic Literary Guild. It was later published in France, and I dramatized it for the Dramatic Publishing Company for amateur performance. Odd, sometimes, how a chance idea will flower into something far more successful than another carefully planned.

I thought perhaps with my marriage, five years ago, my writing career would do a natural fade-out. Quite the reverse. I find that an understanding husband plus the day-by-day security of a home are most stimulating, and at the same time relaxing. Editors still want deadlines, and there are many more demands on my time, but everything fits in. I begin my writing around half past eight in the morning, and usually find I am running down about three hours later. Once in a great while I work on into the afternoon, but what I write when I am tired quite often has to be done over again so I don't try to force myself. If I stick to my routine five days a week, I can write a book in from four to six months, exclusive of the time I have spent in research. I always do my own typing because I catch repetitions and mistakes more readily than by simply reading it through.

Writing is a rewarding, exasperating, fascinating, and often infuriating vocation. As an avocation it is alluring, and as a hobby, a priceless escape. All you need to go into business is a pencil and paper. Why not try it?

Books (Juvenile, regional) published by Macmillan: *Little Whirlwind*, 1940; *Seraphina Todd*, 1941; *The Hickory Limb*, 1942; *Lone Boy*, 1943; *Captain Juniper*, 1947; *Pennyweather Luck*, 1948; *Crosswind Canyon*, 1950; *Thunderhead Mountain*, 1952; *Halloran's Hill*, 1953; *A Crown for Carly*, 1955. Adult Mysteries published by Bruce: *Murder Takes the Veil*, 1950; *Murder at St. Dennis*, 1952; *Sister Simon's Murder Case*, 1958.

Vision Series published by Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy: *St. Louis and the Last Crusade*, 1958; *St. Vincent de Paul*, 1960. Doubleday published: *The Blue Gonfalon*, 1960 (selection of the Catholic Youth Book Club). *Murder Takes the Veil*, French edition, 1954; dramatization for Dramatic Pub. Co., 1957.

FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES

What a perfect partnership for writing books are Florence Page Jaques and her husband, Francis Lee Jaques. She is a keen observer and writes with enthusiasm and charming humor. He is one of America's foremost nature artists and illustrates her books with characteristic black-and-white drawings. His art work is seen in many museums of natural history. His panoramic background paintings in the museum of the University of Minnesota present the natural habitats of the birds and other animals. In her books, Mr. nad Mrs. Jaques picture in words and sketches the rugged beauty of forest, rock, and stream; the bird life; the animals of the borderland of Minnesota and Canada in summer as well as in winter. Always she has captured the scenes and sounds with such vividness that they hold our interest as we read her books.

◆

My husband and I were both born in Illinois, he in Genesee, and I in Decatur, but we did not meet until we went to New York. I was graduated from James Millikin University in Decatur and went to New York to take graduate work at Columbia, and he went east to take a post as artist at the American Museum of Natural History.

Lee had grown up in northern Minnesota, where his family had moved when he was a boy. It was there he began to paint, fascinated by the wild fowls in the rice lakes and rivers. As a young man he ran a taxidermist shop in Aitkin, Minnesota; and for two summers he fired a locomotive on the Duluth, Missabe, and Iron Range Railroad. His interest in our canoe country between Minnesota and Ontario grew. Later, after the first World War, when he had become a commercial artist in Duluth, he made several canoe trips through this region and helped to make maps of it. In 1924, he sent some of his bird paintings to Dr. Frank M. Chapman of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and the result was his connection with that institution.

It seemed natural that we should take our honeymoon in the canoe country on the international border. Our three weeks camping trip resulted in "Canoe Country," illustrated by Lee and published by the University of Minnesota Press. They afterwards gave us a fellowship to go up into the same country in the winter—"Snowshoe Country" was the result of that, and we got the John Burroughs Medal for it, the first time it had been awarded jointly.

My husband's work, as a museum artist, has taken him on many expeditions in Europe, South America, and the Pacific; and I have gone with him whenever I could. We also traveled extensively in this country. Before I was married I wrote verse and juvenile stories; afterwards, books on birds and nature and travel.

In 1953, we left New York and built a house in North Oaks, Minnesota, where we have wild life right outside our door. Here I devote myself to my garden, but that does not keep us from traveling about as much as we can. I also do an occasional bit of writing.

BOOKS: *Canoe Country*, 1938; *The Geese Fly High*, 1939; and *Snowshoe Country*, 1941—all three published by the University of Minnesota Press. *Birds Across the Sky* (autobiographical), 1942, and the travel books, *Canadian Spring*, 1947, and *As Far as the Yukon*, 1951, published by Harpers. *There Was Once a Puffin* (nonsense verse), 1958, Wake Brook House.

HAYMOND NATHANIEL JOHNSON

Haymond Nathaniel Johnson, educational advisor for the Minnesota State Department of Conservation since 1945, was born in Cambridge, Minnesota. When he was four years old, his family moved to a farm in North Dakota. In 1916, he returned to Minneapolis to attend high school and the University of Minnesota. Upon graduation, he entered the teaching profession as superintendent at Halliday, North Dakota, and Freeborn, Minnesota, and principal at Franklin.

Since 1945, he has written thirty-five radio dramas entitled "Following Conservation Trails" for the Minnesota School of the Air; and, in 1948, fourteen half-hour dramas for WCCO-TV. From January to April, 1961, KSTP-TV broadcast thirteen half-hour programs written by him on "North Star Story." Since 1948, he has written the educational articles under the title, "Conservation Schoolhouse," for the Volunteer, *the magazine of the conservation department. He has also had poems and stories in magazines.*

He and his wife, Cledythe Joyce Wolff, live at White Bear Lake. They have three children: William and Mary Lee are teachers, and Thomas is attending Mankato State Teachers College in preparation for the teaching profession.

◆

My old dog loved to follow the gang plow, now and then giving noisy chase after a bounding jack-rabbit or some wandering hawk, but most of the time he followed close behind the whispering plowshares turning the rich black prairie soil. Once the three teams of horses pulling the plow were strung out along the furrow, and the plowing caravan of dog, plow, boy and horses comfortably underway, I would wrap the bundle of lines around the plow-lever and read. I do not remember how many books I read in this manner. I do remember a few of them because they are now in my library—Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a complete set of the first edition of Cooper's works.

As a boy, living on a cattle ranch in western North Dakota, I didn't have many playmates. There were only a half dozen boys of my age in the county at that time so reading, horseback riding, hunting, and fishing were a vivid part of my boyhood. School was held during the winter months in our large ranch home—the teacher stayed with the family.

My father and mother were good story-tellers and cold winter nights were spent with the family, hired men, and very often a traveler or two, who stopped at the ranch which was named Cambridge after Cambridge, Minnesota, where my family once had lived. The ranch home served not only as a stop-over place but also as the post office and a small general store. Ranchers used to come on horseback in the wintertime or in buggies in the summer to get their mail brought by horseback across country from the railroad seventy-six miles away. Those were wonderful evenings when some family or traveler would stop for the night. My father would tell wondrous stories of his days as a lumberjack and the log drives in Minnesota. My four sisters and mother would gather around the organ and the sound of singing would well out from the lamp-lit living room to blend with the night sounds of the prairie.

Those are some of the wondrous days of my boyhood that I love to remember, but it all came to an end when I was sent on a "teary journey" to Minneapolis to attend high school. Soon after, my wonderful father passed away—the ranch was sold, and a new chapter of high school and college in a big city filled my life. But the memories of my boyhood days have always remained—a love of books, of animals, birds, and the whole wonderful realm of the out-of-doors.

In high school I soon was busy with basketball and other sports. I found myself drawn to dramatics and debate. It was not until I was a sophomore in college that writing became an avocation. I was fortunate in having an English teacher who called me aside after class one day and told me he thought I should expand some of my themes about my boyhood experiences in the out-of-doors into short stories. Once you have a story published the "fever sort of gets you" and I have continued ever since trying to recreate those vivid boyhood memories.

Years of teaching, Navy war service, and conservation writing and speaking have followed since my college days. Radio and television as a writer and performer have also been wonderfully interesting experiences for the past fifteen years. I hope to continue in these activities to the end of my days.

My dream and hope are that I can play a little part in writing, speaking, and acting in the great drama of building our new world out of the best of those things that were the old—for the things of nature never change, and they are as constant as the stars—and our dreams and hopes for a "good life" are closely linked to the land and all that it contains.

BOOKS: *Outdoors—Adventures in Conservation* (Juvenile Short Stories with Hermina Poatgieter), Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1957; *Minnesota Panorama* (historical), T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1957; *Conservation and You* (Educational), Bruce Publishing Co.

THELMA FOGHT JONES

"For my father and mother and all unthanked teachers and teachers' wives" reads the dedication of "Skinny Angel," Thelma Jones' first book, which really portrays much of her childhood home life. Her mother, who had learned the art of looking for humor in everyday life, is the heroine of her book. Her father gave the home a more serious aspect. He had emigrated from Norway and taught in rural schools and church colleges. He pioneered in the idea which eventually led to the consolidated school with bus service for the children. He even went to Washington to head federal work for country schools and was sent to Europe to study methods there, and also spent a year in Japan.

Thelma, the eldest of five children, was born in Elkhorn, Iowa, and has lived in Wayzata, Minnesota, since 1942. She has two children: a daughter, Jill Fisher, and a son, John Paul Jones, Jr., M.D.

◆

Looking back, I should say that no factor has so shaped my life as much as being the daughter of an educator. It was plain living and high thinking. It was not pretty enough clothes but being allowed to read as I would in my father's large and wonderful (and often paid for over years) library. We children even quarreled polysyllabically. Books held almost all the answers for me—and still do.

"When the book is finished—" that was the promise and rainbow in our home, for my father was a writer as well as an educator. But I had no thought of being one myself. I was an art major when my English teacher sent a short story I had done as an assignment to *The Atlantic Monthly*. It won a prize in their annual contest for college students.

I had not spent much time on that story, nor given it much thought. Being a writer looked incredibly easy, so I switched my major to English. I finished college in three years and married a few weeks later. I settled down to domesticity—and the thought of spending my mornings pouring out deathless prose. I came up against my first obstacle at once: I had nothing to write, I knew nothing about life. I suffered that a few years and then I began to sell—sometimes—to a periodical called *Marriage Stories,* which, blessedly, were all first person and anonymous. I tried next for the slicks and here I ran against the obstacle that still blocks me: the harder I try in my writing, the harder it gets. I have polished the life right out of more than one short story, but I had begun to sell a little in the market I wanted.

My life underwent some changes next, and I moved to Minnesota—to Lake Minnetonka, where my parents lived. Here, close to them, I realized how remarkable they were, and I began to write about them in the book, "Skinny Angel." McGraw-Hill bought it after seeing three chapters. It took two and a half years to do. I next returned to short stories. Then one day I knew I had to write about Lake Minnetonka, which was very beautiful and had been good to me. My effort was supported by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. It took six years of research and hundreds of interviews—all checked against microfilmed newspapers. In the course of finding whom I should interview, I took the librarianship of the Wayzata Branch of the Hennepin County Library—at that time a hole in the wall. I found I loved being a librarian, though I had no thought to keep the position longer than I needed it for the Lake Minnetonka book, "Once Upon a Lake." But before that opus was ever finished I began going to the University of Minnesota's Library School so that—at the time I had finished the manuscript and turned it over to Mr. Ross of Ross and Haines, who, as had McGraw-Hill, gave me a contract after seeing a few chapters—I was also a professional librarian. I stepped into handsome new library quarters with an ever-growing circulation. Indeed, the circulation is so overwhelming that I am too tired to write at night. But I am (at this writing) off to Hawaii for a month and there I hope to get a good first paragraph on my next book, believing that a good first paragraph will keep one writing.

I have lived in the Middle West and in Washington, D.C. Cooking is my hobby, and traveling is my joy. I have seen Europe, the Middle East, the Bahamas—and I intend to keep it up even if I end on the sidewalk with a tin cup.

BOOKS: *Skinny Angel* (biography), McGraw-Hill, 1946; *Once Upon a Lake* (history), Ross and Haines, Inc., 1957.

PHILIP DILLON JORDAN

Students in Dr. Philip Dillon Jordan's history classes at the University of Minnesota realize how fortunate they are to be studying under a professor with such a deep and human understanding of the world and its problems. He presents not only the bare facts of history but also a true picture of people—their lives, folk songs, health, and interests. A review of his life shows that his road to success is paved with conscientious hard work.

He was born in Burlington, Iowa, in 1903, and attended grade and high schools there. He earned a bachelor of science degree from Northwestern University by 1927, and the master's in 1928. The University of Iowa awarded him a Ph.D. degree in 1935; and Monmouth College, an honorary LL.D. in 1959. He was assistant professor of history at Long Island University from 1928 to 1933; associate professor at Miami

University, Oxford, Ohio, from 1935 to 1945; came to the University of Minnesota as associate professor in 1945, and has been professor since 1946.

During this time he has been interested in writing, too. He edited the Mississippi Valley Press *from 1939 to 1945 and the teachers' section of* Mississippi Valley Historical Review *from 1942 to 1945. He has written more than two hundred fifty articles, essays, and reviews for professional journals and popular magazines. Because of his contributions to history and literature, he has been elected to Lambda Chi Alpha, Scabbard and Blade, Sigma Delta Chi, Hammer and Coffin, Kappa Phi Kappa, Alpha Kappa Delta, Phi Mu, Delta Phi Lambda, Pi Gamma Mu, Kappa Tau Alpha, and Phi Alpha Theta. For his books he has received many awards: Ohioana Library Medal for "Ohio Comes of Age" in 1943; Award of Merit from American Association of State and Local History for "The People's Health" in 1954; Sagamore of the Wabash from governor of Indiana for "The National Road" in 1948; Regional Writing Grant from the University of Minnesota for "Singin' Yankees" in 1943; was initiated into the Chippewa Indian tribe with name of Ojib-ig-away-anini for the juvenile, "Fiddlefoot Jones of the North Woods."*

He married Marion Westervelt Valentine in 1933. They have a daughter, Martha Dillon Jordan.

◆

Writing is hard work; why then do I keep at it?

Yet there has been no time since 1926, when I published my first magazine article while an undergraduate at Northwestern University, that I have not had something—review, essay, article, book—in process of publication. Even before college, I served a stern apprenticeship as a reporter, at $2.50 a week, on the old *Burlington* (Iowa) *Hawk-Eye,* a paper made famous nationally by the sparkling wit of Bob Burdette, whose “Rise and Fall of the Mustache” is still a classic example of period humor.

Experience has taught me the folly of trying to be a starry-eyed artist who labors only when the muse kisses, and of the futility of waiting for the lightning strike of out-of-this-world inspiration. Deadlines do not wait for flashes of genius. I write whether the impulse is present or not, just as the butcher opens his shop whether he is inclined to or not. Work is work, whether it is completing a chapter or cutting a rib roast. A daily schedule is set and maintained. There is not a day but that the self-imposed quota is met. I cannot afford to feel sorry for myself when there is an assignment to be completed—I just go ahead and get the job underway—typing, cutting, retyping, editing, re-editing, and writing and rewriting again and again.

No manuscript is delivered to an editor until it is honed sharp. An editor, almost always a writer’s best friend, is not supposed to tidy up a sloppy manuscript, to complete citations, to fill in data. There are occasions when I tinker with a single manuscript page an entire working day and go to bed dissatisfied because the word possessing the precise shade of meaning still escapes me or because an awkward sentence resists being bent into graceful form. This makes for a fretful night. It also makes for a better manuscript. Some authors, I know, quarrel and quibble with editors. Indeed, a few make a fetish of feuding. This is not only foolish but also a waste of time. A competent editor can improve a manuscript immeasurably. One thing more: if an author does not fully trust his editor, the wiser thing to do is to change the publisher.

Despite valiant effort, I still feel that much of my work is abecedarian. And I never look over a completed book without blushing at spots where it might have been improved if only I had devoted more time and care. This is an exasperating and frustrating reaction, and I never expect to rid myself of it.

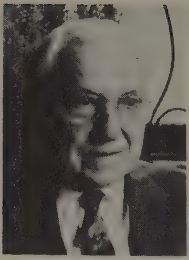
Writing is not only hard and frustrating work, it is also one of the loneliest occupations I know. When composition is inserted, like a thin ham slice, between lecturing and countless academic chores, there is left little time for leisurely conviviality and excessive togetherness. Long hours in a library, days given to evaluating of evidence, and months devoted to tracking down a key clue demand that the author reject crowd consciousness and insist upon the solitary companionship of man and typewriter. Thus the creator, even of history, drains himself of his strength, transferring his vitality to pieces of paper. A book for children, even though some say that anybody can write for kids, demands intense concentration. The editing of a document for a professional journal may consume excessive time and may carry the researcher half way around the world before all data are assembled and interpreted.

But, to offset the difficult, frustrating, lonely periods, there is, now and again, adequate compensation. This is the scholarly adventure, the excitement of the chase. There is the thrill of coming upon a packet of long-lost Hutchinson family letters, the joy of finding a nineteenth-century tavern register in a lumber attic, the pleasure of locating stone slabs upon which the handsome Braddock once rooted his artillery. It is a breathless experience to catch Mexican folk tales from the lips of policemen, priests, peasants. It is fun to walk the wide hall of a New England mansion through which Tom Thumb once drove his pony cart, to ride with the Indiana State Police, to share a seat in a cargo-carrying van grumbling its way across the Allegheny Mountains, to trade yarns of the long ago with old-time cigar makers who once rolled twisted stogies, the smoke that got its name from the Conestoga wagon. All these experiences and more were mine while gathering material for "Singin' Yankees," "The National Road," and "The Burro Benedicto."

The writer, in many instances, is a sort of historical detective, a private investigator in the service of Clio, who diligently and patiently searches for solutions. Much of history is still a mystery and still needs searching. "Ohio Comes of Age" posed a series of endless puzzles. And my history of public health in Minnesota presented countless questions of organization and interpretation; for, in reality, it cut across a dozen areas of human endeavor and touched upon such diverse topics as Indians, lumberjacks, hospitals, cattle diseases, and public opinion.

When a case is closed, quiet satisfaction comes not so much with the solution as it has with the search. Somehow or other, the vexations, the occasional surly librarian, the informants who will not answer letters of inquiry, the battle to secure microfilm promptly no longer are irritants but are remembered as spicy adventures which eventually were overcome. After seeing galley and page proof, I generally lose interest in a book. All the good times and the bad times are over. For better or for worse, here the finished product is. Even the reviews fail to provoke much of a reaction, for long experience has taught that some will be good, others fair, and a few poor. I thoroughly agree with my agent, a very wonderful person, who says: "From what some of the reviewers say about books, I wonder if they ever read them.

BOOKS: *William Salter: Western Torchbearer* (biography), Mississippi Valley Press, 1939; *Songs of Yesterday* (folk songs, with Lillian Kessler), Doubleday, Doran, 1941; *Singin' Yankees* (biography), University of Minnesota Press, 1946; *Ohio Comes of Age* (history), Ohio Historical Society, 1943; *The National Road* (history), Bobbs-Merrill, 1948; *With Various Voices* (history, with T. C. Blegen), Itasca Press, 1949; *The People's Health* (history), Minnesota Historical Society, 1953; *Uncle Sam of America* (juvenile), Itasca Press, 1953; *Fiddlefoot Jones of the North Woods* (juvenile), Vanguard Press, 1957; *The Burro Benedicto* (juvenile), Coward-McCann, 1960.



EDWIN KAGIN

From a German city, where he was born, to Kentucky, thence twelve years as a missionary to Korea, and finally to a western college seems a long journey. Such has been the interesting record of Dr. Edwin Kagin, professor emeritus of religion at Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota.

His deep interest in the progress of Macalester College and high regard for Dr. James Wallace, who had worked tirelessly and had given much of his life for this institution, led Dr. Kagin to welcome the task of writing the biography of this "grand old man of Macalester."

* * *

How does one get to be an author? Some feel an inner urge to write. They will toil at research and at writing for years even though they are unable to find a publisher. Others have authorship thrust upon them. I belong to this latter class.

This is how it happened. When I retired as professor of religion at Macalester College, the faculty gave a banquet in my honor. I was seated next to President Charles J. Turck, at that time head of the college. In the course of the meal he suddenly turned to me and said, "Dr. Kagin, how would you like to head a faculty committee to write the life of Dr. James Wallace?" I was caught by surprise. But I was pleased at the suggestion because I long had harbored a secret desire to write the biography of Dr. Wallace. He had been my predecessor in the department of religion and, in the latter years of his life, we had been close friends. He had been the president of Macalester College for sixteen years in its early days when the going was rough. He had headed a loyal group of faculty and friends of the institution who, at great personal sacrifice, cleared the college from debt and prevented its creditors from putting it on the auction block. Wearied by the struggle, he resigned the presidency and went out East to teach. After three years, he returned to Macalester to found its new department of religion. He was an effective teacher, a great scholar, a student of international affairs, an author, and an eloquent preacher and lecturer. His oldest son, Benjamin, was the first Rhodes Scholar from Minnesota. His youngest son, DeWitt, is the founder and editor of the *Reader's Digest,* the most widely read magazine in the world. Dr. Wallace had lived a long, eventful, and distinguished life. We called him "The Grand Old Man of Macalester."

I told Dr. Turck that I would gladly undertake the assignment. The faculty committee was appointed and it fell upon my shoulders to dig out the material. Robert S. Wallace, the second son, was the custodian of the papers left by his father. He brought to my office in the Neill Room of the college library several cartons filled with letters, clippings, magazine articles, sermons, speeches, and so forth. It was a gold mine of biographical material. Since I would have to do most of the research, it was decided that I assume the sole authorship and the committee was disbanded. At long last, after four years of painstaking research in many fields, the manuscript was completed. DeWitt Wallace kindly consented to write the foreword. Doubleday and Company accepted the book for publication. It had its "coming out party" at the meeting of the New York City Macalester Clan in the spring of 1957. This is the story behind the writing of "James Wallace of Macalester."

Before coming to Macalester, I had worked and lived in many widely separated parts of the world. I was born near the Black Forest in Baden, Germany, on February 16, 1879. My father, Urban Kagin, was a farmer of Swiss ancestry. He also operated a home weaving machine in the evenings and slack times. My mother, Elizabeth Burgin Kagin, was the earnest Christian mother of eight children. When I was only sixteen months of age, my family came to America. My mother's father, a widower, came along. We first settled in New Bedford, Massachusetts. After three years, we moved to Kentucky, where my father engaged in business. I attended the public schools in Frankfort and was graduated from the high school in 1896. My father died when I was seven years old. After graduation from high school, I entered the dry goods business with my older brother, Carl. Feeling a call to the ministry, I sold out my interest in the business to my brother, G. E.

I entered Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, in 1900 and was graduated in 1904. Among other things, I was editor of *The Cento*, the college literary magazine. I entered Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary in the fall of 1904 and was graduated there in 1907. That fall I sailed for Korea as a missionary under the Presbyterian Church. I was assigned to the town of Chungju in the southern part of the country. I was in charge of the boys' school, the girls' school, copastor of the town church and supervised nineteen churches in the rural areas. I was a member of the executive committee of the Mission and served as chairman of the steering committee for ten years.

In 1908, I met Miss Mary Frances Johnstone, a missionary under the Southern Methodist Board, who was engaged in educational work in Songdo. We became engaged but deferred marriage until Miss Johnstone had completed her five-year term of service. In June, 1913, we joined a party of Korean missionaries leaving for their furloughs. We entrained in a plush pullman on the Japanese South Manchurian Express at Seoul and made our way through northern Korea up through Manchuria to Changchun, where we boarded the Russian train de luxe of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. We traveled night and day for ten days and arrived at the historic city of Moscow. For the next six weeks we toured Europe, visiting Warsaw, Berlin, Dresden, Nuremberg, Zurich, Basel, Florence, Milan, Venice, Rome, Pisa, Lucerne, Geneva, Paris, and London. We arrived back in the United States in early September and on October 14, 1913, after a three-and-a-half-years engagement, were married at Thomasville, Georgia.

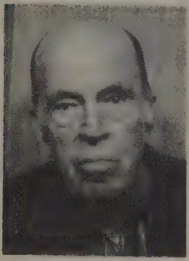
On September 20, the following year, Julia Elizabeth, our only child, was born. When she was three months of age, we put her in the basket of a bassinet crib and headed back to Korea. When we arrived at the outskirts of Chungju we found the women of the church and the pupils of the girls' school lined up on one side of the road and, on the other, the men of the church and the pupils of the boys' school waiting to greet the returning missionary with his bride and baby. We made our way through the town to the large new church where the procession stopped and the Koreans sang the Doxology and offered thanks for the safe return of their spiritual leader.

While the need was great and the fruits of our labor gratifying, ill health in the family drove us home in 1921. I decided to prepare myself to do college teaching. We spent a little over two years at Princeton, New Jersey, where I earned a master of theology degree in the seminary, and a master of arts degree at the university. From there we went to Boston. Here I completed my residence work for the degree of doctor of religious education. In the late summer of 1926, we arrived in St. Paul and I began my work at Macalester College as associate professor of religion. The president at the time was Dr. John C. Acheson, an old friend from my college days at Centre. Later I was made full professor and became head of the department. I served as secretary of the faculty for fifteen years. In 1952, I was made professor emeritus of religion.

For my doctor's thesis at Boston University, I did an extensive piece of research by means of a four-page questionnaire. I received two thousand replies from students and graduates of colleges and universities. The subject of the thesis was "What Effect Has the Church-Related College Had on Its Students?"

My research on James Wallace led to an awakened interest in the educational and religious developments in the early days of the state of Minnesota. I have published two pamphlets dealing with this interesting question. The title of one is "Following the Markers," and the other is "The Contribution that the Presbyterians Have Made to the Early Life in Minnesota." Since 1936 I have compiled, with the help of my wife, year after year, "The Protestant Calendar."

BOOK: *James Wallace of Macalester*, Doubleday and Company, 1957.



GEORGE LANGFORD

George Langford, palaeobotanist of Chicago Natural History Museum, has seemed to have an inherent interest in natural sciences. His uncle, Nathaniel P. Langford, was the first superintendent of Yellowstone Park. He had been a member of the Washburn Expedition to Yellowstone and had gone to Washington to urge its reservation as a park.

It is strange that George Langford never studied these sciences in school. For nearly forty years he exercised his inventive ability and worked for a steel company. He lost his left arm at the shoulder in perfecting one of his first inventions. But all these years he found his recreation in fields and museums, and reading books about the various sciences. Because of his contributions to museums and universities, he has been honored with a life membership by the American Museum of Natural History of New York. He is research associate in anthropology on the Chicago University staff.

His writings, based on natural science and prehistoric men and animals of western Europe and the United States, were written especially to interest young readers in science. He is an artist and has illustrated his books. He is also a sculptor and his work is in many museums.

⁂

I lived in Denver, Colorado, 1876-1885, then moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, when my father, Augustine G. Langford, died in December, 1885. I attended the Neill grade and Webster schools in St. Paul, and finally the Central High School, where I was graduated in the class of 1894. In that year, I entered Yale University and was graduated in 1897 in a three-year course of mechanical engineering in the Yale Sheffield Scientific School. I was employed as a draughtsman in the master mechanic's office of the Chicago Great Western Railway from October, 1897, to March, 1898. Then I left to take a job with the McKenna Steel Company in Joliet, Illinois, which was my home until July, 1946. My steel business was the rerolling and forging of railroad rails and rail joints. I was foreman, superintendent, director, and, finally, president from 1929 to 1946. In that time, I secured about seventy U. S. patents and five foreign patents on railroad track material and processes of manufacture. I supervised the building of three McKenna mills in Kansas City, Kansas; Tremley Point, New Jersey; and Birkenhead, England. I moved from Joliet, Illinois, to Chicago in September, 1946, and was employed April, 1947, by the Chicago Natural History Museum as curator of fossil plants, a position I now hold.

While at Yale, I rowed stroke number 8 in the varsity eight-oared crew for the three years of my college course—1895, 1896, and 1897. In July, 1896, we raced in the Henley Regatta, England. In 1896 and 1897, I was with the Minnesota Boat Club of St. Paul in four-oared and eight-oared races at Lake Minnetonka.

From 1887 to 1895, much of my spare time was spent in fossil-hunting around St. Paul, and I acquired an interest in prehistoric life, which has continually increased until the present time. I traveled much, and made many collections of fossils and Indian artifacts in various localities throughout the United States. I also did considerable fossil-hunting in England. My main interest was in field explorations which resulted in much publicized major ventures, namely:

The Fisher Mound and Village Site on the Des Plaines River, Illinois, 1925-1929.

The Adler Indian Mounds, 1929.

The Mastodon Elephant deposit, Kendall County, Illinois, 1910.

Fossil, fauna, and flora of the Strip Coal Mines, Will County, Illinois, 1937-1945.

The first three of these ventures are fully compiled in voluminous unpublished manuscripts, with numerous photographs and drawings.

My fifth, and latest field work, has been collecting fossil plants in the clay pits of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama. My many thousands of specimens fill two storerooms in the Chicago Natural History Museum.

I have written many scientific papers and stories for magazines and other publications. Among them are: "The Mammoth Man," a serial novel in 1922 for *The American Boy Magazine;* "Kankakee Refuse Heap" in 1919 for *The American Anthropologist, Volume 21;* and "The Fisher Mound Group" in 1927 for *Volume 29;* "Stratified Indian Mounds in Will County" in 1928 for the *Illinois State Academy of Science, Volume 20;* and "The Fisher Mound and Village Site" in 1930 for *Volume 22.*

As a departure from natural science, I compiled my Langford ancestry, which I have donated in four loose-leaf books to the Genealogy Department of the Newberry Library, Chicago.

I have often been asked what prompted me to spend much spare time for almost 75 years on all this. The answer is simple curiosity—nothing more than following a strange trail to see where it led.

BOOKS: The following three books published by Boni and Liveright: *Pic, the Weapon Maker* (novel), 1920; *Kutnar, Son of Pic* (novel), 1921; *Stories of the First American Animals*, 1923. *Senrac, The Lion Man* (novel), Liveright Corp., 1954; *The Wilmington Coal Flora* (science), Earth Science Club of Northern Illinois, 1958.

ERLING LARSEN

Erling Larsen, assistant professor of English at Carleton College, Northfield, since 1956, was born in Cresco, Iowa, on September 7, 1909. He lived in Brooklyn, New York, from boyhood until the death of his father, Reverend Larsen, when Erling was sixteen years old. Then his family moved to Minnesota and he continued his education at St. Olaf College, Northfield, and was graduated in 1930. He then attended the State University of Iowa where he earned a master's degree.

He went into business in Northfield and, in 1933, married Eileen Dilley. They had three children, two of whom are still living. The eldest, Sigrid, was killed in an automobile accident in 1960. At the time she was a reporter and photographer for the St. Paul Dispatch.

During World War II he was a Reserve Officer in the United States Navy and took part in the amphibious operations against Saipan, Tinian, and Leyte.

I was born in Cresco, Iowa, to a Lutheran minister and his young wife. In Cresco I saw my first automobile, which frightened our horses, and my first railroad train, which also frightened horses, but I am reasonably sure neither automobile nor train frightened me, for I still like trains and now drive a red Triumph and even like airplanes despite the certainty that they would have frightened our horses too had they, the horses, lived long enough. In Cresco I was given by a favorite aunt a small red cart I had told her I needed very much, and I had learned to speak Norwegian and English. Now the cart is alas gone; the Norwegian is sadly rusty; only the English remains pure. About Cresco I remember also that there I was photographed, in the usual costume for such important events, on a polar-bear rug. Whether this reflects credit or discredit I am not sure; nor am I sure whether it reflects on my parents or on the photographer. Myself I absolve of responsibility and, of course, credit or discredit, for I have seen the photograph and it proves I neither had nor was allowed anything to say. I have not seen a polar-bear rug since but I do know that the camera did not frighten me. I have in my time owned and used eight cameras with a total of sixteen lenses.

When I was four my family moved, and moved me, to Brooklyn, New York, where I had as friends and playmates a gang of Italian and Jewish and Irish children. In Brooklyn, although still a member of my Lutheran family, I learned to touch my cap when I walked past the front of a church, and to like Italian spaghetti and Kosher pastrami. A little later, I worked on Saturdays as delivery boy, with pushcart, for Savastano Brothers' Fruit and Vegetable Market and so was put in position to learn something about the lives of housewives in fourth-floor walk-up carry-up apartments. On Sundays, as if I didn't walk enough on Saturday, I frequently went on long waterfront walks with another favorite aunt who taught me to love ships and to know the difference between a brig and a barkentine.

Since then, what with ships and trains and planes and cars, I have traveled in the United States and in Asia Minor and North Africa and western Europe and New Guinea and the Pacific Islands and Japan, some of this at the taxpayers' expense. I am now a Lieutenant Commander (retired) in the Naval Reserve. I hold a few medals, as the British say. I hold mine on a pair of nearly unworn service blue uniforms in the upstairs closet of what the census-takers call my farm home.

As a free-lance photographer and writer I have sold my work to various publications, some of which are *Holiday, The Farm Quarterly, St. Paul Pioneer Press, Discovery,* and *The Reporter.* Also I have given my work away to a dozen or more literary magazines. For almost a year I traveled about Minnesota gathering material for and making photographs to illustrate a series of articles for *Sparks,* the magazine which the Minnesota State Automobile Association was then thinking about making into a *Minnesota Highways.* These articles, with others, were rewritten to make my "Minnesota Trails, A Sentimental History." Published during the state's centennial year, this book was considered for some kind of centennial literary award which eventually went not to me but to a man from Connecticut who had written something about Fort Sumter. Any annoyance this might have caused me was erased or dulled, I kept saying, by the fact that my book was named the best piece of local history to appear during this great and climactic year. Had I been more sensitive I might have construed the committee's action as a suggestion that I move to Van Dieman's Land and write a book about the cottontail crisis.

But I did not so construe it. I still live in Minnesota. I teach English at Carleton College and am an associate editor of the *Carleton Miscellany.* Without theorizing about it, I can only say that I enjoy it.

BOOK: *Minnesota Trails, A Sentimental History*, T. S. Denison & Co., Inc., 1958.

ELSYE DAVEY LARSON

Elsye Davey Larson was born in Pickering, Missouri, and, since 1899, has lived in Minneapolis and Martin County, Minnesota, with the exception of one year in Aurora, Illinois. She is a graduate of Northwestern Business College in Minneapolis, and has taken correspondence and extension courses from the University of Minnesota. She has led an active life in community affairs—having been an associate editor of the Sherburn (Minnesota) Advance-Standard, radio reporter, Girl Scout and 4-H Club leader, Red Cross worker, officer of Minnesota Press Women, and carried on many other activities.

She and her husband bought the schoolhouse of a discontinued school that stood on their property, the Hilltop Farm, east of Trimont in Martin County, and have made it into a museum. Mrs. Larson's book, "Country Schoolhouse," tells the story of this unusual museum with its old books and antique furnishings, where old-time parties, meetings, and "play-school" are held.

◆

Before I was old enough to go to school, I decided to write a book because books were the most fascinating things in the world. That was a long, long time ago. I did start writing at the age of eight years when my first letter was printed on a children's page. At the age of ten I started the manuscript for the book. I did not progress very fast because I had to write letters to the children's page and, at thirteen, I had to write news for two newspapers.

What sort of book should it be? It must be something about the "old settlers" and the settlement of our community. First, I must listen to the old timers tell the story, and they were always coming up with a new one. I did write the stories and put them away in a box. Some day I would get at it. Then I went to work in a city and became a reporter for a city daily. Back home again, the urge repeated itself but now I was writing my own column for several papers and magazines.

Seriously at the age of thirty-five I realized that, if I wrote the story, I must dig into old records to make the book authentic. The digging became so fascinating I never had time to write the book; but I did write short stories about my favorite subject.

At age forty-five, the writing of the book became a burden. Finally, at age fifty-eight, the first book was printed. All that hard work digging data finally got on to the pages between two covers. Now I could live happily and with freedom from the burden. That was in 1955. In 1958, I wrote another book, and in 1960, another one, and now, in 1961, another one is rolling off my typewriter—and my back.

At age sixty-two, I decided that, if I wrote books, I should learn how to draw and paint pictures so I could illustrate my material. I enrolled in an art course, and I have just finished the art course at an age when public opinion decrees that I should retire.

Why should anyone be born with such a drive? I must write and I must draw and paint. And I must enjoy my home, my husband, my children, my grandchildren. I must make quilts. I must travel. And right now I must go to wash eggs, for we live on a farm and part of our living is from selling eggs.

It is a foregone conclusion that tomorrow I shall write another book. I can't help it.

Yesterday two of my first-grade grandchildren told me they read my latest book. I never really knew whether I was writing children's books or not. Last week a junior high school girl told me she reviewed the same book in class. I noticed in the local daily a young matron reviewed the book in a woman's club. A grandmother reviewed it over radio. This is all confusing, especially when I am interviewed by an aspiring reporter and am asked what age groups I write for. The one that really pinned my ears down was from a niece who has been all over the world at age eleven: "My gosh! She doesn't know how to write and she can't draw neither." A fellow once said, "You can't please everybody."

BOOKS: *History of Fox Lake Township*, Standard of Sherburn, 1955; *Country Schoolhouse*, Comet, 1958; *Dear Daveys*, Blakeley, 1960.

CARVEL LEE

Carvel Lee has creative talent both as an artist and as an author of books. Her first novel, "Tender Tyrant," was featured by two book clubs. After reading the book, Pearl Buck, who is deeply interested in the problems of the mentally retarded, gave it the highest praise. Mrs. Lee's second novel tells of her mother's life, especially the last years—her mother lived to be eighty-eight years of age—when her mind was active but her body was too worn out to keep up with it.

Carvel and her husband, Kermit, have two children: Kermit Junior, a student at the University of Minnesota, and Lorita, who attends Richfield High School.

◆

One night, in the late depression years, I worked overtime in a deserted office. This art position had been won over a field of competitive artists and, as a result, I felt that I had to work extra hard to prove that my employer's choice had been correct. An ideal background for this work had been provided by my parents' print shop. By serving here as helper and novice artist, I had acquired a basic knowledge of printing processes, type styles, and engraving requisites.

The following years I became established in this chosen field in versatile capacities of fashion illustration, display design, layout, newspaper and magazine illustration. In such a small department, another duty was added—that of writing copy. The company and the department grew and the work became wider in scope. Busy as I was, there was still some yearning within me that ached for expression.

Marriage and the blessing of two children followed. As a wife and mother the busy years flew. But art was not relinquished. New outlets presented themselves in the form of local organizations, church, garden club, Mothersingers, art groups, teaching private art lessons, free-lance art—all needing some form of art.

One such interest was chalk talks. On one occasion, after speaking to a convention of educational groups, a professor inquired if I had ever thought of submitting such art projects as I was demonstrating to a publisher as a possible book idea.

Tentative book layouts, following this suggestion, preceded the publication of books and articles of artcraft ideas and handwork. In addition this contact led to the illustration of many books for other authors. But there was still that faint but distinct unfulfilled inner longing!

Time was at a premium—with family activities, free-lance art work and writing for the art-idea books. However, on the side, I began to work on novel ideas. As a result, I had soon completed "Tender Tyrant," the story of a beloved younger sister, a mentally retarded child.

This was at last the missing element—the deep need to speak for those who could not plead their own cause. Inspired by this initial start, and the acceptance of the manuscript by Augsburg Publishing Company, I began to write several other novels, one being completed at this time. God willing, there may be other stories to follow.

BOOKS: *Art Activities* (Elementary), F. A. Owen Publishing Company, 1956; *The Art Guide* (Adult), T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., 1959; *Tender Tyrant* (Novel), Augsburg Publishing House, 1961.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR

The dozen books and vast number of short stories and essays by Meridel Le Sueur are marked by an intensity of feeling and a genuine love of human beings. She says, "I have written about my life and the life of the Middle West in my time, and also some children's stories about the democratic traditions of the wilderness frontier where the roots of our cultural life found deep humus."

She has gained a place among the foremost artists of short stories. They have appeared in national magazines; eight times in "Best Short Stories of the Year"; in Uzzel's "Short Story Hits," 1933; "Preference," 1936; "Best Essays," 1936; "American Points of View," 1936; "American Sketchbook," 1939; "Proletarian Anthology," 1936; "Studies in the Short Story," Jaffe and Scott, 1960; "California Story Anthology," 1960; and many other collections of outstanding short stories. Her book of short stories, "Salute to Spring," has been translated into Polish and German, and some of her other books into French and Spanish.

She has conducted classes in creative writing, and lectured on writing and modern literature.

I was born in Iowa at the turn of the century.

I am a writer because, like others, I am asking what happened, what is happening, what is going to happen. Writing to me is a science of the conscience of mankind, of the fire, the inner potency.

Much has been written about this century, much has been revealed, and much has been concealed, perverted, or even lied about. A writer like a scientist finds it difficult to come by the truth, even a piece of it.

When I was young, being the daughter of an itinerant preacher, I had the good fortune to live in many places, in about every state of the Middle West and this, difficult and trying at the time, is a great boon to a writer if he is going to be a true reflector of his time and his people. We were "called," as the saying is, from the black soil of Illinois to Texas, then back to Iowa, Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, North Dakota, and finally Minnesota where I now seem to have my deepest roots and can see the movement of time over villages, cities, people, and, of course, over mores and beliefs.

I truly began to write when I was eight, I think, in Oklahoma where on market day I sat in the village square behind the water trough, although no "nice" girl was supposed to do this—but then no "nice" girl was supposed really to write—it was Mr. Browning who did most of the writing, the Browning clubs said. This is a good description of the writer—the one who takes down not the nice things only but everything that is said and done. If it is done by man or woman, it is human, and therefore part of his study.

Oklahoma at that time was a new state. My grandmother had come in on the Territorial Run in a horse and buggy with a shotgun over her knee, and made claim to some land there and, seeing that there were forty-two saloons in the small village, set up a Temperance Union and established a clean place where people could sit and read instead of drink. This later became the public library. So it was a wild region and was the first place I lived that was not primarily white Protestant. My friends were Indians and I first felt in my bones the immense contradictions of American midwestern life and also its hidden potential strength and beauty and, above all, the democratic traditions and history of the frontier people.

I not only became an observer of this life but a participant, a friend of various rascals, of hardy farm women and women of other kinds of hardiness. I not only became a participant but also a recorder. I have found that the rich experience of American life is pressing to be told, that it is part of the human and democratic feelings that the life of everyone, no matter how lowly, is worth recording, is full of nobility and color and virtue. I became a kind of village scribe, writing letters for those who could not write, in turn hearing their biographies, their fabulous journeys, their frail rooted prairie existence, their homely search for word, song, testament.

I have never gotten over this feeling that the American writer should testify for our people, that he writes the American testament, taking it down from those who live it, make it, love it.

Behind the water trough I discovered something else—and that was the fabulous and strong remaking of the language by those who remake the earth. I began to copy down the turns and use of language which contained all the seeds of old language and was becoming a new one. I made the mistake of handing these studies in to my English teacher. This was pre-Hemingway, Joyce, or Beatnik. The teacher called in my mother to find out what kind of company I was keeping. I expressed for the first time in my life the idea that English literature was not American literature . . . that we were in the process I thought of making our own literature full of hardy work words I heard daily. It was quite a long time before this belief became popular and a long struggle of many American writers to be accepted at home. Melville is a good example of a writer of American life accepted now after many years of anonymity.

I did many things, acted in the early movies, substituting for Pearl White in the theater, and directed the Little Theater of Sacramento, California; but writing was my continuous love. I wrote then in notebooks which I believe is a good way for the writer to develop (notes behind the water trough). I have fifty-eight notebooks which I believe will show my best writing. It is a rich source of history, my own and others. They contain not only the history of persons but of my time, in my place.

I believe a writer, like a plant, grows from his time and his region and the quality of the sustenance, the humus either from abundance or starvation. He will then communicate the deeper images of his time and his people.

In line with this for the past years I have accumulated a large library of taped interviews with farmers, workers, known and unknown. These contain the struggles of our time in their native speech and remembrance. They will preserve these people, these times, for future historians and they will preserve the beauty and strength of these people in their own words and memory.

The writer takes the song of the people I believe and in deeper image returns it to them, revealing the pressures of the deepest seas, the undersea nightmares and realities of the submerged. It is most important, for in our society there is much that is unconscious, while much that is called culture is merely the advertised, the expected, and the imposed. These images not only are the images of the past but, in mirroring the strengths of the past, he gives deeper meaning and accuracy to the future.

I have now to harvest all my notebooks, my crops of all my life. And after much living and experimentation, I am more than ever convinced of my right feeling behind the water trough, with a notebook, in Kansas.

BOOKS: *Annunciation*, reprinted in O'Brien collections, 1926; *Persephone*, The Dial, 1927; *Salute to Spring*, International Publishers, 1940; *North Star Country* (in American Folkways Series edited by Erskine Caldwell), Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, 1945; and the following published by Knopf: *Little Brother of the Wilderness* (Johnny Appleseed), 1943; *Nancy Hanks of Wilderness Road*, 1949; *Chanticleer of Wilderness Road, A story of Davy Crockett*, 1951; *Sparrow Hawk*, 1950; *The River Road, Story of Abraham Lincoln*, 1954; *Crusaders*, 1955; *Autumnal Village*, 1956; *Sunrise in Their Pockets*, 1960.

JACOB CLAVNER LEVENSON

Jacob Clavner Levenson, professor of English at the University of Minnesota, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1922. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard University in 1943. His particular interest, American literature in relation to American cultural history, has been the subject of his writings, and of his lectures given in Europe and from coast to coast in the United States. In 1961, he was granted a fellowship by the American Council of Learned Societies, which gave him an opportunity to do research work in England for his new book.

His wife is the former Charlotte E. Getz of Highland Park, Illinois. They have three children: Anne Berthe, Jill Mayer, and Paul Getz.

◆

I was born and raised in Boston, where I attended Boston Latin School and Harvard College. After three years military service, I was undecided as to whether I wanted to be an engineer, a lawyer, or a scholar and writer—or, at any rate, I thought I was undecided. Reading an Armed Services edition of "The Education of Henry Adams" on the troopship that was taking me home from the European Theater of Operations, I discovered that Adams' most important unanswered questions were mine too. What, in those campaigns from Normandy through France and Belgium into the heart of Germany, was the nature of the power of which I was a part? And what, for me and eleven million other Americans, were the values which could give some meaning to all that violence and all those deaths? Looking at the world in 1945, the most important question seemed to be "What is America and what might the nation become?" The question was crucial for anyone interested in his possible fate, but for Americans there was also a moral responsibility that compelled him to find an answer. My own response was to go to Harvard Graduate School and eventually take my doctor of philosophy in the history of American civilization, and I suppose my intellectual and critical biography of Henry Adams is the best report I can offer on my first dozen years of trying to confront those problems.

I have taught American literature and American studies at Harvard, the Salzburg (Austria) Seminar in American Studies, and the University of Connecticut, as well as at Minnesota. My experience of teaching in Austria (1947, 1949) and of study in England as a Guggenheim Fellow (1958-1959), seem to me a crucial part of understanding America in its proper historical context of Western literature as a whole. The little book on "Hamlet," which I published last year, is one indication that I mean what I say when I warn myself against parochialism. Currently I am working on a critical history of the modern American novel.

BOOKS: *The Mind and Art of Henry Adams*, Houghton Mifflin, 1957. Editor and Author of Introduction: *Discussions of Hamlet*, D. C. Heath, 1960 (A selection of the most interesting and controversial discussions of *Hamlet* over three centuries, with a large emphasis on the twentieth-century debates). *Henry Adams and the Culture of Science*, essay in *Studies in American Culture*, University of Minnesota Press, 1960.

BEATRICE EXNER LIU

Beatrice Exner Liu has had the interesting experience of living in China for several years. In 1937, she was married to Wallace Liu in Tientsin, China. She has written a book, "Little Wu and the Watermelons." The scene of this book for juveniles is laid in the village where she lived during the later years of the war. It reflects the life of the aboriginal tribes people of Southwest China. For the excellence and originality of this book, she received the Charles W. Follett Award—three thousand dollars and a gold medal.

◆

I was born in Northfield, Minnesota, and grew up in an old house across from the Carleton College campus, where my father taught chemistry. For some unknown reason, doctors kept telling my mother to keep me out of school, so I had the rare privilege of avoiding a formal education until I entered college. I learned to read early, and had the run of the books at home and at the town and college libraries. With some light tutoring from my parents, and alternating long periods of bed rest with periods of freedom to roam the countryside at will, I cheerfully defied most educational theories.

After graduation from Carleton, I spent a fabulous fifteen months in Europe, collecting diplomas in French literature and wandering far and wide on a bicycle. Home again, in the depths of the great depression, I shared the common lot of my generation: unemployment. After various vicissitudes I turned my back on the mess and went to China, where I taught English and French in a college for women.

Here I was swept away by two major currents: marriage and the war. My husband and I lived in eleven houses the first two years we were married, but never lost one through bombing. We seemed to bear a charmed life in that whenever we became refugees we found something to ride on.

In 1945, I brought my two daughters home for a visit, and my son was born soon after our arrival. In 1948, we went back to China, expecting to stay. I worked in the International Refugee Organization in Shanghai, but after eight months we had to leave again to avoid the Commies. I brought the children home again; and, after five months under the Reds, my husband escaped and joined us.

In the intervals of making a living, I somehow happened to produce "Little Wu and the Watermelons," which was a small enough project to be written on streetcars and typed in lunch hours. Time has not permitted serious work on the bigger books that are boiling in my head, but the children are growing up now, and perhaps soon. . . .

* * *

My husband, Wallace, has also been writing in Minnesota, contributing numerous articles in Chinese to a paper in Hongkong, and two in English to American magazines.

BOOK: *Little Wu and the Watermelons,* Follett, 1954.

NOEL M. LOOMIS

Imagine doing one's writing on the world's only gold-plated linotype! Such distinction has Noel M. Loomis, who sends clear, linotyped manuscripts to his publishers. He has other "firsts" too. He has written some five million words that fill over fifty books, and several hundred short stories and articles in the Western, science-fiction, and mystery fields—truly a record! Then he has acquired gradually one of the finest Western Americana libraries in a private home. At present, he is working on a book for the University of Oklahoma Press, "Pedro Vial and the Road to Santa Fé," also a 1300-page western epic, "Ears of the Elephant," and a textbook in English composition. Someday he hopes to realize his plans for a Minnesota epic novel. He has written under the pen names of Sam Allison, Benj. Miller, Frank Miller, and Silas Water.

Mr. Loomis lived in Minneapolis from 1935 to 1956, where he worked for The Minneapolis Journal *and its successors. He and his wife now make their home in Descanso, California, and he is instructor in English at San Diego State College. They have two children: James of New York City and Mary (Mrs. Gary Liljenberg) of Minneapolis. He is included in "Who's Who in America," "Who's Who in the West," and "The Author's and Writer's Who's Who" in London.*

◆

For over three hundred years, my family has been moving west. Starting in Sussex and migrating to ancient Windsor, Connecticut, they went from New York to Iowa; a grandfather (four times) was killed on the Great War Trail in Monongahela District; there is in the family an 1828 Walker's Dictionary with a bullet hole in it; one grandfather went to California with the gold rush; another was in the Cherokee Strip Run in Oklahoma—and with this sort of heritage, how could I possibly write about anything but the West?

Born in Oklahoma Territory, I started school in New Mexico Territory, then moved to Slaton, Texas, near Lubbock. I have slept under a covered wagon and listened to the longhorns bawling for water; I have heard the coyotes yapping on the Caprock, drunken cowhands swearing in the jail. I have branded calves in Wyoming, seen rodeos on the open prairie, watched fifteen thousand Ku Klux Klanners parade in masks and bed sheets, and I have drunk from a stagnant buffalo wallow on the Llano Estacado. I stood in front of a post-office and saw a man step into an open doorway and empty his six-shooter at another man running across a weed-filled vacant lot; I saw them bring the wounded man up to the wooden entrance-way of the theater, because somebody thought it would be more comfortable than concrete; I heard the man moaning, and saw the little black smudges up and down his back; I wondered why there was no blood. He died two days later.

It was still a frontier in those days. Oklahoma was like that; New Mexico was like that; Texas was like that—and we lived in all of them. My father seemed to be afraid the frontier would get away from him, and established newspaper after newspaper, always in a new town, a town that was about to become a county seat—but never did.

It was not untypical of the Western spirit. My grandfather founded the Norton, Kansas, *Champion,* and burned out; *The Garfield County Call* at Eminence, Kansas, but now both the town and county have gone out of existence. Naturally nobody was astonished when I spent some time in Louisiana and then moved to Wyoming, for Wyoming was West. I changed direction only once, when I went to Minneapolis in 1935, but it was a good move, for there I married Dorothy Green, who was born there, and later we came as far West as we are likely to come—to California, near San Diego, where, seven years before the Revolutionary War, Spanish priests planted prickly pear on the mission grounds of San Diego de Alcalá so they could use the fruit as a specific for diarrhea. The town nearest to us is a grocery store and post office, and the address is Descanso—the Spanish word for rest and tranquility—for this is only twenty miles from Mexico, and San Diego feels the Spanish influence very strongly.

I began to write for money in Oklahoma, and now I can look back on some five million published words, and know that it has been a lot of fun, with something like fifty books, several hundred short stories and articles, published in the United States, Canada, England, Australia, Argentina, Italy, Holland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Israel, and in Braille for the blind. Short stories also have been translated into most of those languages, and sell alongside Mrs. Loomis' short stories in Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia.

A mystery was my first book in hard covers, back in 1937, laid in the old *Minneapolis Journal,* where I was then working. Since then, there have been science-fiction, mysteries, many Westerns, one children's book, one book on maintenance and repair of line-casting machines, one history—"The Texan-Santa Fé Pioneers," by University of Oklahoma Press. There are also several editorial jobs, historical introductions, prefaces, historical essays (one on the fight at Wood Lake in a Doubleday book), and countless other writings. Macmillan in the United States and Collins in London published my first Western novel, and are still publishing books of mine.

It has been an interesting life and has taken us to many places. We were in a night club in Greenwich Village during the hurricane of 1953; we were eating in a restaurant on Times Square during the great snowstorm of 1956, and later saw a woman skiing down Fifth Avenue; I testified before the Committee on Ways and Means in Washington regarding income tax for writers; I did research in the National Archives while Mrs. Loomis worked in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress; we sat in a small audience in the exclusive Cosmos Club in Washington and heard Dr. Kaplan describe a round aluminum gadget which later became America's first satellite payload; we have spent time in Denver. In New York City, we saw Jane Mansfield, wrapped in a towel, go through three acts in the play that made her a broadway hit, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" We watched, on a sound stage in Burbank, the incomparable Ethel Barrymore, in a wheelchair, make her last picture. We have been in the Museum of New Mexico in the strange little town of Santa Fe, about which I have written so many times that I seem to have known it for hundreds of years; we have crossed the desert of Arizona in blistering heat; we have traveled up the wild, unforgettable coast-line of California to the Oregon redwoods, and then to Spokane and across Idaho to Great Falls in Montana, where Lewis and Clark were forced to portage. We spent a week in the big little city of Elko in eastern Nevada, visited the deserted mining town of Tuscarora, and brought home a log-end from the original Pony Express station in the Ruby Mountains; we spent several days in fabulous Virginia City, went down in the mines, slept in Julie Boulette's bed, and wrote a book for the television show, "Bonanza." It is a great country, this West, and we like it. We like the East too, where I sat on the sidewalk on Madison Avenue in Chicago at nine p.m. to change my shoes because the new ones were killing me; and we like the turbulent and colorful city of San Francisco, whose citizens are jealous of its violent history; and Hollywood and Vine Street in Los Angeles, where at times we have had some small luck.

Because I was accustomed, almost from the day I could spell, to a linotype, I bought an old one and rebuilt it for writing purposes. I wrote a couple of million words on a typewriter, but I do better on the linotype. Now it is getting so that I dare to submit my galley proofs to publishers, without first having them typed.

During the last few years I have been president and director of the Western Writers of America, and am now secretary-treasurer. I belong to the Authors' League, P.E.N. (Los Angeles), the Authors' Club (founded by Rupert Hughes in Los Angeles), the California Writers Guild. My link with civilization is the English Department at San Diego State College, where I am in my third year as lecturer. I am a member of the National Postal Committee, and act as liaison with Washington for the Western Writers of America.

I am usually busy—or at least occupied. Right at this moment I have six books under contract with different publishers—some fiction, some non-fiction. I believe that a good piece of writing is one that keeps the reader reading to the end, and does something to him, touches him. I have won two Silver Spurs—one for the best novel, "Short Cut to Red River," and one for the best short story, "Grandfather Out of the Past." I have written a novel in five days and sold it—and I have spent five years on my opus, which is now 1300 pages long but has not been submitted to any publisher.

Here we live in the mountains, and here is the gold-plated linotype. We are 3,500 feet high, in a grove of ancient live-oak trees—the one in our patio is three feet in diameter. Here, one beautiful, quiet, sunny day after another makes life unbelievably livable.

BOOKS: *Murder Goes to Press*, Phoenix Press, 1937; *Murder Beats the Drums*, Toronto, Star Weekly, 1938; *A Dead Man Signs a Will*, Star Weekly, 1938; *City of Glass*, Thrilling Pubs., 1942; *Iron Men*, Thrilling Pubs., 1943; *Rim of the Caprock* (Motion picture rights to Universal-International), Macmillan, 1952; *Trouble on Crazyman*, Lion Books, 1953; *The Buscadero*, Macmillan, 1953; *Tejas Country*, Bouregy and Curl, 1953; *Man with Absolute Motion*, London: Rich and Cowan, 1953; *West to the Sun*, Gold Medal, 1955; *North to Texas*, Ballantine, 1955; *Johnny Concho* (Motion picture by Kent Productions), Gold Medal, 1956; *The Twilighters*, Macmillan, 1956; *Wild Country*, Pyramid, 1956; *Hang the Men High* (Shown on television by Westinghouse-Desilu), Gold Medal, 1957; *The Maricopa Trail* (Motion picture rights to Charles Schnee), Gold Medal, 1957; *Wells Fargo, Danger Station*, Racine: Whitman, 1958; *Short Cut to Red River* (Won WWA Silver Spur as best western of 1958), Macmillan, 1958; *The Linecasting Operator-Machinist* (technical), Pittsburgh: Stockton, 1958; *Connelly's Expedition*, London: William Collins, 1958; *The Texan-Santa Fé Pioneers*, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1958; *Above the Palo Duro*, Gold Medal, 1959; *Cheyenne War Cry*, Avon, 1959; *Have Gun, Will Travel* (Tie-in with the television show), Dell, 1960; *A Time for Violence*, Macmillan, 1960; *Bonanza* (tie-in with television show), Popular Library, 1960.

DELOS W. LOVELACE

Delos Wheeler Lovelace was born in Brainerd, Minnesota. Before attending the University of Minnesota, 1916 to 1917, he was a newspaper reporter in Fargo, North Dakota, and Minneapolis. He studied at Cambridge (England) and Columbia also. In the first World War, he served as captain of the 339th machinegun battalion. From 1922 to 1930, he wrote about one hundred short stories to such leading magazines as The Saturday Evening Post, American, Ladies' Home Journal, Country Gentleman, American Legion Weekly. *Since retiring from the* New York Sun, *he and his wife, Maud Hart Lovelace, have made their home in Claremont, California.*

◆

The writing of books (novels and juveniles) is certainly my vocation, now that I am more or less retired, but over the long pull I have been chiefly a newspaperman. Such books of any sort, written between 1913—when I got a reportorial job on the Fargo, North Dakota, *Courier*, long extinct—and 1952 when I resigned as staff-writer on the *World Telegram* and *Sun*, New York, were merely sandwiched in among a limitless variety of editorial assignments and posts.

In the year on the *Courier-News,* I went from proofreader to general assignments, including sports, and met my first major league ball player. Who else remembers Bob Unglaub, formerly of the Philadelphia Nationals but in 1913 the frustrated manager of the semi-demi pros who made up the Fargo-Moorhead crew? In 1914, I went to Minneapolis and the *Daily News* there and, in 1915, was fired for telling the very good city editor to Gotohell and caught on with the *Minneapolis Tribune,* perhaps because the city editor was a good friend of mine.

My early days on the *Tribune* were made nightmarish by veteran rivals on the *Daily News* and *Journal* who scooped me regularly until I began to haunt the documents room of the county courthouse. There I dug up trivial two-paragraph oddities that my rivals were too lazy to go after and these spotted the first page of the *Tribune's* early edition until the rivals offered to dicker. They would cut me in on their big beats if I would share the oddities, about which their City Desks were harassing them. Seemed fair. And, besides, that way everyone had his afternoons free for Hearts.

In 1916, I moved over to the *Tribune's* night-side and there earned money to pay for almost a year at the University of Minnesota. In May, 1917, I left for the First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Snelling. That autumn, I married Maud Hart and, in the following summer, went overseas to war. I returned in the summer of 1919, unwounded and for that matter virtually unblooded, too, and the *Tribune* kindly took me back. In 1920, my wife and I decided New York would be our next stop.

The Daily News, then a young, rambunctious tabloid, put me to work as a reporter, then copy editor, and about a year later I was night editor, but then I had to resign because of illness. Free-lance writing, all short stories, followed. The bulk were printed in the old *Country Gentleman,* but also in the *Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Ameri-*

can, and other lesser magazines. Many of them were written in a shabby, rambling, delightful home on Lake Minnetonka where a rickety stairway led down to the water, asparagus tried to grow in the rear half-acre, a rustic table stood always ready for friends who usually brought half of the meal served on it, and a wide porch faced the rich Minnesota sunsets.

In 1928, I was back in New York City again and on the *Sun.* I resigned but came back as assignment editor in 1929, and on the *Sun* I remained until it was sold in 1950 to the *World-Telegram.* I was offered an assistant city editorship on the *World-Telegram* but held out for writing, and did that until the autumn, 1952.

In my ignorance I had frequently yearned for a routine of book-writing. Two novels and a juvenile, done with my wife, and a couple of juvenile biographies, done alone, had whetted my appetite. So, with our one child, a daughter Merian, finished with college and barn-storming in Europe, my wife and I moved to Claremont, California. I settled down with a typewriter and wrote a short novel, "Journey to Bethlehem," and my latest juvenile, "That Dodger Horse." They came easily. I have two novels in progress, fat ones, and they have not come so easily; moreover, I find that nowadays my appetite is for work less taxing.

Even in my most reluctant moments, however, I feel that putting words down, in more or less sense, is preferable to any other work I might find in my semi-retirement; and I plan to go on putting them down as long as I am willing to maintain an acceptable 8 to 1 routine. This 8 to 1 routine is, however, a secret shared only with "Minnesota Writes." In Claremont my wife and I have broadcast word that we work until four o'clock every afternoon. For a fact, we sometimes do. If the telephone rings earlier, I, being a City Room veteran—able to interrupt any sentence, take the call and note down all messages for my wife.

Although I maintain that writing is the work I prefer, I shall not even now pretend that it is easy. Plots are easy. Characters, such as they are, are easy. But the task of assembling plot and characters and all attendant complexities, especially of saying precisely what I believe ought to be said, is bitter hard!

I am, nevertheless, glad that I chose writing and, if I had to do it all over, I would choose the same way. I am glad, also, that my daughter seems to have chosen similarly. She is the wife of the managing editor of *Space-Aeronautics,* a magazine full of such discombobulating neologisms that I seldom stray past the masthead. She worked on several magazines but now is free-lancing so diligently that her first novel may appear in print before her dilly-dallying father's next.

BOOKS: *Rockne of Notre Dame* (juvenile), Putnam, 1931; *One Stayed at Welcome* (with Maud Hart Lovelace), John Day, 1934; *Gentlemen from England* (with M.H.L.), Macmillan, 1937; *The Golden Wedge* (with M.H.L.), Crowell, 1942; *Ike Eisenhower* (juvenile, revised 1956), Crowell, 1944; *That Dodger Horse*, Crowell, 1956; *Journey to Bethlehem*, Crowell, 1953.

MAUD HART LOVELACE

Have you ever stood at the railing of the long bridge over the Minnesota Valley near Fort Snelling and wondered what life was like on that river and up at the Fort over a hundred years ago when the army was first stationed there? Maud Hart Lovelace has told the story of those early days in her historical novel, "Early Candlelight." So vividly and accurately did she write that, when her novel was published in 1929, the Third Infantry, the army's oldest regiment, paraded in her honor—the first time a regiment ever accorded a woman such recognition.

Mrs. Lovelace was born in Mankato, Minnesota. At the University of Minnesota, she served on the staffs of the Minnesota Daily *and the* Minnesota Magazine. *After a short period of study abroad, she was married, in 1917, to Delos Lovelace, a journalist. As co-authors of several novels, they have made a happy writing team, as he enjoyed working out the plots and she would do the research. Then she would write the parts appealing to women and he, the parts that needed a masculine viewpoint. Four of Mrs. Lovelace's novels and the Betsy-Tacy books have Minnesota backgrounds.*

Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace now make their home in Claremont, California.

◆

I cannot remember back to a year in which I did not consider myself to be a writer, and the younger I was the bigger that capital "W." Back in Mankato, I wrote stories in notebooks and illustrated them with pictures cut from magazines. When I was ten my father, I hope at not too great expense, had printed a booklet of my earliest rhymes. Soon after, I started bombarding the magazines and sold my first story when I was eighteen.

For a long time now, I have been happily absorbed in a succession of books for children, chiefly the Betsy-Tacy series. I began these by pure accident. Earlier, for many years, I wrote historical novels and there was a time when I would have told you I was unlikely ever to write anything else. The field delighted me. Especially, I loved the research involved.

I shall tell you how that went with my second novel, "Early Candlelight." The idea for that novel came when I was doing my first one and ran across, in Dr. William Folwell's writings, a description of life at early Fort Snelling. I was fascinated by the contrast between the gay social life at the Fort and the surrounding wilderness. When I was ready to begin, my husband and I left our home at Lake Minnetonka and moved into a hotel in St. Paul for the winter. He was writing short stories, and I worked every day at the Historical Society, reading all the material I could find relating to Minnesota in the first half of the nineteenth century. I read the diaries and letters of missionaries and fur traders, of army men and Indian agents and travelers. I studied the Minnesota Indians. While I was engaged in this work, my story began to come clear and I wrote the opening chapter.

When spring came, we moved back to Minnetonka. That summer I turned my rough outline of the novel into a rough draft. My husband and I, sometimes with my father and mother, drove around southern Minnesota visiting the places mentioned in the novel. We had many adventures finding the sites of the early trading posts and settlements. I went often to Fort Snelling and, although I had long been familiar with this place, I saw it now with new eyes. Mendota took on a charm impossible to describe.

The following winter we moved to New York, and while I was writing the final draft of the book, I continued my research. I found Minnesota material in the wonderful New York Public Library. I found costumes and furniture of my period in the museums. My husband used to go with me to the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum where, like a bride and groom on a shopping tour, we picked out the furnishings for M'sieu Page's house.

Of course, as the book neared its end, I stopped going to libraries and museums. Instead of writing four or five hours a day, as was my custom, I wrote from morning until night.

I was well into my fourth novel when our daughter Merian was born—quite unexpectedly, because we had been married fourteen years. I finished that novel and wrote two more in collaboration with my husband. But I found myself less and less interested in inventing plots for adult readers. As Merian grew old enough to listen to stories, I loved to tell them to her and I found that most of them centered about my own happy childhood in Mankato. By the time she was seven, and my writer's (now a small "w") conscience was upbraiding me because I had not done a book for several years, I saw suddenly that I could make a book of the stories I was telling her.

The first of the Betsy-Tacy books resulted and ever since then I have written stories for children, most of them about Betsy who is, in some measure, myself. The Ray family is plainly the Hart family. I meet grandfathers now who tell me that they still remember my father's onion sandwiches. It is a great joy to me to have that dear family between book covers.

I must make clear that these are books of fiction. Plots for them have been invented freely. But many—although not all—of the characters are based on real people.

This situation led me into a new kind of research. Letters began to fly. "Tacy," "Tib," "Carney," and other close friends answered lists of questions from me about themselves and our doings when we were young. They drew diagrams of Mankato streets. (Mankato is the Deep Valley of the stories.) They sent old photographs of themselves and their relatives and their houses which Lois Lenski and Vera Neville enjoyed embodying in their delightful pictures. I dived into my own diaries and kodak books and memory books, while the New York Public Library—and later the Claremont libraries—helped out with old newspapers, old fashion magazines, collections of old popular songs, and Sears and Roebuck catalogues.

As our daughter grew up, so did Betsy and there are now ten main-line Betsy-Tacy stories and three more in which Betsy appears. The letters from children which began with "Betsy-Tacy" flow into our mailbox and are a constant inducement to continue writing juvenile books. I have not limited myself to books in the series. In 1942, my husband and I wrote "The Golden Wedge," nine Indian legends from pre-Columbian South America. In 1950, I wrote "The Tune Is in the Tree," in 1952, "The Trees Kneel at Christmas," and, in 1958, "What Cabrillo Found," a biography of the fifteenth century conquistador who discovered the coast of California. For that, I returned to my early research techniques, digging furiously in museums and libraries across the continent before I found all the material I needed. Merian translated old Spanish and old Portuguese for me, and my husband and I traveled much of my hero's route.

In "Betsy's Wedding," published in 1955, Betsy's husband went off to the First World War and many letters have begged me to bring him safely home. The letters even offer me titles for another book, obviously in the friendly assumption that when a writer has found a title he is over the hump. "Welcome Home, Joe!" was suggested by one. Many have asked for "Betsy's Baby." And some have even hit upon the title I have selected myself, "Betsy's Bettina."

BOOKS: The following novels published by John Day Company: *The Black Angels*, 1926; *Early Candlelight*, 1929 (also published by Grosset and Dunlap, and the University of Minnesota Press); *Petticoat Court*, 1930 (also published by Sampson Low, London); *The Charming Sally*, 1932; *One Stayed at Welcome* (with Delos Lovelace), 1934. *Gentlemen from England* (with Mr. Lovelace), published by Macmillan, 1937. The following books published by T. Y. Crowell: *Betsy-Tacy*, 1940; *Betsy-Tacy and Tib*, 1941; *Over the Big Hill* (now called *Betsy and Tacy Go Over the Big Hill*), 1942; *Down-Town* (now called *Betsy and Tacy Go Down-Town*), 1943; *The Golden Wedge* (with Mr. Lovelace), 1942; *Heaven to Betsy* (also published by Akimoto Shobo in Japan), 1945; *Betsy in Spite of Herself* (also published by Akimoto), 1946; *Betsy Was a Junior* (also published by Akimoto), 1947; *Betsy and Joe* (also published by Akimoto), 1948; *Carney's Houseparty*, 1949; *The Tune Is in the Tree*, 1950; *Emily of Deep Valley*, 1950; *The Trees Kneel at Christmas*, 1951; *Betsy and the Great World*, 1952; *Winona's Pony Cart*, 1953; *Betsy's Wedding*, 1955; *What Cabrillo Found* (A biography for children of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo), 1958.

DOROTHEA MALM

Dorothea Malm, like her sister, Frances, is a novelist. She lives at Glen Lake, Minnesota.

* * *

I was born in Minnesota and have lived here most of my life. I attended the University of Minnesota, with one year of graduate study at Radcliffe College, after which I began to write fiction for the magazines. Besides a number of short stories and novelettes, I have written five novels.

BOOKS: *Pamela Foxe*, Prentice-Hall, 1947; *Claire*, Putnam, 1956; *To the Castle*, Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1957; *The Woman Question*, Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1957; *The Paper Mistress*, Coward-McCann, 1959. The last four were also published in England by Peter Davies.

FRANCES MALM

On four green acres at Glen Lake, Minnesota, Frances Malm makes her home, but her home ties and interest in Minnesota have not kept her from traveling. She enjoys seeing the world and learning about other lands and people. Her own writings are marked by an appreciation of the foreign lands she has visited. Her novel, "World Cruise," made the best-seller lists of both The New York Times *and the* Herald Tribune. *It was not only published in the United States but also in a French-language edition in France, and in a paperback edition by Pocket*

Books. She has written extensively for the slick magazines, mostly in the short-novel length. She has had stories in McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, American, Collier's, Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, *and* Red Book.

She was born in Minot, North Dakota; later her family moved to Minnesota. She is a graduate of the University of Minnesota where she was elected to the creative writing society — Delta Phi Lambda, and the journalism society — Lambda Alpha Psi.

◆

As far back as my early childhood (in about my ninth year, I suspect), I had every intention of being a writer, and I could scarcely wait to grow up, for I had the normal good sense to realize that a child was incapable of producing anything that would earn a professional standing. Meanwhile, I filled dime-store notebooks with penciled stories in which plot was everything and characterization mattered not at all; and I read whatever I could find about authors, their beliefs, their habits, their methods of work.

I remember often coming across a certain piece of advice offered to the novice by one seasoned writer or another, the exhortation not just to sit and write but to work at gaining knowledge and experience in as many directions as possible; and I must have accepted it as sound counsel—but without taking it deeply and thoroughly into my understanding. Otherwise, I would have followed it with a great deal more determination than I did. I wish now that after college I had spent a few years working at a lot of things instead of just a few things. As it was, a job in a book shop, followed by a couple of others as a secretary, made up the whole of my experience. Then, with money in the bank to see me on my way, I got down to the isolating task of attempting to write for a living. My first sale of a short story was to the *Woman's Home Companion* in 1942, and in the years since then I have sold fairly steadily to most of the slick magazines. I had always thought that I would write novels, but I must say I came to it very gradually, abandoning short stories after a time for novelettes, and then going from there to what the magazines call the novel-length. It was only in 1960 that I produced my first full-scale book.

With more wisdom than in my post-university days, I have put the last decade to varied and fruitful use—for example, traveling to many parts of the world. This has been a part of my own recipe for seeing, doing, feeling, living—for stocking that inner storehouse from which a writer draws his creative knowledge, inspiration, and vigor.

Wherever I have gone I have usually taken my dog, a large black poodle, with me, partly because it was too hard on her to be left behind, but mostly because it was too hard on me to go off without her. Her presence has brought some specialized experiences into my travels, contrasting sharply with the pleasant ones, the moonlit Taj Mahal occasions, and even with the semi-unpleasant ones, such as the breathless scrambles to get one's luggage off porterless French trains. To illustrate, horror still comes with the memory of her jumping down on what seemed the sandy margin of a Venice canal and sinking shoulder-deep into slimy, sucking mud; purest loneliness, with the memory of night falling, the smoky dark descending over Barcelona, and no hotel to be found that would allow a dog; real fear, with the memory of a Mediterranean storm and of having to step from a lighter across open water to a ship's flimsy ladder with fifty pounds of frightened poodle in my arms. But of course it was not all like that, and, now that she is gone at fourteen years, I am making haste to bring up another.

At various times I have lived in New York, and in France, with shorter sojourns in California and Florida, but four green acres at Glen Lake are my home, and I am likely to be there at any time of the year when there is grass to mow or a garden to hoe—and now and then, too, when one must shovel snow (to carry on the rhyming and also be quite truthful). I love Minnesota in almost all its phases, with only a little corner of my heart nostalgically reserved for the hills and coulees of North Dakota and the valley town of Minot where I was born. I like summer and winter equally for their opposite virtues, autumn a bit better than either, and only the month of April a measurable degree less for its persistent dishonesty, promising spring with its name but only ever delivering the bleak afterthoughts of half-hearted tantrums of departing winter.

My plans for the future? Rather, my prayer for the future. To go on writing; to be able to write another book that people will enjoy reading; and—this is not part of the prayer but a frivolous longing—to see my name on the best-seller lists just a few weeks longer than last time! Most of all my prayer is just to be able to work and believe in what I am doing.

BOOK: *World Cruise* (novel has background of world cruise that the author took in 1957), Doubleday, 1960.

FREDERICK FEIKEMA MANFRED

On a beautiful hill, Blue Mound by name, overlooking the town of Luverne, Minnesota, is the home of Frederick Feikema Manfred. There he lives with his wife, the former Maryanna Shorba who was born and grew up in Minneapolis, and his three children: Freya—16, Marya—11, and Frederick F.—7. Mr. Manfred had lived in and near Minneapolis from 1937 to 1960.

He is a serious novelist who has written about the Twin Cities—Minneapolis and St. Paul; but most of his books deal *with people who come from an area he calls Siouxland (the watershed area of the Big Sioux River), southwest Minnesota, eastern South Dakota, and northwest Iowa. He says, "I hope, before I finish, to have written a series of novels that will give a picture of life from about 1800 on to the present time dealing with the people of the Upper Midlands, and, more narrowly, with people of Siouxland."*

He has had occasional pieces printed in such magazines as New Republic, Esquire, The American Scholar, Critique, Names, *and others. From 1944 to 1951, he used Feike Feikema as his pen-name. In 1951, he added Manfred, which is the translation of Feikema. His hobbies are walking, gardening, and western lore.*

* * *

I was born on a farm in Rock Township north of Doon, Iowa. I attended country school until the fifth grade, after that I went to parochial schools, including college. I grew up too fast and got along too well in school with the result that I often found myself competing with more mature classmates. My size eventually became a kind of stumbling stone until I was about twenty-five. After twenty-five, I seemed to be in control of my body as well as of my mind. I knew by then what I wanted to do and set out after it. But it wasn't until I had to stay in a hospital for tuberculosis for two years that I acquired, or developed, the "guts" never to give up.

All my life I seem to have had the happy faculty of either getting into trouble or seeing trouble. I think it is due to the fact that I like this life we have here on earth and I pursue living with great ardor (when I have the energy). Naturally this gets one involved into all kinds of things, down to even such small things as always having a sore spot somewhere—on the hand, or knee, or back. All of this makes wonderful grist for the mill. Willy-nilly, I seem to have lived parts of all my books, even back in Indian times, if that is possible. I like people but make friends very slowly. And when I have a friend, I intend to keep him for life. I think I am an old-fashioned family man. I like close warm families. I think, too, I am a bit of a disciplinarian with my children. I prefer to have them grow up inner-directed rather than other-directed. I hope they all become ornery and hard-to-handle individuals, people with courage enough to pursue independent opinions and stick to them. This will be good for my country.

My wife, Maryanna, has been of much help to me. She has pitched in financially at times; she has helped with the typing and proof-reading. She never sees my manuscripts until they come back in galleys. She serves, with her bright and compassionate mind, as a friend who will listen to suggestions for plots, ways of handling scenes, analyses of people we meet, and the like. She makes a good traveler when I am out on research. When she comes along, I actually go with two pairs of eyes.

I have lived in the country and I have lived in the cities. I've been a farm hired hand, a factory laborer, a filling station attendant, a reporter, an editor, a researcher for a public opinion poll, a teacher, a baseball player, a basketball player, and all have given me tons of material. I shall never get it all down. And the best of all these jobs has been finally the making and reading of good books in the country.

BOOKS: *The Golden Bowl*, Webb, 1944; *Boy Almighty*, Webb, 1945. The following published by Doubleday: *This Is the Year*, 1947; *The Chokecherry Tree*, 1948; *The Primitive*, 1949; *The Brother*, 1950; *The Giant*, 1951. *Lord Grizzly*, McGraw-Hill, 1954; *Morning Red*, Allan Swallow, 1956; *Riders of Judgment*, Random House, 1957; *Conquering Horse*, McDowell, Oblensky, 1959.

EUGENE J. McCARTHY

United States Senator, Eugene Joseph McCarthy, a member of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota, is widely known as a speaker and writer on political, economic, and social problems. He has spoken at forums and conferences in the United States and abroad. His books and his articles, published in magazines, have mostly been expressions of his political philosophy. His hobbies are writing and sports.

In 1945, he married Abigail Quigley of Wabasha, Minnesota. They have four children: Ellen Anne, Mary Abigail, Margaret Alice, and Michael Benet.

◆

I was born in Watkins, Minnesota, in 1916. I was graduated from St. John's University in Collegeville, Minnesota, in 1935, received a master of arts degree in economics from the University of Minnesota in 1938, and hold honorary degrees of doctor of laws from St. Louis University and the College of St. Thomas.

For ten years I was a teacher in public high schools and private colleges. In the course of the second world war, I was a civilian technical assistant in military intelligence for the War Department. I was acting head of the sociology department at the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul at the time of my first election to Congress in 1948.

Re-elected in 1950, 1952, 1954, and 1956, I represented Minnesota's Fourth Congressional District in the House of Representatives for ten years. In the house, I served on the committees of Post Office and Civil Service, Agriculture, Interior and Insular Affairs, Banking and Currency, and Ways and Means.

At several international meetings, I was selected to represent the Congress of the United States. In 1956 I was a delegate to the London Interparliamentary Conference, an official observer at the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs at Geneva in 1957, and a delegate to the 1956 and 1957 NATO Parliamentarians' Conference in Paris. In 1958, I was a Congressional delegate to the international conference of the World Health Organization in Minneapolis.

Since 1959, I have been on the United States National Commission for UNESCO, the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. The U. S. Commission, on which I am serving for two years, advises the State Department on UNESCO affairs in relation to United States policy.

In November, 1958, I was elected to a six-year term in the United States Senate, and am serving on two Senate committees: Finance, which deals with revenue measures, reciprocal trade agreements, tariffs, social security, and veterans' legislation; Agriculture and Forestry, which deals with agricultural and forestry problems generally, rural electrification, and conservation.

In 1959 and 1960, I was chairman of the Senate Special Committee on Unemployment Problems. The special committee was directed to make a thorough study of unemployment in the United States, and it reported its findings and recommendations to the second session of the Eighty-sixth Congress.

BOOKS: *Frontiers in American Policy*, World, 1960; *Dictionary of American Politics*, Macmillan, 1961.

EDNA DEU PREE NELSON

One of Edna Deu Pree Nelson's chief hobbies is travel. She has traveled and done research work for her stories and books, which deal with Peru and Chile of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and with Malaya. In 1948, while doing free-lance writing, she visited Hong Kong, Java, and Malaya. While in Malaya, she felt that the Europeans there were too calm about the communist infiltration. She says, "The mountains were harboring many Chinese guerillas, all communists, threatening safety of the inhabitants, yet the European residents believed them, 'a few Chinese boys who, for the first time, have their hands on guns left by the Allies after the war and soon would come out of the jungle and give up their arms because they really knew that the British were their friends!' No natives in Malaya were permitted to own or carry guns. It was obvious to a Westerner from outside *that soon it would be necessary to bring in men and arms to stop the guerillas from taking over the country. Ultimately the British were forced to send in some 50,000 fighting men and it took years to get things under control." It was this situation that led Edna Deu Pree Nelson to write "St. George's Ball" and other stories and "The Sandalwood Fan," which was not completed and published until 1961.*

Mrs. Nelson and her sister, who is decorator for American Home Magazine, *live in a duplex and have a garden in New York. They have two brothers who live, with their families, near San Francisco, California.*

◆

The first piece of writing that brought me recognition as an author was a school composition for which I was awarded a prize. I was seven years of age; the prize was a book, "The

Scottish Chiefs," written by Jane Porter in 1810, historically correct, and, in spite of its high-flown sentiment, a great success. While I realized that I had been signally honored, I found it dull and boring. It did not, however, destroy for me my fondness for history.

My next memorable bit of writing was a play, which was produced and directed by my sister and me. We held rehearsals in a tent, set up on an empty lot. Encouraged by our elders, who dropped in occasionally to see how things were progressing, we opened our performance in the town hall, drawing a full house made up of townspeople and wheat farmers and cattlemen of western Kansas. After totaling up receipts, we found we had earned five dollars each—there were about fifteen in the cast.

It was wheat and stock raising that brought my grandfather to the border of Colorado. He was French Huguenot. The Deu Pree family (originally, I believe, it was Dieu Prie), driven out of France, went to England and thence to Virginia, where my grandsire operated a plantation and a small store in Charlotte County. The old house is still standing; the present owner is a Deu Pree. On my mother's side, I inherited a Scotch-Irish ancestry, her people coming from North Ireland to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and later migrating ever farther west. The first Postmaster of Denver, Colorado, was my great grandfather.

Ultimately my people reached the Pacific Coast, where I attended schools in Oregon and California. I studied journalism at the University of California, and short-story writing with William Morrow, San Francisco. Mr. Morrow was at one time a brilliant American fiction writer. My goal, however, was Columbia University in New York City. I sallied forth to slay my dragon in Manhattan, wanting to become an international journalist. Instead of attending Columbia, as I had planned, I was offered a position with a New York advertising firm. Since I needed money, I accepted. This, in my opinion, was a stroke of luck for me. I worked for the vice-president, a stern, but generous, taskmaster. He believed I had ability as a copywriter. This I very naturally doubted since he ordered me to rewrite almost every line of copy that I laid on his desk. One word must do the work of a sentence; a sentence must carry the colorful and truthful story of a client's product. I learned to face facts head on, without blanching, and to find glamour in brass pipes and boilers. It was the best training for a writing career that I could have had. I shall always be grateful to this man for his patience and his direction.

During the time I was with the advertising firm, I wrote copy for advertisements, edited house magazines for our clients, went into the field to make surveys, planned advertising programs, prepared publicity for newspapers and magazines. And during my own time, I wrote fiction stories and now and again sold one. My first story appeared in a sports magazine—two stories in fact: one about a horse and the other the saga of a dog. My third yarn was accepted by a New York weekly, a thing which I called "Macgill's Discovery," for which I was paid thirty dollars. The same magazine, *The International Interpreter,* bought other pieces.

Best of all, I got a job with this magazine, first as make-up editor and then as associate editor. I interviewed prominent people, both American big-wigs and foreigners. I felt that at last I was in the field of work that I enjoyed. Then Mr. Frederick Dixon, the British editor, died. He was reputed to be the most brilliant internationalist of his time (I am quoting our own statesmen), and it was impossible to find an editor to take his place. The magazine was discontinued.

Shortly thereafter I was sent to Minneapolis on editorial and advertising assignments. This was another piece of good luck for me, since it was there that I found my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Y. Chute and their daughters: Mary Grace, Marchette, and Joy. Later, the Chutes, other friends, and I started a monthly magazine, *Skylines,* which was published in Minneapolis. I was editor-publisher—wrote editorials, articles, and short stories.

When I was living at the College Woman's Club, Minneapolis, I wrote a short story, "Brothers," which was published by the *Century* (Magazine) *Quarterly.* I contributed to the weekly, *Outlook,* also. After several years in Minneapolis, I returned to New York City as advertising and editorial director for a public utility firm. During my spare time I contributed to a number of magazines. Ultimately I devoted my entire time to free-lance writing of both articles and fiction for leading magazines in the United States and Canada, among them: *American Home, Country Life, Woman's Day, Harper's Bazaar, Stage, New York Post, Saturday Evening Post,* and leading Canadian magazines.

I had written three or four books: a mystery, a novel, and a child's book, none of which were published, although I was asked to rewrite the mystery—a publisher asking for another look at it. I never found the time to rework the manuscript, and my interest in it had waned. The preparation of these books I considered exercise for future books.

For several years I had been interested in doing a book on Hawaii of the eighteenth century. In my research for the volume I had come across Viceroy O'Higgins of Chile and Peru. In the end it was a book about this Viceroy and his son that I wrote. It was published by E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., under the title, "O'Higgins and Don Bernardo," and is the first biography in English of these Irishmen who contributed so much to the Latin-American countries where they lived. The first chapter of this book was rewritten times without end over a period of two weeks. The entire book—more than one hundred thousand words—I rewrote five times.

My experience is that authoring any piece of copy is largely rewriting. Much of my writing is done while I am walking or riding the bus, or when I am in bed, for all writing has to be mulled over in the head before it reaches the paper. There is no royal road for the author. He or she knows there is a right way to phrase a sentence, and that way must be found. I work from five to ten, or more, hours a day at my writing. But it is rewarding, for ultimately there is a story or a book all ready for editor or publisher. And if one is a writer at heart, there is nothing else to do but *write*. At present I am working on two books, one non-fiction, the other a novel laid in Malaya.

My hobbies: visiting with people, travel, politics.

BOOK: *O'Higgins and Don Bernardo* (biography), E. P. Dutton Company, Inc., 1954.

GRACE LEE NUTE

None of our authors have done as much for the appreciation of northern Minnesota history as Grace Lee Nute. She has not been satisfied only with the old documents found mostly in the Minnesota Historical Society Library, but she herself has also canoed and walked over the trails of the early pioneers and fur traders. She has studied the wild life, listened to the birds, enjoyed the sweep of trees and plants, and visualized the hardships and struggles of the voyageurs. With this intimate knowledge she put life into the characters in her stories without sacrificing authenticity.

Because of her interest in manuscript science, natural history, American and Canadian history, especially Minnesota history and biography, she earned the title of professor of American History at Hamline University, taught in the *extension division of the University of Minnesota, and has been research associate of Minnesota Historical Society. At present she is director of the Hill Papers Project for the Hill Reference Library in St. Paul.*

◆

I was born in the White Mountains of New Hampshire of a family connected with New Hampshire history since 1631. According to tradition fortified somewhat by the family coat of arms in England, we are descended from Canute, the Dane who helped conquer England in the eleventh century.

My education was obtained at Fryeburg Academy in Maine, the Westfield State Normal School in Massachusetts, Smith College (A.B., 1917), and Radcliffe College (A.M., 1918, Ph.D., 1921). While at Smith College I was given to understand that I had some writing ability and therefore "majored" in English. However, when I decided to take graduate work, I turned to American history, and had four delightful years under the tutelage of the famous Frederick Jackson Turner of Harvard. His renowned work in the history of the frontier turned me toward the West as the decisive factor in the development of American characteristics. So it was not wholly chance that led me to St. Paul in 1921 for my first position as an historian. There I became curator of manuscripts at the Minnesota Historical Society. A few years later I also began to teach Minnesota and American history at Hamline University. I have also lectured at the University of Minnesota, at Macalester College, and in extension classes of the University of Minnesota.

My writing has concerned itself almost entirely with North America, and particularly with the history of Canada and the Upper Mississippi Valley. The fur trader and explorations have had special appeal for me. Several of my books and many of my articles and brochures relate to those topics. I have also had a special interest in Indians and Indian missions. A rather unusual interest, but one growing out of one of my jobs, has been the science of historical manuscripts; in this field I have published many brochures and books. Still farther afield from Minnesota and American history have been my publications relating to natural history and the conservation of natural resources. Bird-watching became my hobby so early in life that I cannot remember when I was not slipping out of the house at dawn to watch bird migrations. A grade-school teacher encouraged me in that hobby and also in learning to identify wild flowers. This, then, was the origin of my publications in that field. A much more recent venture has been in the field of photography, where I am a rank amateur, even though I was using a 34 mm. camera as early as 1931, when microphotography was in its infancy. To copy historical manuscripts I had perforce to learn both the physics and the chemistry of microphotography to some extent, and in the process I became genuinely interested in artistic photography. I would hate to state how much of my salary every year has gone to cameras, film, and the processing of film. I have owned both a Leica and a Bell and Howell movie camera for many years, with an infinitude of filters, lenses, and gadgets.

I have even strayed into the realm of poetry and published a few bits of verse in several magazines, but I seldom mention them, certainly not in my bibliography. There are too many persons indulging in doggerel as it is. My first book, "The Voyageur," was published in 1931. It has had three printings. It would require too much space here to mention all the books and articles that have come from my pen in the intervening years. They have related to voyageurs, traders, explorers, Lake Superior, missionaries to the Indians, regional history, early artists, and many other topics.

My publications led in 1934 to a Guggenheim fellowship with a year abroad, from which came my first biography, "Caesars of the Wilderness." In 1938 I was in Europe again, this time mostly in Sweden locating data on Charles Lindberg, Sr., whose biography I was writing. This book has not yet been published. In 1945 I had a Ford Foundation grant enabling me to spend a summer on the beginning of a history of iron mining in Minnesota, which I have since completed and have ready for publication. Still a third manuscript that is ready for publication but is not yet in print is a history of Hamline University, which I prepared at the request of the college in anticipation of the centennial of the institution.

My chief publications of recent years, other than a great many articles, have been issued in conjunction with other authors, though in 1950 I did bring out a regional history, "Rainy River Country." The first of my joint ventures was the ghost-writing of "Mesabi Pioneer" (1951), the reminiscences of Edmund J. Longyear, the first diamond-drilling engineer on Minnesota's chief iron range. In preparation for writing the book I went to Beverly Hills, California, in 1948 where I spent several weeks interviewing Mr. Longyear and using his great library of original manuscripts and printed data on iron mining in Minnesota. These materials I convinced him had great historical value and persuaded him to consider leaving them to Minnesota. Since his death they have been presented to the state.

Two of my other cooperative publications appeared in 1958 and 1960 respectively. They were: "A History of the Arts in Minnesota," for which I wrote the section on books and authors; and "Minnesota Heritage," a large, handsome volume paying tribute to the state's century of development, for which I wrote the section on explorers, fur traders, and Indian missionaries.

In recent years many of my articles have appeared in *The Beaver,* a beautiful magazine published by the Hudson's Bay Company; and in *The Naturalist,* the magazine of the Natural History Society of Minnesota, on whose editorial board I have served for several years.

My travels have continued and, I hope, will go on for many years to come. From the beaches of California to the rocky cliffs of the Gaspé Peninsula I have watched birds, studied flowers, and delved into local history. In 1953 I was privileged to canoe into Ontario's wildernesses with that prince of guides, the author-naturalist, Sigurd Olson, and his wife. In 1956 I had the satisfaction of serving as cicerone to my niece, Karla, on the Grand Tour of Europe with special emphasis on Italy and Spain. The next summer her teen-age brother had his first canoe trip in the North Country under my guidance. In 1958 and 1959 Glacier National Park was my vacationland, where I made a special study of a rare bird, the water ouzel, which I found nesting there.

From all these expeditions I derive not only great satisfaction, but also material for articles and books. In the many lectures that I have given to the public throughout my Minnesota years I have frequently stressed this side of my career, sometimes even titling my remarks as "The Adventures of a Minnesota Historian." Many of my hearers have told me how much my words altered their views on careers like mine, which they had considered "dry as dust" before. Surely there has been no reason for me to think of my life as dull or uninteresting.

BOOKS: *The Voyageur* (historical), Appleton, 1931; *The Voyageur's Highway* (historical), Minn. Historical Society, 1941; *Caesars of the Wilderness* (biographical), Appleton-Century-Croft, 1943; *Lake Superior* (historical), Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1944; *Rainy River Country* (historical), Minn. Historical Society, 1950; *Mesabi Pioneer* (collaborator) (biographical), Minn. Historical Society, 1951; *The Arts of Minnesota* (co-author) (historical), University of Minnesota Press, 1958; *Minnesota Heritage* (co-author) (historical), T. S. Denison & Co., Inc., 1960.

WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR

How fortunate for the University of Minnesota English department to have had a professor of the caliber of William Van O'Connor, who has delved deeply into the roots of American literature. His knowledge is considered so valuable that he has been called upon to be a contributor to Encyclopedia Brittannica, World Book, Collier's Encyclopedia, New York Times Book Review, Saturday Review, Story Magazine, Kenyon Review, Sewanee Review, College English, Poetry Magazine, Minneapolis Sunday Tribune book page, besides acting as American literature advisor for Grolier Encyclopedia. His radio book reviews and talks and his fiction stories are gratifying and stimulating as he has a natural story-telling gift coupled with a fine sense of characterization.

Professor O'Connor and his wife, Mary Allen, lived in Minneapolis after coming to Minnesota in 1946 until the summer of 1961 when he joined the faculty of the University of California. They have three children: Willa Van, Ellen Lee, and Jewett Marion.

◆

I was born in Syracuse, New York, the second of four children. My mother was Canadian, of Scotch-Irish stock. One of her grandfathers, who died fairly early in the nineteenth century, a graduate of Trinity in Dublin, had been a circuit rider along the St. Lawrence, a superintendent of schools, and the author of a volume of religious, or theological, writing. My mother was a rather good amateur painter and a fine story teller, in the Victorian dramatic tradition. My father's family were Irish and had settled in Syracuse, living close to a large area of land called the James Tract, owned by Henry James' grandfather. My father was a good speaker and letter writer. He was involved with many labor union movements, usually serving as secretary. I suspect that whatever literary talents I have are a mixed heritage, but mostly, I guess, from my mother's side.

My recollection is that I have always been interested in writing, and tried to write little poems when I was in grammar school. This was rather odd, considering that I was not smitten with school and played a lot of athletics.

At Syracuse University, majoring in English, I did some writing, of a painful amateurish kind. I remember an old professor of mine (we were friends) buying an undergraduate magazine *(The Syracusan)* to read a story of mine. When we met on the campus later, he said, "All right, O'Connor, give me back my money!" I no longer have the story but I remember it, and I know it was very bad. If a student of mine turned it in to me I would give it, at most, a B— and write on the margin, *Stereotyped situation; do better next time*. My older brother Donald, who majored in Latin and later, as a graduate student in economics, was a far better student than I was, and an excellent expository writer. The year he died, in 1960, he was working on a book about Puerto Rico.

My brother and I both took M.A.'s at Syracuse, in 1937, then went to Columbia University—it was still deep depression—to work for Ph.D's. I suspect he influenced me to go. I was fortunate in getting jobs: first, at Schrafft's—where the soda jerks were lawyers, graduate students, etc.—and then at St. Francis College, a few blocks from Brooklyn Bridge. Graduate work in English, in those days, was pretty dull going. I was in the rather untenable position of feeling (and saying) that the approach was wrong but having not the slightest idea about how the study of literature, in graduate work, should be improved. Alas, I was callow, naive, and wet behind the ears. Some English students were fascinated by leftist, Marxist discussions of literature. I was not, but not because of any insight into the limitations of the approach. I simply did not know where I was headed, if any place at all.

In 1940-41, I arrived at Louisiana State University. That was during the last year of the Southern Review, edited by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren. That winter, with Pearl Harbor behind us, I married Mary Theresa Allen, who had come to L.S.U. to teach, after several graduate years at the University of North Carolina and Bryn Mawr College. Together, before spring, we wrote "Climates of Tragedy." It is not a very good book—but considering our youth and brashness in undertaking such a tremendous subject, we are fortunate it is not worse.

The following year I signed up for the Signal Corps, took a course at the Boston Latin School, and eventually ended up at Milne Bay, New Guinea. Karl Shapiro was there, in a medical unit, and we got to know each other well. I had read his "Person, Place, and Thing in Boston," and felt immediately that he was the voice of *my* generation. We have remained friends.

My second year in the Pacific was spent in Manila, which was filled with Dali-like remnants of the systematic Jap destruction of the city. And there were thousands of dead Filipinos, buried in shallow graves. I wrote a poem entitled "Manila," which George Dillon printed in *Poetry*. I got to know a number of Filipino writers, but after the war I lost track of them.

An article I wrote for *The American Scholar* while still in New Guinea had caught the eye of one of the officers of the Rockefeller Foundation, and when I got out of the army I was lucky enough to be given a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship in the humanities. Having rejoined my wife, who was teaching at the University of Missouri, I wrote "Sense and Sensibility in Modern Poetry," and used it as a doctoral dissertation at Columbia. Lionel Trilling was my advisor.

On my final examining board there were many literary luminaries, including Joseph Wood Krutch, Jacques Barzun, Dumas Malone, Marjorie Nicolson, William York Tindall, and Irwin Edman.

Meanwhile Robert Penn Warren, then at Minnesota, had recommended me to Joseph Warren Beach as someone to teach a course in twentieth century literature. Beach hired me, in 1946, and we were at the University of Minnesota until August, 1961, with a year at the University of Liege, Belgium, another year as Berg Professor at New York University, and summer sessions at Puerto Rico, Southern California, and Duke.

In 1960 I published "Campus on the River," which in a sense has a Minnesota setting. One reviewer said it was upstate New York—and, in a way, it is that too. I have written many critical articles and a number of books of criticism. I enjoy this sort of writing and expect to continue doing it. But my deepest enjoyment comes from writing fiction. If I write mostly about academic situations I do so because I am an academic myself. The academic is neither more nor less strange than other professionals, but I feel I know his problems, since they are mine too.

BOOKS: *The New Woman of the Renaissance* (literary history), Field, 1942; *Climates of Tragedy* (literary criticism), Louisiana State University Press, 1943; *Sense and Sensibility in Modern Poetry*, University of Chicago Press, 1948; *Forms of Modern Fiction: Essays Collected in Honor of Joseph Warren Beach*, U. of M. Press, 1948, and paper edition—Midland Books; *The Shaping Spirit: Study of Wallace Stevens* (literary criticism), Regnery, 1950; *The Age of Criticism, 1900-1950* (literary history), Regnery, 1952; *Poems for Study* (with Leonard Unger) (textbook), Rinehart, 1953; *The Tangled Fire of William Faulkner* (biography and criticism), U. of M. Press, 1954; *Modern Prose* (textbook), Crowell, 1958; *Campus on the River* (short stories), Crowell, 1959; *A Casebook on Ezra Pound* (with Edward Stone), Crowell, 1959; *William Faulkner* (pamphlet, 1959, in the series of *University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers* for which he is general editor with Robert Penn Warren and Allen Tate). He was also general editor of *Crowell Casebook Series, American Literary Forms* (5 volumes brought out by Crowell), and the trade edition of the latter, called *Reader's Bookshelf.*

RAE OETTING

Her love of the out-of-doors has been the basis of poems, articles, stories, and books by Rae Oetting. Canoe trips, hunting, camping, and time spent by her and her husband at their cabin on Woman Lake have given her material for her writing. At first she wrote nature and travel articles of places of interest that covered some phases of outdoor life or sports. Then, for four years, she contributed a page, "Tricks of the Trade," to the Northland Resorter, *a magazine that covered all phases of resort operation in the state. In 1961, an article to* Camping Guide *told of a canoe trip in the summer of 1960 when she guided fourteen people into the Kawishiwi wilderness out of Ely.*

Rae Oetting made a study of the writing craft before submitting manuscripts for publication. She attended advertising and article-writing classes at the University of Minnesota, followed by courses from Dr. Anna von Helmholtz-Phelan and Meridel LeSueur. Since 1951, she has been a member of the Writers' Workshop, of which she has served as the president. At their weekly sessons, the members read and discuss manuscripts, markets, and writing techniques. She says, "Much of my small success is owed to the fine criticism and suggestions of this group."

At present Mrs. Oetting is waiting for the publisher's approval of several children's books she has written.

◆

When I put in my squalling appearance at Iowa City, Iowa, the Lord saw fit to take my beautiful nineteen-year-old mother home to Him. My father, also young, felt unable to cope with a new-born girl baby and, at the same time, work his way through law school. He reluctantly agreed that my maternal grandmother should be allowed the dubious honor of raising me. She, whose husband had died at age twenty-four, now widowed and with a son seventeen years old, managed to make a place for me in their home and in their hearts. At the time, this decision did not seem very important as the obstetrician predicted at the time of my birth, "You'll never raise that child, she's too small." By dating myself, I must say that when I was born there were few incubators, and hospitals were not prepared to grant the marvelous care they now give to tiny babies. But the doctor spoke without knowing my grandmother. She cradled me in cotton and placed me in the seat of a rocking chair until she had better equipment. She doctored me in the ways wise to a grandmother who had seen enough of death and was bound and determined to cheat him this time. She literally rocked me to childhood, just as I now do for my grandchildren whenever I get the chance.

We lived on a farm at Bristow, Iowa, and one of my first memories is climbing the cherry tree with a neighbor boy and eating the fruit as fast as it ripened, much to the disgust of the birds and my grandmother. I started school in town, riding there every day in horse-and-buggy that my uncle drove. He must have been bored by having to transport two giggling kids, neighbor boy and me, in and out from town every day and try to farm at the same time. Whatever the reason, we soon moved to town within walking distance of the school. I loved the "Violet" class of first grade. I loved Christmas in the old cold church and spoke my piece with confidence and gestures taught by Grandmother who had a sense of the dramatic.

From Bristow, we moved to Wyoming, a state I shall never forget. How fortunate I was to be able to slide on my sled on snowdrifts that almost covered the tops of telephone poles. And what fun to spring up and down on planks spanning a water-filled irrigation ditch! Once we went by team and wagon to the foothills of the mountains to hunt and fish.

I shall never forget leaving my baited fishpole down by the stream and finding a skunk had swallowed my bait and got himself tangled up in the bushes and was still there. The men were sent to dispatch the skunk and the place reeked for hours.

While all this was taking place, my father had finished his schooling and settled in Pendleton, Oregon, where he remarried. He wanted to have me with him but he had promised Grandmother she might keep me until my graduation from high school.

Our next move was to a farm at Lamberton, Minnesota, where we lived until I was twelve. I am always grateful for having lived on a farm although I would never want to go back. But where else can one get the wonderful sights, sounds, and feelings? A child has missed much who has never slid down a dusty oats bin, or climbed a roof peak to rescue one of a dozen of her cats, or run barefoot through the pasture after a spring shower. There is a richness in farm life the city child never knows. And at eleven or twelve years of age, how thrilled I would be when the neighborhood had parties. The oil lamps on the wall with their new modern reflector shades made the room bright! The wheezy organ ground out tunes for dancing and singing, and the kitchen table was loaded with "best" cakes while calls for recipes went around among the ladies. Oh, living on the farm had its bad moments too. There was the time Grandmother found I really didn't have a headache. It was just that I hated picking raspberries and blackberries because the bushes scratched my arms. And the time I raised a hog from pig to market only to have the money spent on something I needed, like shoes! And the time my city cousin came out to visit me and because she cheated at our games, I treated her very badly, only to get a sound spanking for my behavior.

From the farm, we moved to town and I continued my education through high school in Lamberton. The night after my graduation I took the train to Pendleton, Oregon, to fulfill the promise between Grandmother and Father. It was a queer feeling for me. I was torn between two loves but, had I known how things were going to turn out, I would have gone west long before I did. My father was killed in an accident in August, after I had really known him only three months.

In the fall, I returned to Lamberton, and the following January enrolled in Grinnell College, where I went for two years. After that, for a year, I attended the University of Minnesota and quit to take a business course and start work. Since then I have spent most of my time in Minneapolis. I have a husband, one son, a daughter-in-law and four grandchildren. My life is rich.

I started writing about ten years ago and found it a stimulating hobby. I write mostly nature articles or articles on travel and outdoor life, plus a little verse. At one time I contracted to do a monthly promotional pamphlet for a chinchilla rancher. This led to my housing a pair of the fascinating animals for a year, during which time I studied them, read everything written about them and sold many articles about them. With this background of research I am today cutting a book I wrote about the adventures of the first chinchilla ever brought to this country for an editor who has shown an interest in a book of this nature. I like to write verse for the fine discipline it gives me in the selection and use of words.

Writing is a wonderful hobby. A writer need never be lonely. There is so much to learn, so much research to be done, things to see, smell, hear, and touch. There are emotions to probe, many ideas to pursue, and places to visit, either in person or in a book. If a writer takes advantage of all the wonderful and interesting things around him, develops ideas for stories and articles from this material, and curbs his emotions with the reins of technique, he will get more checks and less rejects. Also he will be so busy he will never be lonesome or bored.

BOOKS: *Camping and Outdoor Cooking* (with Mabel Otis Robison), T. S. Denison and Company, 1959; *God Is Everywhere* (children's verse), Bruce Publishing Company, 1959; *Marilee and the Calico Cat* (children's poem story), T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1960; *Father Nature Takes a Tour*, T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1961.

SIGURD F. OLSON

No one knows the Quetico-Superior country, on the border of Minnesota and Ontario, better than Sigurd F. Olson. For forty years he has explored this voyageur country by canoe, even traveling above the Arctic Circle beyond Great Slave Lake in 1959. His wilderness experiences and conservation in this natural area, that he knows and loves, are the subjects of his innumerable magazine articles and of his books.

He was born in Chicago in 1899, moving to northern Wisconsin at the age of six. He is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and did postgraduate work there in geology. He studied plant and animal ecology at the University of Illinois. In 1920 he came to Nashwauk, Minnesota; and, in 1922, became biology teacher at Ely Junior College, and later its dean. In 1945 to 1946, he was on special assignment for the United States Army and State Department in Europe.

His deepest interest has been the preservation of the wilderness and natural areas about which he has written and lectured. From 1954 to 1958, he was president of the National Parks Association. He is wilderness ecologist of the Izaak Walton League of America, was consultant on Presi-

dent Eisenhower's Quetico-Superior Committee, is a member of the Council of Wilderness Society, serves on two advisory committees to the Secretary of the Interior: National Parks and Monuments, and Fish and Wildlife.

His wife is the former Elizabeth Dorothy Uhrenholdt of Hayward, Wisconsin. They have two grown sons, Sigurd and Robert.

The following autobiography was adapted by Mr. Olson from the introduction of his book, "The Singing Wilderness," which was copyrighted by him and published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., in 1956.

◆

All of my life has been a search for the music of the wilderness and so I have traveled far and wide listening and searching for the meanings that are always there. I remember vividly the first time I heard the music. It was near the tip of a bold peninsula that reached far out into Lake Michigan and though I was only seven at the time and knew nothing of the need of solitude, or the hunger I have known since, the response was there. The moan of foghorns and the deep-throated whistles of lake boats were part of my childhood dreams. We lived inland and I used to lie awake at night and listen to them far out in the dark and wonder at the mystery of the night that engulfed them.

The time came when I felt I must go to the lake through the forest that lay between, see for myself the open reaches of water, the ships whose voices I had heard, the waves and cliffs of the coast. One day all alone, I started out through woods I had never traversed. At that time there were lynx and wildcats there and I had heard gruesome stories of how they lay in wait to pounce on wanderers passing through. I ran most of the long winding trail, and when I burst at last out of the gloom I was frightened and breathless. Before me were space and a sparkling blue horizon, with no land as far as I could see. An abandoned pier reached out from the shore and I picked my way over the huge blocks of stone to its very end. There I found a deep well of clear water down between them.

A school of perch darted in and out of the rocks. They were green and gold and black, and I was fascinated by their beauty. Seagulls wheeled and cried above me. Waves crashed against the pier. I was alone in a wild and lovely place, part at last of the wind and water, part of the dark forest through which I had come, and of all the wild sounds and colors and feelings of the place I had found. That day I entered into a life of indescribable beauty and delight. There I believe I heard the singing wilderness for the first time.

I kept the pier a secret and stole away there as often as I could. It was the answer to my childish desires, a place of magic and wonder which belonged to me alone. My perceptions were uncluttered, my impressions were pure and uninfluenced, my feelings of closeness to nature, and of sympathy with creatures of the wild were true feelings. In them, I know now, was the ancient realization of oneness so hard to know or recognize as life becomes more involved.

Some years later I discovered a stand of virgin forest known as the Northwest Corner. Here were tremendous trees, the last of the old primeval stand, and on the ground huge moss-covered logs soft and spongy with decay. This spot was different from any other I had known, even more mysterious than the pier on Lake Michigan. I used to tiptoe into the timber and creep stealthily from bole to bole, thrilled with strange and indefinable sensations, some of fear and some of wonder and delight. Those ancient trees, the green-gold twilight among them, the silence of that cushioned place did something to my boyish soul which I have never forgotten.

Another time I found a spring hole at the headwaters of a little river I knew. A shelf of rock overlooked the pool;

and, from it, I could look down into crystal-clear water. Around it stood tall trees, and at one end was a little sand beach where a trickle of a creek came in from the bog above. It was quiet there and the shadowed pool was smooth and unruffled. A school of speckled trout lay just below me, and when I tossed a pine cone onto the surface, they rose as one and the pool became alive with their splashing. That pool, the rising trout, the silence there were a bit of primitive America, untouched and unseen except by me. There too I heard the singing wilderness.

These first experiences were the forerunners of countless others and gave me a desire that has led me into the wilderness regions of the continent in the hope that I might hear the singing again. As a guide in the lake and river country of the Quetico-Superior I traveled many thousands of miles by canoe and, since then, have followed the voyageurs and explorers along their ancient trails into the far north. I have known the mountains of the East and West, the cypress swamps and savannahs of the South, the painted deserts of the Southwest. Always there have been the search and the listening, not only for me but for those who have been with me, and I have found that, whenever I have renewed in even the slightest way the early sense of communion and belonging I knew as a child, whenever I have glimpsed if only for an instant the glory I knew then, happiness and joy have been mine.

I have discovered that I am not alone in my listening, that the search for places where the singing may be heard goes on everywhere. It seems to be part of the hunger that all of us have for a time when we were closer to lakes and rivers, to mountains and meadows and forests than we are today. Uncounted centuries of the primitive have left their mark upon us and civilization has not changed emotional and spiritual needs that were ours before the dawn of history. Should we actually glimpse the ancient glory or hear the singing wilderness, cities and their confusion become places of quiet, speed and turmoil are slowed to the pace of the seasons and tensions are replaced with calm.

This is the reason for my books: to give others something of my own experiences in the hope that through them they may capture, as I have done, some of the joys of the wilderness.

BOOKS: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has published all three of Sigurd Olson's books —*The Singing Wilderness,* 1956; *Listening Point,* 1958; *The Lonely Land* (narrative), 1961.

WALTER O'MEARA

One of the best known creative men in the field of American advertising is Walter O'Meara, who has held executive positions for the United States government as well as for advertising firms. He had attended the University of Minnesota before going to the University of Wisconsin where he earned his bachelor of arts degree in 1920. There he was elected to Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalism fraternity, and won a Phi Beta Kappa Key. He was the highest ranking student in Edward Hall Gardner's advertising course. In recognition of his progress through the years, in 1957 the University of Wisconsin honored him with an award for "distinguished services in the field of journalism."

* * *

Although most of my life has been spent in the advertising business, I have yet to write a novel about advertising. In this I seem to be almost unique among advertising men; but my inclination has been toward historical novels and non-fiction historical works—for their therapeutic value, I suppose, and because I love history.

I was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, January 29, 1897, the son of Michael O'Meara, a logger of Canadian birth, and Mary (Wolfe) O'Meara, Kentucky-born. I grew up in Cloquet, Minnesota, a famous sawmill town on the St. Louis River, the ancient highway of voyageurs and fur traders from Lake Superior to the Mississippi. As a boy, I was only dimly aware of the historical background of my home town; but I learned enough about it to spark an interest that has never faded, and is reflected in most of my books.

After graduation from Cloquet High School in 1914, I attended the University of Minnesota for a year, then the University of Wisconsin, where I received my bachelor of arts in 1920. My college years were interrupted by World War I, in which I served as an artillery sergeant. While I was in the army, Cloquet was completely destroyed by a forest fire, and I returned from the service without so much as a suit of civilian clothes to wear. So I took a job on the *Duluth News Tribune*—the city editor staking me to an outfit of civies—and worked as a reporter for a year before returning to Wisconsin.

At Wisconsin my writing career really began—as much from economic necessity as a natural love of writing. I turned out innumerable short pieces and sold some of them—even a piece of doggerel for which I received fifty dollars. I was a founder of *The Wisconsin Octopus*, an allegedly humorous magazine; and on the editorial board of the *Wisconsin Literary Magazine*, along with Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings and Esther Forbes. On graduation in 1920—with a Phi Beta Kappa key—I took a job with the Chicago office of the J. Walter Thompson Company, the world's largest advertising agency. In 1922, I married Esther Molly Arnold—and we now have four children and nine grandchildren.

New York beckoned all advertising men in those days, so I went East in 1932 to take a job as creative director of the new firm of Benton and Bowles, headed by William Benton (later senator) and Chester Bowles (later Ambassador to India and Under-Secretary of State). After eight years at Benton and Bowles, I returned to the J. Walter Thompson Company as creative director of the New York office. When World War II broke out, I went to Washington, first as Chief of the Planning Staff in the office of Strategic Services (OSS), then as Deputy Price Administrator in charge of information.

In 1947, I decided to put on record my knowledge of the old horse-logging days in a documentary novel. This was "The Trees Went Forth," which was based on a winter spent in a northern Minnesota logging camp. Stewart Holbrook, a seasoned timberman himself, praised it highly in the *New York Herald Tribune* as "conjuring up an authentic picture of life in a logging camp," and the *New Yorker* called it "a fascinating chapter of American life, written with great taste and restraint."

Next came "The Grand Portage," an historical novel based on the "Journal" of Daniel Harmon, a trader for the Northwest Company. Published by Bobbs-Merrill (1951), Hiram Haydn, editor, this book became a national best seller, was printed by Bantam Books, published in England and Latin America, and received an award from the American Association of State and Local History.

"The Grand Portage" was followed by "Tales of the Two Borders" (Bobbs-Merrill, 1952), a collection of seven short stories. Louise Townsend Nicholl, in the *New York Herald Tribune,* regarded the tales as "very close to perfection in the telling," whereas *The Saturday Review* was "a little disappointed."

Next was "The Spanish Bride" (which I regard as my best and most original work) published by Putnam in 1954.

Much of it was written in a little town on the Mexican-Arizona border: Sasabe, Arizona, population—thirty-five, one telephone. Virginia Kirkus' verdict was "good tale spinning combined with a vigorous picture of Spanish America in the throes of a final struggle to keep a foothold in the Southwest." I am particularly proud that "The Spanish Bride" was published in Spain. I regard that as an affirmation of the soundness of my research and insight into Spanish character. "The Spanish Bride" also found publication in Italy and England.

For my next work of fiction, I returned to my native Minnesota with "Minnesota Gothic" (published by Holt, 1956), a highly contrived work which, nevertheless, Charles Poore in the *New York Times* praised as a novel in which "a vigorous sense of crime and punishment keeps Mr. O'Meara's story rolling." James Gray in *The Chicago Tribune* stated that "melodrama has seldom moved at so dogged, plodding a pace," and the *New York Times Book Review* said that "the story moves rapidly and is never burdened by dull detail." "Minnesota Gothic" was also a best seller.

My next historical novel was "The Devil's Cross" (Knopf, 1957), a study of the Children's Crusade in 1212. Reviews in the United States were only fair but the novel was enthusiastically hailed in the British press. "I do not expect to read a finer piece of history fiction in 1958," said the *London Express*. Besides publication in England, "The Devil's Cross" was also printed in Holland (as a book club selection) and as a Pocket Book in this country.

After "The Devil's Cross," I turned for the first time to works of non-fiction history. My "The Savage Country," a portrait of the early nineteenth century fur trade in Canada, based on a little-known "Journal" of Alexander Henry the Younger, has been a gratifying critical success. Published by Houghton-Mifflin (1960), "The Savage Country" was called by the *New Yorker* "an uncommonly rich and vigorous book," by the *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books,* "the outstanding account of the fur trade in Canada," by the *New York Times,* "an unforgettable view of a wildly adventurous age in the wilderness."

Also in 1960, Houghton-Mifflin published "The First Northwest Passage" as one of their North Star Series for teen-age and sub-teen-age readers. This is the story of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's great voyages of exploration to the Arctic Ocean and to the Pacific Coast from Lake Athabasca.

In October, 1960, I finished work on still another historical novel, "The Last Villa," which depicts the last days of Roman Britain before the Saxon conquest. I am currently at work on a non-fiction work dealing with the life of the Chippewa Indians; and am looking forward to doing a biography of the great geographer and "nor'wester," David Thompson.

In addition to my books, I have done a number of short stories for *The Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines, as well as essays and critical reviews; and I have conducted a column (reprinted as a book titled "Just Looking") in *Advertising Age.*

Politically I have always been a Democrat—headed up the radio and television end of Adlai Stevenson's 1956 campaign. At present—in addition to my writings—I am special consultant to Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell, and Bayles in New York. I am a member of the Champlain Society, The Authors' League, P.E.N., and The Players Club. My hobbies have included water-color painting, canoeing, and camping (I have been over the old Minnesota-Ontario canoe routes many times), cross-country motoring (scores of trips from the East to Arizona and New Mexico). I live in a century-old Georgian house near Danbury, Connecticut, on a thirty-acre tract of woods, landscaped grounds, and a lake on which I sometimes paddle the same canoe that has taken me over hundreds of miles of Canadian waterways.

BOOKS: *The Trees Went Forth*, Crown, 1947; *The Grand Portage*, Bobbs-Merrill, 1951; *Tales of the Two Borders*, Bobbs-Merrill, 1952; *The Spanish Bride*, Putnam, 1954; *Minnesota Gothic*, Holt, 1956; *The Devil's Cross*, Knopf, 1957; *The Savage Country*, Houghton-Mifflin, 1960; *The First Northwest Passage*, Houghton-Mifflin, 1960; *The Last Villa*, 1960.

MARTHA OSTENSO

Martha Ostenso is a versatile writer, who is at home in serious character study or light satirical comedy. Her novels are romantic and, at the same time, realistic studies of many phases of the American scene. "Wild Geese," which won a thirteen thousand dollar prize from Dodd, Mead and Company, is a study of farm life.

Of her novels she thinks most of "O River, Remember!," a story that covers three generations of a family in the Minnesota Red River Valley, beginning in pioneer days. It was a Literary Guild choice in the autumn of 1943. Its theme is the conflict between idealism and materialism, carried out through the medium of two families whose experiences are intertwined over a period of seventy years.

Martha Ostenso studied at the University of Manitoba in Canada, and took a course in novel technique at Columbia University. She is married to Douglas Durkin, writer and former Columbia University instructor. They make their home at Gull Lake, near Brainerd, Minnesota.

◆

Fifteen years ago, in response to a request for a biographical note, I wrote: There is a very old farmhouse in a long, narrow valley fourteen miles east of Bergen, Norway, where a crystal-clear river flows, between rugged mountains covered with heather and birch and pine, down to the sea. In this house my great, great grandfather Tungeland was born, then my great grandfather, my grandfather, my mother, and I. My grandfather lived there, hale and hearty, up to his ninety-eighth year, dying suddenly after the invasion by the Nazis!

My father's people have lived for generations in the Hardangerfjord, somewhat to the south, in the picturesque farming village which bears the name of Ostenso. The name means "Eastern Sea."

When I was two years old I came with my parents to the United States, but as we lived in rural Scandinavian communities I did not learn English until I went to school. My memories of that period of my childhood are still painfully vivid. Children can be perfect fiends to others of their age who appear to them something of a curiosity, and such I most surely must have been! But presently the fascination of the new language made up for everything else, and I can remember how beautifully certain words rang in my ears—quite regardless of their meaning. Pail—cyclone—funeral—potato! I still have, somewhere, a list of words which appealed to me tremendously when I was about ten. At that age, or earlier, I had begun to write what I solemnly regarded as poetry.

My father's work took him from one small town to another in Minnesota and South Dakota, so that we were constantly on the move. The impressions of these small towns, set in the rich agricultural districts of the two states, have remained with me undimmed, and I have gone back to them in memory as well as in actuality to glean material for my stories. What a treasure those small towns are!

When I was twelve—we were living in Benson, Minnesota—I wrote stories for the *Minneapolis Journal Junior* at the enormous sum of eighty cents a column! I also wrote a hair-raising novel called "The Emerald Dragon"—a thriller laid in San Francisco's Chinatown, a region luridly real to me although, of course, I had never seen it. My parents were the only ones to set eyes upon "The Dragon," and promptly the monster was forced to curl up his thirteen tails. My mother told me that, if I was going to scare myself to death by my own writing, I should have to give up literature for a career.

Drawing and painting were almost as alluring to me as poetry until I was well on in my teens. I still wonder sometimes whether or not I took the right direction. But it was when I taught in a log-cabin school in northern Manitoba, at the age of seventeen, on a "teacher's permit," that I definitely decided I wanted to write. From that primitive brushwood country came the material for my first novel, "Wild Geese," which I wrote several years later. I had in the meantime had a slim volume of verse published—"A Far Land."

Well, that is the biographical note I wrote fifteen years ago, and I see no reason to change it. Since then, of course, I have published several novels, many of them in serial form in national magazines. Since then, too, I have been married. My husband, himself the author of several novels and short stories, has been my severest critic and most exacting collaborator. We live the year round in our cabin on Gull Lake, in northern Minnesota, where wild deer sometimes pause to peek in through our windows when we have music going on our "stereo." Every summer evening a family of raccoons comes down the hill for dinner which I lay out for them in a little hollow behind the cabin. And every autumn the stray cats left behind by summer visitors come looking for food and shelter. I am undoubtedly the best cook in Cass County—in the opinion of our wild animals, that is.

More and more, it seems, young writers come for advice on how to get started in the field of letters. And oddly enough, it becomes harder and harder to offer any practical advice. Variety of experience among people is essential of course—any experience, any people! Beyond that, I really cannot offer much guidance. As a matter of fact, each new novel I sit down to write brings its own peculiar set of problems. If you want to be a writer, then—*live,* and *write!* But the thing to write about is the thing you know—not "emerald dragons!"

BOOKS: *A Far Land* (poetry), T. Seltzer, 1924. The rest of Martha Ostenso's books were published by Dodd, Mead and Company.

NOVELS: *Wild Geese,* 1925; *Dark Dawn,* 1926; *The Mad Carews,* 1928; *The Young May Moon,* 1929; *Waters Under the Earth,* 1930; *Prologue to Love,* 1932; *There's Always Another Year,* 1933; *The White Reef,* 1935; *The Stone Field,* 1936; *The Mandrake Root,* 1938; *Love Passed This Way,* 1942; *O River, Remember,* 1943; *Milk Route,* 1948; *The Sunset Tree,* 1950; *A Man Had Tall Sons,* 1958.

BIOGRAPHY: *And They Shall Walk* (with Sister Elizabeth Kenny), 1943.

ANNE POWERS

Anyone who enjoys a good historical novel will revel in those written by Anne Powers, with their exciting sea battles and glowingly costumed intrigue set in a background of historical facts. She has written eight novels, ranging in periods from the time of Christ to the Napoleonic era. Only one of her books has an American setting—"The Ironmaster." Twice her writings have brought her awards: first, from the Newspaper Women of America; and second, from Theta Sigma Chi, the national journalism society. Her books have been published in Australia, and have been translated into Spanish, Danish, and Swedish. Most of them have had a second publication in paperbacks.

If I had known in the early '40's what I know now, I probably would not have had the courage to start a first novel. But at that time no one had told me how difficult writing and selling a first book is supposed to be, so I thought I would do a story on fourteenth century Ireland, a period chosen because of an interesting character I had read about who lived at that time. As the children were small and slept a reasonable amount, not to mention that baby-sitters were hard to find during the war years, I had some leisure and wrote "The Gallant Years" which I mailed to Bobbs-Merrill Company.

When I received the telegram saying the publishers were interested in buying the novel, my husband tells me that that was the only time I ever went up the stairs without touching a step. After that, however, there was no more casual attitude toward writing. The publisher wanted books at fairly regular intervals, and as one novel was finished they asked how soon the next one would be done.

Most of the historical research is done at the Milwaukee Public Library, but for background on "No Wall So High" my husband and I spent eight weeks in the British Isles. In spite of the Great Fire of London and the bombing in the Second World War, most of the places which we wanted to see were still there. And for "The Ironmaster," which is on post-revolutionary America, we toured the eastern states.

As my husband is an expert on naval warfare, likes to write, and has training in journalism, at least one sea battle is an essential in every book that it can be worked into. Because of this we have done most of the famous naval battles —Sluys, the Spanish Armada, and Trafalgar, as well as some minor ones. His chief objection to the novel on Napoleon, in which he did the battle of Waterloo, is that that was a land engagement.

Sailing, as you might guess, is one of our hobbies. We have an eighteen-foot Sea Gull which we sail on Lake Michigan. We also enjoy traveling and have driven through most of the states, and we hope to be able to make a more extensive tour of Europe than we managed on our trip abroad some years ago.

My personal history is rather brief. I was born in Cloquet, Minnesota, and lived there until a year after finishing high school. When I was five, my family was in the fire which destroyed the town. We were not aware of the danger until too late to take the last train to Duluth so we went down to the paper mill which was on the St. Louis River. The wind changed during the night and the mill wasn't burned. I remember that, before leaving the house, my father carefully locked the doors after changing from his best suit of clothes to an older suit. Both were unnecessary precautions as the next time we saw the house, there was nothing left except the basement.

I went to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart grade school, Cloquet High, did some local news stories for the Associated Press the next year, and then attended the University of Minnesota where I joined Sigma Kappa, a national sorority. That being the depression, it was impossible to finish college, so I went to a business school in Milwaukee and then worked in the Promotion Department of the *Milwaukee Journal.*

I met my future husband at the Journal, and we were married in 1938. We have two children: Weldon and Lynn. My husband still works for The Journal and is now assistant circulation manager.

BOOKS: The following published by Bobbs-Merrill: *The Gallant Years*, 1946: *Ride East! Ride West!* 1947; *No Wall So High*, 1949; *The Ironmaster*, 1951; *The Only Sin*, 1953; *The Thousand Fires*, 1956; *Ride with Danger* (teen-age novel), 1958. *No King But Caesar*, Doubleday & Co., 1960.

THEODORE PRATT

It is said that the first years of a person's life mold his future. By that premise, Minnesota may be proud of its influence on Theodore Pratt; for it was here he spent the first fourteen years of his life. He remembers, with affection, "Minneapolis and Minnesota—the wonderful skiing and tobogganing down the hill to Lake Harriet, and the fine summers at Lake Minnetonka as a boy with a canoe and a fishline."

Perhaps Mr. Pratt's most popular novel is "The Barefoot Mailman," which was filmed by Warner Brothers and is still being shown. Floridians have thought so highly of this book that murals of the barefoot mailman are in the West Palm Beach post office, and there are colored postcards of this character. Even a hotel, in which Mr. Pratt has no financial interest, bears the name of his book—The Barefoot Mailman at Pampano Beach.

He is now working on the outdoor drama version of his "Seminole," which tells the heart-rending true story of the Seminole Indians. He is looking forward to the time when it can be produced for the benefit of the Seminoles. He says, "It would not only be good business, but it would be a fine thing which, I feel, the white man owes to the Seminoles after our unspeakable treatment of them during the Seminole wars and the settlement of Florida. By benefits I do not mean handouts in the manner of a welfare state, but the establishment of a handicraft school to help them in their own work, the building of a true Seminole village for the tourist trade, employment in the drama, and perhaps the establishment of a Seminole museum for the state of Florida."

I was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on April 26, 1901, and lived there in the Lake Harriet region, with summers being spent at Lake Minnetonka, until 1915, when my family moved to New Rochelle, New York. There I became editor of the high school paper and a summer reporter on the local newspaper. That convinced me to be nothing else than a writer. While still in high school, I managed to sell my first stories to second-rate magazines. In college, for two years at Colgate and two more at Columbia, I managed to do the same. I was not interested in taking subjects that led to a degree and was allowed to be a special student, studying only what I wanted.

With passage supplied by my family and money saved from my early writing and newspaper jobs, in 1924 I went to Europe and lived for a year, mostly in France, though traveling in Italy, Switzerland, and elsewhere in Europe. This was a wonderful year, with France and its entire artistic outlook a stimulating eye-opener for me.

Back home, I worked at three jobs at once: playreader for a Broadway producer, covering all New York plays for the Fox Film Corporation, and columnist for "Variety." I wrote some one-act plays which were produced around the country and published in Frank Shay anthologies, such as "Inside Stuff" in *Plays for Strolling Mummers,* and "Escape" in *More Contemporary One Act Plays.*

In 1929, I married Belle Jacques and in the week of the stock market crash we sailed to Europe, where we remained for four years, two in France in Cagnes-sur-Mer on the Riviera, and two in Majorca in the tiny fishing village of Puerto de Pollensa. During this time I wrote many articles, in fiction form, of our experiences for *The New Yorker* and a few other magazines. Later, in 1944, these were collected in the volume, "Perils in Provence." In 1933, I wrote an article for Henry Mencken's *The American Mercury,* "Paradise Enjoys a Boom," depicting conditions in Majorca which had been world-toured as a tourist escape place. This was translated in the Spanish press, creating such ill-feeling toward me that a small bomb was exploded in front of our house, at which a mob appeared, to be dispersed by the police. Our passport was taken up and we had to leave Pollensa under guard for the capital, Palma, where we lived in hiding for ten days until our passport was returned, and we left Spain.

In 1934, we went to Florida to live for seven months of the year, going north the other five. There I fell in love with the place, as a fresh subject about which to write, to such an extent that, to date, 1960, I have written twelve of my twenty-eight books about Florida. But I see I am a little ahead of myself. In 1933, my first novel, "Spring from Downward," a story of the American depression, was published in England but has never appeared in the United States. In 1934, my second novel was published in England under the title, "Without the Wedding," and in the United States "Not Without the Wedding," a publishing quirk I have not yet figured out and probably never shall.

My first serious Florida novel, after three murder mysteries written under the name, Timothy Brace, purely to make a little money, was "Big Blow," issued by Little, Brown in 1936. In 1938 I dramatized this and the play was produced by the Federal Theatre at Maxine Elliott's Theatre in New York, where it ran for six months, and was one of the few plays ever to return a profit to the government theatre.

In 1944, after being turned down by both the Army and Navy, I wrote a novel, "Mr. Winkle Goes to War," which immediately sold to Hollywood. Columbia Pictures had me wrapped up and shipped out there to work on the screenplay. Previous to this, my Florida novel, "Mercy Island," laid in the Florida Keys, had sold to Republic Pictures and been made into a film. During this same time I wrote an original story, "Juke Girl;" which Warner Brothers filmed.

Meanwhile I had begun a trilogy of novels in which I planned to depict life along the southeast coast of Florida from the 1880's to the 1920's. The first of these was on a subject which had fascinated me since I first went to Florida, that of a mailman, walking barefoot on the beach, carrying the mail between Palm Beach and Miami. I titled the book "The Barefoot Mailman." Several publishers turned it down, including the one who was then shown "Mr. Winkle," who said it was a fine book but did not think it would sell. I took the position that if they wanted "Mr. Winkle" they must take "The Barefoot Mailman" as well, which they did. "Winkle" was a flash best-seller for a few months, then died. "The Barefoot Mailman" at this date is in its twelfth printing and looks as if it might keep on for a long time. It was made into a color motion picture by Columbia pictures.

Later I published the second in the trilogy, "The Flame Tree," telling of Henry Flagler's opening up the coast Bradley's famous gambling place in Palm Beach, the great Royal Poinciana Hotel there, and the private railroad-car millionaire era of Florida. Still later I completed the trilogy with "The Big Bubble," telling of the Florida boom and bust of the '20's. I am flattered to have these books now studied in state colleges and universities.

Another Florida book of mine is "Seminole," which came out of my starting in 1950 to have some of my books published in original low-priced paperbacks, such as "The Tormented." This is a serious study of the tragedy of Nymphomania. As such, being on a sex subject, it is regarded by our curious American approach to sex as a dirty sex book, but I defy any fair-minded person to find a salacious sentence in it; the Saturday Review called it an "honest" book. This was rejected by thirty-three publishers before the thirty-fourth accepted it, following my agreement to have them show it to a famous psychiatrist on the basis that, if he said it was sound, they would publish it—the physician asked to write the introduction, which he did. Some of my later paperbacks were pure pot-boilers to make money, but others were not.

Such, decidedly, is "Seminole," the true story of how the Indians of Florida, including their great leader, Osceola, were treated by the white world. This is a "straight" book with no lurid sex or sensational aspects to it, and has so been regarded, for instance, by the *New York Times,* which gave it one of the first full-fledged reviews of an original paperback they ever published, and called it "a better book than most hard-bound historical novels." I wrote an outdoor drama version of this story before the novel, the play being published by the University of Florida Press. I have rewritten this play a number of times and hope to get the script produced in Florida after many abortive attempts to do so.

From all this Florida writing of mine I am known locally as "the barefoot mailman," while the *Miami Herald* has labeled me "the literary laureate of Florida." Sometimes the material for the books did not come easily. I was nearly killed in a hurricane when I went out in one to see it close in order to write about it. My article, subsequently used as book material, about life in the bean-picking fields around Lake Okechobee, in 1941 in *The Saturday Evening Post,* caused a mob to organize with the threat to lynch me. They were stopped by the authorities and the section later thanked me for calling attention to the conditions there so that the government poured in money to clean them up. When gathering material about the wonderful southwest coast of the state, now part of the Everglades National Park, I was lost with others when our boat ran out of gas, and only by lucky chance was able to get back.

My twenty-ninth book, "The Lovers of Pompeii," will be published in 1961 as an original paperback. I am working on my thirtieth, and thirteenth about Florida, and hope to do even more.

My greatest satisfaction as a writer is the hope that possibly two or three of all these books are good ones which truly illuminate and reflect the life and times with which they deal. I live year-round in Florida now in a centrally air-conditioned house west of Delray Beach as far as I can get from the tourist coast without falling into the Everglades.

BOOKS: *Spring from Downward* (U. S. depression), Selwyn and Blount, London, 1933; *Not Without the Wedding,* Dutton, 1935; *Big Blow,* Little, Brown, 1936; *Murder Goes Fishing,* Dutton, 1936; *Murder Goes to the Dogs* (Florida dog track life), Dutton, 1938; *Murder Goes to the World's Fair,* Dutton, 1939; *Mercy Island,* Knopf, 1941; *The Barefoot Mailman* (1880's, southeast Florida), Duell, 1943; *Mr. Limpet,* Knopf, 1943; *Mr. Winkle Goes to War,* Duell, 1943; *Thunder Mountain,* Duell, 1944; *Perils in Provence* (collection of stories), Duell, 1944; *Miss Dilly Says No,* Duell, 1945; *Valley Boy* (story of San Fernando Valley, California), Duell, 1946; *Mr. Thurtle's Trolley* (last days of trolley cars), Duell, 1947; *The Flame Tree,* Mead, 1951; *The Big Bubble* (Florida boom of the 1920's), Duell, 1951; *Seminole,* University of Florida Press, 1953; *Florida Roundabout,* 1959; *The Lovers of Pompeii,* Monarch Books, 1961.

ALICE PRENDERGAST

In spite of her illness—a victim of paralysis and confined to St. Joseph Hospital, St. Paul—Alice Prendergast has never lost interest in world affairs. She was born in St. Paul in 1884, and became a teacher in the high schools there until her retirement in 1943. She feels she has always been interested in writing, and has devoted years in research to maintain the authenticity of the locales and to preserve a realism in the portrayal of characters in her stories and novels. Her books are fictional stories against a background of actuality. She has written short stories for magazines and a column for The Wanderer *in St. Paul.*

The first words I remember were spoken in St. Paul, Minnesota. "It's another girl," the doctor said.

"I'm glad of that," Mother replied. "I wanted a girl."

"Boys are less trouble," spoke up Dad, "but you'll have your way. You always have. As yet we have only six children and this is the seventh. She is one foot ahead of the journey." Three other children followed me. That was how I started.

When I was five years old, they sent me to school, partly because I was bright but more because I was a nuisance at home. I wrote my first novel at ten. It was full of blood, thunder, and war, from my father's experiences as a drummer boy in the Civil War. No editor clamored for the story and, as yet, it is on the library shelf.

I was graduated from Central High School in St. Paul, the University of Chicago, and earned my Master of Arts degree at the University of Minnesota. I took postgraduate work at Columbia University and the University of Southern California.

My teaching experiences of Latin and English were all in high schools—Central, Mechanic Arts, and Harding—so I know the teen-ager and his problems. "Little Peter and Pierre La Duke" story grew out of that work.

After my mother died, I spent my summers in Washington, D.C., studying politics at first hand. I have spent two summers touring Europe and acquired a love of Italy and France that has never left me.

The last few years before my illness, I put in six terms in the professional writing class at Columbia University. Now I would like to publish a novel, "Dancing Boy," and two plays.

BOOKS: *Swift Arrow* (true story of Sioux Indian uprising in Minnesota), T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1957; *Doorstep to Heaven* (novel on evolution of human soul—takes place in Lower East Side, New York), T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1958.

MARTIN P. QUIGLEY

Martin Quigley, who now makes his home in University City, Missouri, lived in Minneapolis, Minnesota, from 1925 to 1929 and from 1934 to 1938. He is the author of three novels which have nostalgic and humorous flashbacks to experiences in his own life. He has also collaborated with former baseball player, Joe Garagiola, to produce a book of sport anecdotes called "Baseball is a Funny Game." He is not only an author but also senior partner for the public relations firm, Fleishman-Hillard, Incorporated, of St. Louis, Missouri.

◆

I was born in 1913 in a small town in northwestern Minnesota named Lake Park, the second of a family of four children.

My father, an Irish Catholic, originally out of Iron Mountain, Missouri, and later St. Louis, was a civil engineer. My mother, a Norwegian Lutheran, was the daughter of the proprietor of the Lake Park Hotel, at which my father stayed while surveying for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Dad followed railroad construction and mining work throughout the West, and we followed him.

I finished high school in Spokane, and it took me three years to get to the University of Minnesota, on account of the death of my father and the depression. During this time I did the usual things—C.C.C., construction work, played ball, bummed around a little, and so forth.

At the University, I was active in student publications such as Ski-U-Mah, the humor magazine, columnist for the *Minnesota Daily,* and contributor to the literary magazine. I followed Eric Sevareid, now with Columbia Broadcasting

System, and Bill Kennedy, now columnist for the Los Angeles *Herald-Express,* as a *Daily* columnist, and was followed by such student writers as Max Shulman and the late Tom Heggen. We enjoyed a very lively campus and stirring times as far as the minds of the young are concerned.

After my graduation in 1938, I went to work as a reporter for the Springfield, Missouri, *Daily News,* the *Kansas City Star, Minneapolis Tribune,* and *Daily Times.* There was a lot of fine talent on all those newspapers in those days.

I was drafted and served as a sergeant with the Twelfth Air Force in North Africa, Italy, Corsica, and so forth, after which I went to New York and got a job in a fancy Madison Avenue public relations firm. After a few years I became tired of New York and hired out to the Ford Foundation under Paul G. Hoffman, Robert K. Hutchins, and others, and went out to California. It is not as much fun to give away money as people think, and I quit when Hoffman and Hutchins left. I joined the St. Louis public relations firm, Fleishman, Hillard, Incorporated, as a partner in 1952, and have been here since.

Now I live in a pleasant home with lots of trees around it with my wife, Margaret, whom I met at the University of Minnesota and was married to in 1939, and our only child, Catherine, who was born in 1952. We also have a home in East Hampton at the end of Long Island, where we usually spend the summer.

I always have a novel in the works. In addition I do a good many other kinds of writing—magazine, television, and, at present, a book for a musical comedy.

BOOKS: All published by J. B. Lippincott Company: *A Tent on Corsica,* 1949; *The Secret Project of Sigurd O'Leary,* 1959; *Winners and Losers,* 1961; *Baseball Is a Funny Game* (with Joe Garagiola).

ESTHER E. REINECKE

Her close contact with children is probably the reason for Esther E. Reinecke's interest in writing stories for them. She is a Minneapolis elementary public school librarian, and formerly a grade school principal in Watertown, South Dakota. She holds a bachelor of science degree in education from Northern States Teachers College, Aberdeen, South Dakota, and a degree in library science from the University of Denver, Denver, Colorado.

She is a charter member of Eratonians, a group of people interested in writing poetry, and has served as regional vice-president of the South Dakota Poetry Society.

* * *

Sister Grace and I sat, rather forlornly, occcupied with the heartbreaking task that comes to everyone sometime—sorting mama's things, the dear keepsakes that had meant so much to her, but little to anyone else. From time to time we found little packets of papers, each neatly labeled, "Esther's poems, age 6," "Esther's stories, age 8." And I had forgotten all about them! Recollections raced across my mind: I had been the playwright, let someone else produce; I had been the spinner of yarns, let others listen; and I wrote the pathetic verse that I called poems. I remember, too, when I was reprimanded because I allowed the evening meal to burn, for I had become too engrossed in writing a "poem." In a world of dreams, what are a few burned potatoes?

In my childhood there were no luxuries, but the necessities were abundant, and life was interesting. As children we had pets from polliwogs to ponies; there was always a kitten to play with, which grew up into a cat and produced more kittens to love. One riding on my shoulder and a fuzzy baby chicken cuddled in my poccket were not unusual companions. Astride a grey pony we brought in the cows at milking time with the help of a well-trained dog who was smart enough to find our cattle among hundreds of others on the range. He would expertly nudge them home or "heel" a reluctant dawdler.

A drive to the gulches each fall to pick wild grapes and bushels of garnet plums frosted with bloom was a good excuse for a picnic. I never cared about bridge or cards of any kind. Tossing about bits of paper painted with spots and faces never intrigued me—but to dance! Sometimes I wonder how many times I may have danced around the world on my toes.

There were times—precious, laughable—and times filled with tribulation. It is fortunate that the unhappy times seem partially hidden by the fog of years and the blessing of forgetfulness. The heart-breaking loss of our own is tempered by the memory of gay times together, and often I smile at the funny little witticisms so drolly spoken.

More than several years ago, at the ripe age of seventeen, I sat with others at a long table with pen and paper before me. Fright pulsed through my veins, driven by a racing heart. I was about to take an examination to become a licensed teacher in the state of South Dakota.

The reason for this was simple. To be a nurse one must have a high school diploma with three years of study, and, too, uniforms were expensive. To become a stenographer or a bookkeeper, one must have training and that cost money, and I had no money. If one wanted to teach, one must attend normal school for a certain length of time and that meant funds for tuition and books, and I had no funds. One alternative was that an applicant for a teacher's certificate must have an eighth grade education and pass a state teacher's examination. I had the eighth grade education; I had much more—I had attended high school for all of six months, so

I felt more than qualified! And I was attempting to pass that teacher's examination.

When the returns from the state arrived I was afraid to open the long and imposing envelope. Clearly the letter stated that the Board would issue me a "Permit to Teach" until I arrived at the advanced age of eighteen, at which time they would forward to me a regular teacher's certificate.

Soon my eyes were set on a degree, so college attendance filled the following years. I became a fixture in the campus library every summer. Each winter I enrolled in as many extension courses as the law would allow. I managed, so far as possible, to take courses in journalism, creative poetry, or some type of writing. Term themes, never a chore, always were ready long before the deadline. This had nothing to do with intellectual capacities—I just enjoyed doing them.

Looking back, I can laugh at a period called "the starving time." With a few friends, I decided to forego my noon lunch in order to save enough money to buy my current boy friend a Christmas present. I am sure that is when the saying, "Give until it hurts," originated!

The incident I love most happened one night shortly before Christmas. Papa was in town, sister Grace had not yet returned home for her Christmas vacation, and little sister Alta was sleeping. Mama and I were alone in the kitchen making our holiday candy. We kneaded batches of white fondant into soft creaminess and then covered it with bitter sweet chocolate. We pulled taffy to satin smoothness and cut it into bite-size lengths with kitchen shears. We poured richly buttered syrup over corn and formed it into tender balls.

As I look back on this time it stands out clear and shining. Mama and I were alone together, everything else shut out by miles of deep and brittle snow. The snug kitchen with its warm sweet smell of boiling sugar and freshly popped corn was the whole world. I am sure this is my most precious memory—the time I was alone for a while with mama.

Books: The following published by T. S. Denison and Co., Inc.: *Tim and the Green-eyed Monster,* 1959; *Punkin's First Halloween,* 1960; *Tim Listens and Learns,* 1960.

JAMES PATRICK RICHARDSON

James Patrick Richardson was born October 16, 1921, in St. Paul, where he attended Randolph Heights Public School, St. Luke's, and Cretin High School. He was graduated from the University of Minnesota and was elected to Sigma Delta Chi, the journalism fraternity, and to Delta Phi Lambda, the creative writing society. He studied voice with Meta Birnbach at the Minneapolis College of Music.

He has written biography, fiction, children's stories, and verse—in addition to radio, television, newspaper and advertising copy. He began writing for young readers when, on a university graduate school fellowship in 1945, he was assigned to scripts for the Minnesota School of the Air. After his marriage in 1950, he stayed in Denver, Colorado, where he was sports editor for the Denver Register *and wrote a magazine series on such topics as "How Teen-age Girls Should Watch Football Games" and "Drive Cars." Next he was advertisement manager for* Amarillo Register *(Texas) and wrote a series of paperbacks on Bible stories and also a syndicated economics column. In 1954, he returned to St. Paul and WCCO-TV and was an assistant news editor 1955-1958. In 1958-1959, he was deputy commissioner of finance for the city of St. Paul. He is now copy chief for Fishbein Advertising Agency.*

In the 1920's of my childhood, my father took us children on many outings. I remember Fort Snelling, where he had played as a boy, and the St. Paul Public Library, which was near his office, where a sad-eyed counterman, named Mr. Lennon, made the best malted milks I ever tasted. And Dad also took us to all kinds of sports events. And so my World Away was made up of Indians, books, malts, and cheering crowds ruled by leaders like Bronco Nagurski.

At home, in a quiet neighborhood of bungalows and two-story houses that looked alike, my mother gave me a different view of the Great World beyond the little creek two blocks away—where we caught frogs and pollywogs. Catherine Delia Connolly had come from County Galway when she was eighteen. Now she had met and married my father *after* he had gone to Ireland himself to live with his Uncle Thomas, and had come home to settle down in Minnesota! So fatefully was I born in the shadow of Cherokee Heights near the Mississippi rather than overlooking Galway Bay, where leprechauns and tinkers and other Irish rebels surely could make life more exciting than the civilized people and the Democrats who came to our house to talk and drink home-brew. Nevertheless, many evenings we children got out of bed and eavesdropped at the top of the stairs, learning ever more about life. After all, didn't Mother tell us that people worked hard at being civilized?

Grandmother Richardson, unlike my mother, took civilization for granted. She advocated the heredity of acquired characteristics; she insisted that her grandchildren could expect to be literate because they were descended from Sir Thomas More. (She was otherwise scientific in her attitudes; she belittled, for example, the effect of kissing the blarney-stone.) I might have inherited Sir Thomas' longing for a Utopia or other perfect No-place; and I have wished that Henry VIII had not cut short poor Tom's career as he did (at the throat); and I have wondered if, perhaps, I did not inherit his characteristic of sticking out his neck. Besides, I think that I inherited my grandmother's weakness for a likely story.

Grandmother hated her father-in-law's father, whom she described as a "blue-blooded, red-coated Orangeman," and so made me wish that I could see my ancestors in a technicolor snapshot album. One of his disobedient sons, my great-grandfather, eloped with a Belfast colleen and became an expatriate in the South—at Dundalk. And his eight sons sailed away in all directions—one to Calcutta, another to Sydney, others to New York, and several to St. Paul, where my grandfather became a celebrated Minnesota writer!

Patrick Richardson was celebrated not for what he wrote, surely, but instead for the way he wrote it. Grandfather was a Minnesota champion penman and won awards at state fairs for verse written in an elaborate scroll with lavender ink. This has had its influence on me: sixty years later, in 1958, I entered a verse in the Minnesota Centennial Poetry Festival Contest and won a gold ribbon and a prize check signed by Governor Freeman.

Grandfather left me other inspirations, too. He ventured in the 19th century to open a St. Paul plumbing business on Lake Street in Minneapolis—a daring thing—and to install plumbing in the Brown Palace Hotel at Denver; and I, too, have dared to journey to Minneapolis on business—and there to court my bride, Joan Laub Turner. We eloped to Denver, where we were wed in St. Paul's Chapel of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception—a civilized elopement!

Since we decided to leave Minnesota at that time and since we stayed away a few years, Colorado was a logical retreat. In a way, Colorado is more civilized than Minnesota or maybe merely more cosmopolitan. No matter. Somehow we found our way back home to the North Star State, where the struggle for civilization goes on.

At age eight I had begun to write. I remember writing "Joe Is a Runt." Then Joe, my younger brother, grew to be a giant. This experience should have taught me how dangerous and unprofitable writing can be. But writing is a weapon. I, the eldest, was the dumbcluck in our family. Joe excelled at sports and math and science—even at playing soldier in the cadet corps at school. Our sister Mary excelled in language and debate. Sister Catherine was wittier. Sister Patricia was better at the piano. If I could out-daydream them and write about it, I would. I could write better than I could talk, so I practiced writing. I worked at surpassing my classmates and friends, too.

I have earned some money writing what business men paid me to write—even paid me in advance. And I have enjoyed the vain thrill of having book reviewers and literary critics approve my writing. This, I confess, is a great feeling!

I would like to do a play and a new novel and a musical, too, and new poetry, but a family man has only so much time to waste. My family, to date, includes six sons and two daughters—all storytellers. When he was seven, John found an error in my Mayo book galley proofs. James III rewrote "The Three Bears" when he was seven; and Joseph, his twin, was literary critic for James' version. Michael, Mary, Thomas, Catherine, and Patrick review books for each other. Still these products of Minnesota's civilization have acquired a characteristic from their mother—a bare-faced honesty. And so they will tell you that Minnesota's climate cannot hold a penny-candle to Ireland's weather. In truth, a Colorado winter is milder than a Minnesota springtime.

And I have taken them to Fort Snelling, to the library, for malts, and to games, too—and the struggle for civilization continues.

BOOKS: *The Church Year*, Topix Press, 1954; *The Joyful Season*, Cathedral Guild, 1955; *Mother Alfred and the Doctors Mayo*, Benziger Brothers, 1959; *Dr. Mayo's Guardian Angel* (drama), TV Playhouse, 1960.

MABEL OTIS ROBISON

"The only way you can get to be a writer is to write," Mabel Otis Robison tells her classes in creative writing at Vocational High School. She herself spends from seven-thirty in the morning until noon on her own writing. Much of her work is purely the product of her experiences and imagination. Sometimes, from research into old books and manuscripts at the library, she finds the events and characters come alive and she is urged to present them, as she sees them. Write she must, she says, for "writing is a germ. It bothers you all your life and you cannot get away from it."

◆

One becomes an aspiring writer when bitten by the bug. Sometimes this strange malady lies dormant for years although the victim always feels the urge to express himself in writing.

Looking back, I try to remember when the bug got me. I don't know. But this I do know—my whole career, from teen-age efforts until the present time, has been fostered by frustration.

I was just six years old when my father died, leaving my mother with three children—myself, the oldest. Mother and Father had been planning a trip from Valley City, North Dakota, to Granite Falls, Minnesota, in a surrey with a fringe on top and a spanking team of horses. We were going to camp along the way and visit relatives when we got there.

We went to Granite Falls but it wasn't in the surrey. Father went in a coffin and we went to stay with Aunt Jennie. Oh, I hope everyone has an Aunt Jennie in his family, a sweet smiling woman who can cook and bake the things children like and seems never to be disturbed. Mother, who had an artistic nature, was encouraged to take an apprentice course in a millinery store. At that time, women's hats were all bows and flowers and birds.

Mornings, we three children roamed the hills and rocks about the town. Afternoons, Mother took us fishing. We didn't realize that just sitting beside the water with a fishpole in her hands helped to comfort Mother. Sometimes we even caught fish.

Mother finished her course. There had been a little insurance and she used the money to buy a stock of goods and open a small millinery store at Wood Lake. I wonder how we survived. It was lucky for us that women did not go bareheaded then.

Saturday, when we were home from school, was wash day. My brother turned the wringer, I rubbed on the board, and our little sister got various parts of her anatomy caught in the wringer, while Mother took a hand between customers.

I, being the oldest, kept house while Mother went to the shop to trim hats, steam velvet, and cover buckram frames. Our bookcase held about thirty-five volumes by Wilkie Collins, which Father had once bought for Mother. I always had a copy of one of his books propped beside the dish pan or carried in one hand while I did what had to be done. Few know Wilkie Collins today but his motto for successful writing was, "Make them laugh, make them cry, make them wait." I understood little of the crime or sex but I was fascinated by the stories.

When I was ready for high school, Mother moved to Minneapolis and opened a small confectionery store. Determined by then to be a teacher, I literally clawed my way through high school and into the university to get a teaching certificate. As soon as I was able to get a position, Mother gave up keeping a store. She told me I would have to take care of her and I did. I sent most of every check home when I was away teaching and, after taking time out for summer school at the university, I worked at whatever I could get to help balance the always unbalanced budget until my school opened again in the fall.

By that time, the writing bug was pressing me. I studied writing by correspondence, in night courses and private classes. I sold a poem to a teacher's magazine about shaping the clay of youth. I heard a boy say he was ashamed of his mother and I wrote a tale about that and sold it to *True Story Magazine.* I thought that made me a writer but I was to learn otherwise.

Through teaching, a term as postmistress in a North Dakota town, an unsuccessful marriage and three children, I kept on writing. There was an awful setback when my first two small grandsons were burned to death, followed by a long fight against cancer which I finally won. I decided then that God must still need me here on earth for something and that something seemed to be writing. So I continue to write many hours a day. Maybe I shall never do anything earth-shaking but, by writing and teaching others to write, I have found as nearly perfect happiness as is granted to most human beings.

When I am asked about my hobbies, I say, "Grandchildren." The last one made number thirteen and each one gets a little dearer as he, or she, appears. My greatest pride comes when my seven-year-old grandson brings his little friends to meet me. He always says, "This is my grandma. Her name is Mabel Otis Robison. She writes books."

BOOKS: *Charcoal Faces* (Juvenile), Bruce, 1956. The following books published by T. S. Denison and Co., Inc.: *Pioneer Panorama* (Minnesota Historical), 1957; *Minnesota Pioneers* (Historical), 1958; *Camping and Outdoor Cooking* (Cook Book with Rae Oetting), 1958; *Mystic Wonderlands* (Story of Caves), 1959; *Straight Tongue* (Story of Bishop Whipple), completed by Mrs. Robison after the death of Dr. Phillips Endecott Osgood, who had it partly done, 1958.

CAPTAIN LOUIS H. RODDIS, M.D.

Captain Louis Harry Roddis, retired medical officer of the United States Navy, has a busy life with a wide range of interests. He is an enthusiastic amateur botanist, enjoys book collecting — especially Don Quixote and naval history, and has written many articles and books on scientific, medical, and Minnesota history. At present, he is collecting a series of published articles about medical poets, which he plans to assemble in a book. He is also preparing a new printing of his own book on the "Indian Wars of Minnesota" for 1962, the Civil War Centenary of the Sioux uprising in the Minnesota Valley in 1862. He reviews books, and writes a medical history page for the Current Medical Digest. *He has been awarded several medals and decorations: Victory Medal of World War I, American campaign, and the Asiatic-Pacific Medal with operation stars; World War II Medal and the Navy Commendation ribbon and pendant. In 1943, he was the recipient of the Sir Henry Wellcome medal and prize in military medicine; and in 1957, the outstanding Achievement Award of the University of Minnesota. He is a member of several professional societies: American Medical Association, American College of Physicians, Association of Military Surgeons, American Association for the Advancement of Science, Minnesota Historical Society. He belongs to Army and Navy Club of Washington, D.C., Carabao, and the Liars Club of Burlington, Wisconsin.*

He lived in Osakis, Todd County, Minnesota, from 1896 to 1914, and in St. Paul from then until 1928. In 1916, he married Winifred E. Stiles of St. Paul. At present, they are living in San Diego, California. They have two grown sons: Louis H. Roddis, Jr., and Richard S. L. Roddis. Both Dr. Roddis and his son, Louis, are in Who's Who, *one of the few instances of father-son inclusion in that volume.*

A farm in Cherokee County, Iowa, was my birthplace on February 16, 1887. My father, Henry Roddis, was from England; my mother, Clara Eva Schlinger, a native of Germany. They were homesteaders in Cherokee County in 1869 and one of my brothers was the first white child born in Sheridan Township. I was the youngest of ten children, six boys and four girls, and two daughters of my oldest sister went to high school with me, one of them being several months older than her uncle! My people moved to Todd County, Minnesota, in 1895, and I grew up on a farm on the shore of Lake Osakis, one of the beautiful lakes in the so-called park region of the state.

Cordwood, lumber, prickly ash poles for barrel hoops, and short blocks of basswood that were sawed into barrel heads were important cash crops as well as the wheat, rye, corn, oats, potatoes, and buckwheat raised in the clearings. Dairy herds and the co-operative creamery were beginning to appear but there was still much of the atmosphere of the frontier. The wild rice and rushes at the edge of the lake were thickly studded with muskrat houses. Wolves, foxes, skunks, and mink devastated the gardens and poultry houses. A young black bear invaded our smokehouse and carried off a ham. I went to school in a real little red schoolhouse on our northwest forty, and in winter made the trip on snowshoes. I can truthfully say that I grew up on a backwoods farm with all the varied experiences it afforded.

After graduation from Osakis High School I went to the University of Minnesota where I received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1913 at the end of the combined academic and medical course. I had taken the examination for the medical corps of the Navy and, after eight months postgraduate work at the Naval Medical School, Washington, D.C., was appointed an assistant surgeon in the United States Navy. My first commission was signed by President Woodrow Wilson and Josephus Daniels, then secretary of the Navy. After a short service with the Marines, I was ordered to the Asiatic station where I served a year on a gunboat cruising on the Yangtze River and from port to port on the China coast. For eighteen months more I was at the naval hospital at Canacao, Philippine Islands, where, among other duties, I was in charge of a native clinic and treated thirty to sixty cases of tropical disease daily, a most interesting experience that turned me to the specialty of tropical medicine. Several years later, research carried on with Dr. G. W. Cooper led to the discovery that the blood pressure was lower in the tropics than in the temperate zone.

During thirty-seven years of active duty in the regular Navy I passed through all the grades to captain of the medical corps and saw service in the scouting and battle fleets and on almost all types of ships. Of shore duty beyond the seas, one of the most interesting was as executive officer of the naval hospital at Pearl Harbor from 1937 to 1939. Our house overlooked the scene of the attack on December 7 by the Japanese in 1941, and our oldest son was a young ensign on a battleship there. In the Philippines, our house was on the shore of the bay where Dewey defeated the Spanish squadron in 1898. Fourteen years of my shore duty in the United States were spent in Washington, D.C., as editor of the official medical journal of the Navy and as chief of publications and public relations of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Navy Department. In 1944, I was senior medical officer of the hospital ship, *Relief,* in the campaign in the central Pacific and was at the taking of Saipan and Tinian. My last duty was as editor of the official naval medical history of World War II.

The things a man particularly likes often give a graphic picture of his character and personality. Here are my favorites: poets: Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson; states: Minnesota, Iowa, California; times of the year: spring and autumn; neckties: evening bows; naval uniform: white service and mess jacket; wild animals: squirrel, fox, reindeer; guns: 30-30 Winchester; cities: Minneapolis, Washington, D.C.; flowers: lilac, peony, ladyslipper; sports: tennis, riding, baseball; games: backgammon, chess, cribbage; hymns: Cool Siloam's Shady Rill, Lily of the Valley; meal: breakfast; colors: scarlet, blue, yellow; diseases in medical work: tropical, especially malaria; favorite surgery: traumatic (accident surgery); domestic animals: collie dog, sheep.

BOOKS: *Edward Jenner and the Discovery of Smallpox Vaccination* (biography), George Banta, Publisher, 1930; *James Withering and Digitalis* (biography), Paul B. Hoeber, 1935; *A Short History of Nautical Medicine*, Hoeber, 1941; *James Lind, Founder of Nautical Medicine* (biography), Schuman (in Life and Science Library), 1950; *The Indian Wars of Minnesota* (history), Torch Press, 1956.

CALVIN RUTSTRUM

"One is educated to the extent that he knows how to do things" has been said. How true this statement is when applied to Calvin Rutstrum. He lacked formal education but, through reading, experience, and desire to learn, he has led a truly successful and satisfying life. With his knowledge of the out-of-doors, he has made important contributions to literature and science. He and his wife usually live for six months in their modern stone house at Marine-on-the-St. Croix and the rest of the year in their cabin in the Ontario, Canada, wilderness or on Lake Superior's North Shore near Grand Portage, where he is developing a research and writing station for the hot summer months. He has built his own houses without outside help. In Ontario he used material from a dismantled Indian school. To guide his exploits in the wilderness, he has used navigation and surveying instruments of his own making. He is the owner of the Way of the Wilderness Canoe Outfitters and the Way of the Wilderness Trading Post, which he leases to separate managers.

He has helped others to the enjoyment of the great outdoors. Each of the past ten years, he has sent an average of two hundred girls and boys, in organized camps, on canoe trips; and, with a staff of men and women, supervised their training. He has conducted a summer lecture series for the National Audubon Society; organized the equipment, food budgets, and travel facilities for natural history expeditions.

Mr. Rutstrum was born in Hobart, Indiana, in 1895. He moved to St. Paul in 1898, then lived intermittently in Minneapolis until 1940 when he built a home at Marine-on-the-St. Croix.

He has written numerous articles for magazines, is a newspaper columnist for Post-Messenger, *and a regular contributor to* The American Annual of Photography. *At present he has four book manuscripts in various stages of completion: "North American Canoe Country," "Chips from a Wilderness Log," "Paradise Below Zero," "How to Keep from Getting Lost on Land or Sea."*

◆

Addressing a student audience recently in a mid-western college, I was asked to explain the secret (a nebulous factor) of consistent manuscript acceptance by publishers. The master of ceremonies interposed, "I think the speaker's secret is that he is not handicapped by a college education."

Like a loaded question, this was a loaded answer. Had the M.C. been correct, then without a college or high school education, and with only part of a grammar school education, I was apparently geared for publication acceptance. Obviously, what the M.C. was suggesting, and duly made clear, was that academic training, despite its great importance, cannot replace intensive living nor supply the creative force. What he failed to point out was that acquiring educational training without direction by academic centers of learning is, on the other hand, one of life's toughest assignments.

With death stalking impersonally and roughshod through my family at an early age, I was destined more for a life of adventure than proper schooling. Earliest of my recollections is the burial of my father. In those days you stood at the edge of the grave and watched the casket being lowered into the ground by means of greased leather straps. And you were not, as today, spared the stark reality of seeing gravel and boulders bouncing noisily and irreverently off the casket lid. I still retain from this grim disposition of my father a lingering tendency to claustrophobia, and perhaps some bewilderment about death.

Mark Twain might have gathered material for another Huckleberry Finn, had he chronicled the adventures of us boys who lived along the Mississippi River. We rode the "jumbos" (giant pine logs from logging operations) in birling fashion down the Mississippi for many miles—running from log to log and leaping precariously ashore as our craft entered the booms created above the waterfalls. It required days to get back home, but we slept before a fire in the mouths of caves or under the rock over-hang of cliffs, eating the fish we caught and what we could "harvest" from farm plots along the way. It did not occur to us that survival, where our subsistence was concerned, was at all difficult, or even a significant part of these ventures. This lack of inordinate concern over maintaining subsistence has, I think, greatly influenced and probably expedited my wilderness travel in the last century.

At the age of sixteen, without effective child-labor laws, I had already held a steady job for two years. And with twenty-five dollars saved at "the close of this biennium," I headed for the cattle range of Montana.

My destination was a small cattle town on the banks of the Mussel-shell River. There on a bit of dry turf near the river I deposited my bed roll. Not one, but a pair of rattlesnakes were already occupying this spot in the sun and coiled defiantly as I surprised them. Fascinated by their threat to human life, by the complex structure of their rattles, I wondered what significant, rational place the rattle-and-fang combination could possibly hold in the scheme of nature. When I did not contest their right to life and infamy, they slowly slithered off into a thicket.

Toward evening a thunderous clatter of hoofs shook the wooden bridge spanning the Mussel-shell—cowmen heading for the nearest saloon. Before long I realized that I had usurped their favorite area for relaxation and weekly poker game, but their hospitality was truly western. Presently they were rolling in convulsive laughter over my newly imported repertoire of stories—anecdotes of questionable propriety in more sensitive circles.

The anecdotes paid dividends. A saddle horse was procured from the livery stable so that I could accompany the group back to the ranch. I was jubilant sitting that mount—my first. But when I reached the "spread," I was more shaken than a rat in a terrier's mouth, and I was sorely reduced to only two comfortable positions—standing or lying down.

For a year I "rode fence," a consolidated, barbed wire barrier that extended for eighty miles over bench and coulee land to the Snowy Mountains, separating homestead land from highly contested cattle country. Long days in the saddle, nights under the stars—these ever-changing panoramas of prairie and mountain, shifting with the light and shadow of the Western sun, seared into my being like a branding iron, an affinity for the inscrutable wilderness that has since remained indissoluble. The second year I took part in the more serious business of ranch life, experiencing along with it the traditional cattle drives—a phase which today remains largely in TV roles.

Most significant in steering my course toward a writing career were the ten or more years in the '20's and '30's when I was engaged nationally, through an agency of The American Bankers Association, in running down bank bandits.

"Just as important as imagination, hard work, 'guts,' and being well-armed," my employer made very clear, "is writing comprehensive, accurate reports." The itinerant nature of hoodlums called for daily narrative records, free from fuzzy expression, that could be passed on and cross-filed in all centers over a criminal-infested continent.

Much pleasure has come in my life through association with organized youth groups, such as the American Camping Association, through adult organizations, such as the National Audubon Society, and other agencies, whether under annual contracts or informally.

If I am compelled to offer a word for those whose underprivilege offers them little education, I say *read*. Read everything of merit that you can get your hands on, in large variety, and do it on the premise that time is the greatest poverty. Then fight for national legislation that will give every aspiring student, regardless of race, creed, or color, a chance for major education.

As for myself, living the life of a tumbleweed, I might have been blown into a less favorable position—or perhaps a better one. I shall never know. Without the means of direction, you land "where the wind listeth."

BOOKS: *Way of the Wilderness*, Burgess, 1946; *Memoranda for Canoe Country* (booklet), Burgess, 1947; *The New Way of the Wilderness*, Macmillan, 1958; *The Wilderness Cabin* (comprehensive coverage of the wilderness cabin in all its departments with outdoor philosophy), Macmillan, 1961.

HARRISON EVANS SALISBURY

Harrison Evans Salisbury was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on November 14, 1908. He attended schools here and was graduated from the University of Minnesota with a bachelor of arts degree in 1930. He is a member of Theta Delta Chi and Sigma Delta Chi.

❧

Probably I am best known for reporting as Moscow correspondent for the *New York Times,* a position held from 1949 to 1954. I won the Pulitzer Prize in 1955 for a series of articles on Russia that I wrote upon my return to the United States.

My first newspaper experience was on the student paper at the University of Minnesota. After finishing college, I went to the old Minneapolis *Journal.* In 1930, I joined the United Press, worked in Chicago and then in Washington. I was London manager and director of European coverage in 1943. I spent eight months in Russia, then was United Press foreign news editor before joining *The New York Times* in 1949.

I have traveled widely in Russia. During World War II I covered about 25,000 miles of Soviet territory. In 1953, I traveled through Central Asia and other areas usually sealed off from the outside world.

In 1954, I returned to the United States and have since been on *The Times* city staff, where I have covered a wide range of major stories. In 1959, I revisited Russia and traveled considerably throughout the country for four months, visiting Iberia and outer Mongolia.

BOOKS: *Russia on the Way,* Macmillan, 1946; *American in Russia,* Harper, 1955; *The Shook-up Generation,* Harper, 1959; *To Moscow—and Beyond,* Harper, 1960.

HAROLD W. SANDBERG

The autobiography of Harold W. Sandberg, a professional free-lance author, shows that he has had a life rich in varied experiences from which he can draw for backgrounds of his writings. He has had published one adult mystery novel and most of his other writings are for teen-agers or juveniles. He had stories published in five Lantern Press sport anthologies from 1950 to 1955. Besides his six books, he has about two hundred published juvenile serials and nearly a thousand short stories. During the last two years, he has written about sixty radio scripts for Minneapolis Public Schools. Currently he is working on several teen-age and juvenile books and an adult novel.

◆

I was born in Red Wing and was graduated from high school there. In high school I took part in most of the extra curricular advantages then allowed, such as debate, oratory, class plays, sports—played center in football, and was a member of the state championship basketball squad. Later I used much of this background in writing stories for juvenile magazines. My parents died a year after my graduation. I took a course in shorthand and typing at a business college, found a secretarial job for several years, then attended college at Des Moines, Iowa, and the University of Minnesota. An acute seige of influenza and shortage of money made it advisable for me to seek work. I was employed briefly by the Hennepin County Highway Department, and then became traveling passenger agent for the French Steamship Line contacting agents in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, the Dakotas, and Montana, as well as organizing college tours to Europe. When the depression came, I did a stint of news reporting, worked as a shipping clerk in a foundry, then turned into time-keeping and payroll work. About this time I began toying with writing as a hobby, wrote and marketed at random, most of my attempts bouncing back. Then I submitted a humor story to *The Saturday Evening Post.* In return, along with the rejected script, I received a long letter from Tom Castain, the editor, encouraging me to continue with writing since he saw possibilities in my first offering.

During the next several years I wrote some fifty stories, still at random, placing a half dozen confession stories and about the same number of teen-age sport stories. Three stories were acccepted by *Real Life* of Chicago, but the magazine folded before the stories saw print.

At this time I was spending nearly as much time at a typewriter as I was on the job. A bit of elementary auditing informed me that my efforts had scarcely paid for paper, typewriter ribbons, and typewriter repair. I took a six-month moratorium in the writing business. After the interval I came to the conclusion that, while my batting average in the writing field could by no means be compared with Babe Ruth's in baseball, I had made some progress and could make more if I faced the problem squarely instead of flirting with it from the bleachers. I looked at the box score and, deciding to try meeting the ball instead of ducking it, I began to specialize. I enjoyed writing for teen-agers and vowed to center my efforts on this type of fiction for a year, filing away any story gems which could not be so channeled. I allowed myself one concession. Because I enjoyed reading adult mystery novels, I decided that trying to write one might prove a good busman's holiday from the juveniles.

The batting average took a sharp upturn. In the next six months I submitted some twenty-seven teen-age sport stories and serials and managed to get acceptances on all but two. During this time I also plotted out an adult mystery, wrote the rough draft in ten nights, and spent another two weeks of labor on the rewrite. It sold to Phoenix Press.

The editor and publishers of the *Catholic Boy Magazine* asked for more stories and serials. I wrote them and also a number of religious articles which placed. About this time, I began writing two radio information programs (five and fifteen minutes) for the North Central Broadcasting Company, located in St. Paul. The copy approximated some sixty pages a week. The monetary rewards were not startling but I continued writing these daily programs for better than a year. Along with the additional serials, short stories, and articles turned out during this period I approached the million mark in wordage. The program necessitated considerable research and made me fact-conscious, a must for a writer.

In June, 1942, I received a telephone call from the editor of *Catholic Boy*. Assuming he wanted some more stories, I made an appointment. Much to my surprise, since I am not a Catholic, he offered me the editorship of the magazine. Within a year, two other magazines came into being, *Catholic Miss of America* and *Catholic Student* (now known as *Hi!*). Almost without exception I wrote the entire copy for the first three or four issues of these neophytes, including serials, short stories, articles, columns, even sewing hints and items on styles for teen-age girls. For over a year there were as many as five serial stories running concurrently in the three magazines. No longer was there time to finish a complete serial. Instead, I was forced to write the beginning installment of each serial in order to get it to press. Sometime before the next issues were ready for "bed" I would pick up the carbon copies of the first installments, read them, and write the next series.

There were rewards. Most memorable example was the first installment of a girl's mystery, wherein I had the lovely and agile heroine miss her footing and slide down into a dark and perilous ravine. Shortly after the magazine hit the market I received an ecstatic, half-frenzied note from a teenage girl in Detroit. "Dear Mr. Sandberg," it began, "I have finished the first installment of 'The Girl with the Frightened

Eyes' and it is wonderful, terrific. I just can't stand to wait until the next magazine comes out. I am sitting here chewing my nails and my mother doesn't like me at all. Please, won't you write quick and tell me what happens to Elsa?"

Between writing and editing, making magazine layouts and quarreling amicably with printers and artists, I managed to keep rather busy. With two intervals of about a year each spent in free-lancing, at which time I traveled—Arizona, Texas, California, Mexico, Florida, I remained as editor, then executive editor through 1949.

Such a program left little or no time for recreation and early in 1950, I decided to jump into the free-lance field. I found an apartment in St. Petersburg, Florida, started working on old markets and new, also did a stint of teaching professional writing at Tampa University. A year later I moved to the small town of Venice on the west coast and there, with Joseph Lawren, a trade magazine writer, organized and conducted the first Florida Writers' Conference. Advertised on the basis that every instructor and speaker would be a currently selling writer, the project drew more than a hundred professional and amateur writers from Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas. Others came from Baltimore, New York, and cities in Virginia and West Virginia. With the country club as our headquarters and special rates from hotels and motels for space, it proved an interesting venture. McKinlay Kantor was a guest speaker.

Following this plunge into organization work, I purchased a small mobile home and drove to New Orleans, Tucson, California, stopping at intervals to catch up on a backlog of stories and comic strips. Later I had a larger and new mobile home and alternated between Florida and Minnesota for several years.

For the past two years I have had a studio at 1321 Harmon Place and direct a Professional Writers' Club, also have private conferences with writers who are anxious to sell. For years I have felt that somewhere in the Twin Cities there should be a permanent headquarters for writers. This step is a modest step in that direction; and, in lieu, I am building up a heavy stock of old and out-of-print reference books. Pursuing this line of thought, I have hopes in the near future of inaugurating an annual Minnesota or Northwest Writers' Convention, handling it much in the same way as the Florida meeting. Who knows?—some day it may materialize.

Getting back to writing—I try for a great variety of background in writing for children. These include sports, humor, western, foreign, mystery—any subject which I feel will be of interest to the editors and readers. I feel there is an urgent need for more and better writers in every age bracket. I occasionally fight with editors who have "librarian minds" and fear a new approach or new ideas. Perhaps if all of us, in looking at the juvenile field, would stop thinking of children as children but as men and women who in another two decades will hold the future of America in their hands, the Victorian "die-hards" would eventually vanish and we could, instead of just talking, have a forward-looking America.

BOOKS: *The Crazy Quilt Murders*, Phoenix Press, 1938; *Dunk O'Malley—Sport Stories*, Lantern Press, 1950; *Drums of Destiny; Story of Tekahwitha, Lily of the Mohawks* (junior age), Grail Press, 1951; *Black Robed Samson; Story of Father De Smet, Early Montana Missionary* (junior age), Grail Press, 1951; *Pinky, the Unhappy Crane* (children 7-9), T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1960; *Pudgy, the Porpoise* (children 7-9), T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1960.

MARION S. SCANLON

Marion Stephany Scanlon, professor of health education at Marygrove College in Detroit, Michigan, spends her summers in her native town, Lanesboro, Minnesota. From 1930 to 1936, before joining the faculty of Marygrove, she taught at St. Joseph's Academy in St. Paul.

Miss Scanlon has written one book for adults, a travelogue; her other writings are for children. They tell of the home situation of a boy or an animal, who craves adventure, and, after finding it, rediscovers the joys of home and togetherness.

◆

My first ambition was to become a medical doctor. After completion of half the course at the University of Minnesota, I found myself lacking the necessary funds to continue. (This was the time that these United States experienced one of their worst depression years.) Several summer schools later, at the University of Wisconsin, I obtained a master's degree in health and physical education—subjects I have been teaching ever since.

After these many years of required courses, I returned to the University of Wisconsin for a summer session of courses in creative writing which was gradually becoming my hobby. Experimenting at various age levels, I found I was best adapted to children's stories at the five to nine age level, inasmuch as I was writing in light verse. Courses in literature for children followed as well as another summer of creative writing at the University of Michigan. I received the Avery Hopwood Award for one of my plays at this time.

During my summers in Minnesota between 1950 and 1960, I wrote seven stories in light verse for children at the five to nine age level. There never seemed to be time for writing during the regular teaching year. (Odd to say, my teaching experience at the high school and college level was more or less removed from my creative writing level.) However, I did find time to write an historical travelogue about points of historical interest along the old Marquette-Joliet Trail. Every September and June I would drive very close to the old water route going to and from my position in Michigan to my home in Minnesota.

Hundreds of letters were written in the search for a publisher for each of my stories. I visited the publishers of children's books in Chicago only to discover that they preferred to be contacted by mail. Furthermore, my stories were too short (1,000 words) for hard-back cover publications. Not many companies were interested in stories in verse inasmuch as prose stories have a greater sale. Subsidy publishers were interested in a collection of six short stories, providing I would furnish the initial cost of three thousand dollars!

I was forced to become a second Grandma Moses. Even a small illustration on each page would cost at least twenty-five dollars if done by a professional artist. In my first story, "Wiggley Nell" and her animal I patterned by using coins. Children enjoyed them because they could copy them with ease. By the time I had completed my sixth story I had acquired a bit of knowledge about drawing by trial and error.

In due time I learned it was to my advantage to submit all material to a professional critic in place of having too many opinions thrust upon me by many well-meaning people. To people who ask me, "When will you progress to writing stories for adults?" I answer, "To me this is not necessarily progression. To master one phase or level of story writing should be one's ambition, and then to profit thereby by writing more and better stories for the same level."

Books: *Three Little Clouds*, T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1959; *Trails of the French Explorers*, Naylor Co., 1956.

The following are light verse booklets published by Ann Arbor Publishing Company: *Wiggley Nell*, 1949; *Calm and Cool Was Penguin Row*, 1950; *Pudgie Pat's Pets*, 1958; *Freddie the Froggie*, 1959; *Mr. Roberto R. Robot*, 1960. Published by Edwards Bros., Inc.: *A Ferry-Boat I'd Like to Ride*, 1953; *Seven Frisky Lambs*, 1954.

J. HERMAN SCHAUINGER

To write a worthwhile history requires a meticulous workman, one who has the patience and desire to do careful and exacting research. Such a person St. Thomas College found among its faculty members. J. Herman Schauinger, professor of American history, undertook this monumental task, and his book, "St. Thomas of St. Paul," was published in the spring of 1961. Besides books, he has written about many political and judicial figures of American history for such magazines as Maryland Historical Magazine, Indiana Magazine of History, *and* The North Carolina Historical Review.

Professor Schauinger has many interests. He has served on all the academic committees for the college, has been advisor for the student council, and is a member of several historical associations.

◆

Logansport, Indiana, was my birthplace on June 26, 1912—one of six children of Leo and Laura (Howard) Schauinger. My family moved from this Wabash River town to Indianapolis about ten years later. After attending the parochial school, I entered St. Meinrad Seminary in southern Indiana to study for the next eight years. In 1935, I was graduated from the University of Indiana, with a bachelor of arts degree in American history and, in 1936, received my master of arts degree in the same subject there. After a year in futile "job-seeking," I was offered a scholarship at Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. The following year I was awarded a fellowship and, in June, 1939, received the doctor of philosophy degree in American history. During this time I made a research trip to the University of North Carolina, leaving Washington for Chapel Hill with no more money than that necessary to cover my bus ticket and the people of the University responded to this act of blind faith in scholarship. Since there were no positions available for college teaching in this year, this youthful and new doctor of philosophy returned to Washington as a research assistant. I did part-time research in both the Library of Congress and the National Archives. In 1940, through the interest of the librarians of the Indiana Historical Society and the Indianapolis Public Library, a library fellowship was obtained at the University of Michigan. Two years later I was awarded the library science degree there.

On July 3, 1942, I married Margaret Jones, who had her bachelor of arts degree from the University of Toledo and her Bachelor of library science from the University of Michigan. After I had worked as an assistant in the University of Michigan library for a year, we left for the University of Idaho in Moscow, Idaho. Margaret joined the library staff and I, the history department. In 1944, we went to Gannon College in Erie, Pennsylvania. This college had just been founded and Mrs. Schauinger became the first librarian and I taught courses in history and political science. In the summer of 1945, I was invited to offer three courses in the Catholic University of America summer session at San Antonio, Texas. Our first child, Helen Jeanne, had been born April 23, 1945, in Erie. During this summer, Gannon College closed for the duration of the war, so applications for a new job were sent out. In September, 1945, the late Vincent J. Flynn invited me to St. Thomas as an assistant professor of history;

in 1950, I was promoted to an associate professor; in 1956, a professor.

My first piece of writing accepted for publication was an article which appeared in the *Maryland Historical Magazine* in 1940. *Indiana Magazine of History* has published several articles on a supreme court judge and other political figures of state history. The *North Carolina Historical Review* and the United States Catholic Historical Society, *Records and Studies,* have also published my articles. *The Book Collectors Packet* published an article on a renowned book collector. I have written various book reviews, especially for the *Critic.*

In 1943, my first book was published. It was entitled "The Trovillion Private Press: a History and Bibliography."

After arriving in Minnesota, the veteran rush had just started at the colleges so there was little time for writing. However, in spare time, more research and more polishing was done on the doctoral dissertation in the hopes of entering it in a national historical contest. Eventually this was done, but discouragement was the only result. This gave way in a short time to bright new hope when a telegram was received that an editorial meeting in Milwaukee that afternoon had been held in the offices of the Bruce Publishing Company. They had decided to publish my book and, in 1949, "William Gaston: Carolinian," a biography of the foremost Catholic in the Old South, came off the press. Gaston had been the first student of Georgetown University, was a state and national legislator, a judge of the supreme court, and a widely known statesman for civil and minority rights. His decisions on slavery were quoted by judges in both state and federal courts long after he had died.

Bruce Publishing Company liked this venture into Catholic Americana and offered me a one thousand dollar grant to write another book. In 1952, it published "Cathedrals in the Wilderness," a biography of the first bishop of the West, Benedict J. Flaget, and the culture he had created in the frontier town of Bardstown, Kentucky. This book was taken by a book club, went into a second printing, and sold over 15,000 copies.

In 1955, the American Philosophical Society for the Promoting of Useful Knowledge gave me a grant for the continuation of contribution to a better understanding of American Catholic history. In 1956, as a result, Bruce published the biography, "Stephen T. Badin: Priest in the Wilderness." This concerned the pioneer missionary, the first priest ordained in the United States, who had labored in the Mississippi Valley for over sixty years, especially in Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio. He founded the first orphan asylum in Indiana and gave Notre Dame University the ground on which it was founded when this asylum failed for lack of orphans. Notre Dame is today on this tract. Badin rests in the little log cabin on the grounds, his former headquarters.

In 1958, the administration of St. Thomas College commissioned me to write the history of the institution for the diamond jubilee celebrated in 1960 and 1961. This was published in the spring of 1961 and is a projected 672-page history of the academy, college, and the first years of the seminary.

Meanwhile, three of our children were born in St. Paul—Theresa in 1947, Katherine in 1949, and Robert in 1951.

When Eugene J. McCarthy entered politics from his position as chairman of the sociology department of St. Thomas, many of his faculty colleagues joined his campaign. In four of his congressional campaigns, I was chairman of the Volunteer Committee and served in the same capacity in his senatorial campaign.

While in library school, my wife and I had as a hobby the collection of private press books. In the past couple of years, we have made an extensive collection of bookplates. Our personal library, consisting mostly of historical works, numbers over a thousand volumes.

BOOKS: *The History and Bibliography of the Trovillion Private Press*, Trovillion Private Press, Herrin, Ill., 1943; *William Gaston: Carolinian*, Bruce Publishing Company, 1952; *Cathedrals in the Wilderness*, Bruce Publishing Company, 1952; *Stephen T. Badin: Priest in the Wilderness*, Bruce Publishing Company, 1956; *St. Thomas of St. Paul*, St. Thomas College, 1961.

CHARLES M. SCHULZ

One of the outstanding cartoonists in the United States is Charles M. Schulz. There are very few people who have not laughed and worried with Peanuts characters: Snoopy, Lucy, or Charlie Brown. The undercurrent of sound subtle philosophy give the entertaining cartoons lasting value. Mr. Schulz has received three important recognitions for his work: the National Cartoonist Society awarded him the Reuben Prize in 1955; in 1956, he was presented with the Yale Award in recognition of being the most outstanding humorist of the year, and in 1960 the National Educational Association accorded him the School Bell Award.

⁂

I was born in 1922 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I was raised in St. Paul, and was graduated from Central High School there. After graduation, I served in the army (20th Armored Division) for three years during World War II.

I have always been interested in cartooning and enrolled with Art Instruction while in high school. After my discharge from the army, I returned to my cartooning career, worked as an instructor of cartooning with Art Instruction, and did cartoons on a free-lance basis.

The Peanuts characters were syndicated in 1950 with United Feature Syndicate. It began with eleven papers and since has built up a circulation of six hundred papers. The high point of my cartooning career came when I won the Reuben Award in 1955 as the "outstanding cartoonist of the year."

I am married and have five children. We reside north of Sebastopol, California, having moved from Minneapolis in 1957.

Our home is situated on twenty-eight acres of land. We have two horses, four registered Herefords, four dogs, one cat, and a rabbit.

BOOKS—All published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.: *Peanuts*, 1952; *More Peanuts*, 1953; *Good Grief, More Peanuts*, 1954; *Good Ol' Charlie Brown*, 1955; *Snoopy*, 1956; *You're Out of Your Mind, Charlie Brown*, 1957; *But We Love You, Charlie Brown*, 1958; *Peanuts Revisited*, 1959; *Go Fly a Kite, Charlie Brown*, 1960; *Peanuts Every Sunday*, 1961.

GEORGE MELVIN SCHWARTZ

How fortunate are those who have had the privilege to attend geology field trips with Dr. George Melvin Schwartz, professor of geology and mineralogy at the University of Minnesota. His understanding of the earth formations makes such tours interesting and valuable. He is an authority on the iron mines of Minnesota. Because of his knowledge of earth science, he has been called upon as a consulting geologist by the United States Engineers' office at various times, and he has acted as consultant for the Twin Cities and Gopher Ordnance Plants. He has been the director of the Minnesota Geological Survey since 1948, is president of the Society of Geologists, on the board of directors of the Geological Society of America, a member of American Institute of Mining Engineers, Academy of Sci-

ence, and other organizations. He has given lectures, and written books and over one hundred papers on geological subjects.

◆

I was born September 23, 1892, in the little village of Oakfield, Wisconsin, which lies nestled at the base of the Niagara escarpment. My family soon moved to a farm and I grew up in the area a few miles south of Fond du Lac. Having grown up close to nature with a love of hunting and fishing, I was naturally attracted, in the University of Wisconsin, to the study of geology. After my introduction to the subject, no other thought for a career was ever entertained. Field work in Arizona and northern Wisconsin only served to increase enthusiasm for the fascination of working with geological phenomena.

An assistantship enabled work toward a master's degree which was obtained in June, 1916. Offer of a modest job as geologist in charge of diamond drilling in the Michigan copper district centered interest in economic geology which has been maintained for forty-five years. This pleasant work was, however, interrupted by a call from Uncle Sam. An officer's training camp, study at an officer's artillery school at Saumur, France, and service on the front during the St. Mihiel and Argonne battles followed in rapid succession.

Fate sent me to the University of Minnesota in September, 1919, as an instructor with the privilege of taking a limited amount of graduate work. This, then thought to be a purely temporary interlude, has, nevertheless, continued for forty-two years. What better fate could one desire? Literally thousands of young men have sat in my classrooms and nothing could serve better to keep one young in outlook.

One of the most pleasant assignments for many years was to lead the geology field trip to the Black Hills of South Dakota—truly a paradise for introducing students to the wonders of geology. Equally interesting, though often exceedingly hard work, was service on the Minnesota Geological Survey in northern Minnesota, particularly along Lake Superior and the canoe routes of Cook and Lake counties. To have spent many summer months in the unspoiled wilderness on the beautiful lakes was a privilege second to none.

A geologist should not be limited to any one area and so two summers in the mountains of central Colorado and much time in Arizona between 1944 and 1958 have served to create new interest in entirely different geologic environments. Another interesting experience was an academic year spent on leave to accept an appointment as visiting professor of economic geology at Laval University in Quebec City, Canada, during 1940-1941. This permitted travel to many parts of Quebec Province to view the geology and visit many of the mines which had recently been developed.

It would certainly be inappropriate to close this sketch without reference to the red-haired domestic science teacher at the high school in the mining town of Painesdale, Michigan, and a block from where I lived. Suffice it to say that we were married in 1920 and have raised two sons and a daughter and now enjoy five grandchildren.

BOOKS: The following Minnesota Geological Survey bulletins published by the University of Minnesota Press: *A Guide book to Minnesota Trunk Highway No. 1*, Bulletin 20, 1925 (128 pages, 13 route maps); *The Geology of the Rove Formation and Associated Intrusives* (with Frank F. Grout), Bulletin 24, 1933 (103 pages, 20 maps); *Geology of the Minneapolis-St. Paul Metropolitan Area*, Bulletin 28, 1936 (267 pages, 7 maps and cross sections); *The Geology of the Anorthosites of the Minnesota Coast of Lake Superior* (with Frank F. Grout), Bulletin 28, 1939 (119 pages, 6 maps); *The Geology of the Duluth Metropolitan Area*, Bulletin 33, 1949 (136 pages, 19 maps). *Minnesota Rocks and Waters* (with George A. Thiel), University of Minnesota Press, 1954.

JAMES PATRICK SHANNON

The life of the Rt. Reverend Monsignor James P. Shannon, president of the College of St. Thomas and St. Thomas Military Academy in St. Paul, is an example of true progress. By reading his life story we realize how he has advanced step by step. He has also worked toward bettering the general welfare. In 1950 to 1951, he was a member of the St. Paul Mayor's Council on Human Relations, he has been on the Board of Directors of the St. Paul Family Welfare Service since 1956; and has served on the Governor's Commission on Human Rights since 1957. He is a member of the Knights of Columbus, Yale Club of New York City, Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the American, Catholic, and Mississippi Valley Historical Associations.

* * *

I was born on February 16, 1921, in St. Paul to Patrick J. and Mary Alice Shannon. I attended both public and parochial grade schools and received my high school education at Cretin and St. Thomas Military Academy. I finished high school in three years and also completed my college courses in three years, graduating from the College of St. Thomas. On June 8, 1946, I was ordained a priest, after finishing my theological studies at the St. Paul Seminary. The next two years I spent as an assistant priest at the Cathedral parish, teaching part-time at St. Joseph Academy. In 1948, I taught English and Greek at Nazareth Hall and, in 1950, taught at St. Thomas Military Academy.

From 1948 to 1951, I took graduate work in English and history at the University of Minnesota and received a master of arts degree from that institution. In the summer of 1949, I studied at Oxford University and traveled on the continent. From 1951 to 1954, I studied at Yale University and was awarded the George Washington Eggleston prize at Yale University in 1955 for the best history dissertation submitted to the faculty in the field of American Studies. In September, 1954, I was appointed assistant professor of history at the College of St. Thomas.

The magazine, *Catholic World,* accepted my article, "J. F. Powers and the Catholic Priesthood," and the *Newman Annual,* an article entitled "The Abrasive Mr. Green." *Minnesota History* published "Catholic Boarding Schools on the Western Frontier." *America* published "The Catholic Church in the South." In 1957, the Yale University Press published "Catholic Colonization on the Western Frontier" as Yale Publications in American Studies I. This immediately went into a second edition. It is the story, essentially, of the colonies founded by Archbishop Ireland between 1876 and 1881 in western Minnesota.

In July, 1956, I was one of thirty-nine men selected over the nation to study the history of the automotive industry at the Ford Educational Forum in Dearborn. While I was there, Father Vincent J. Flynn, eleventh president of St. Thomas, died; and, on my return to attend his funeral, I was informed of my selection to become the president of St. Thomas. Formal inauguration took place on May 8, 1957.

BOOK: *Catholic Colonization on the Western Frontier,* Yale University Press, 1957.

JOHN KURTZ SHERMAN

John Kurtz Sherman, columnist, and art, book, and drama critic of the Minneapolis Star-Tribune *since 1928, was born in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1898. He entered the University of Minnesota in 1917. In 1925, he began newspaper work in Minneapolis with the* Daily Star, *which later became* The Minneapolis Star-Journal, *then* The Minneapolis Star and Tribune. *He is a lecturer on the arts and has conducted radio programs over Minneapolis stations. He is a member of Phi Mu Alpha, Sinfonia, and Delta Phi Lambda.*

In 1929, he married Jane Chase. They have three children: Janet, John Kurtz, and Willis.

◆

Having been a short-time author and a long-time newspaperman, I look back and find my self-definition as a member of the press who has taken brief fliers in book writing. These adventures have been an invaluable experience for me in demanding more extended composition than I have been accustomed to, with accompanying delights (and agonies) of research and organization.

I have had the writer's itch since long before I knew I wanted to write. I recall filling notebooks, pencil in hand, with the mighty events of my boyhood, namely, playing baseball in the corner lot, the afternoon I was elected vice president of the Kind Thoughts Club in B-sixth grade, the precise time I sat down for supper on a March evening—6:24 p.m.

I felt some mysterious pressure to record what happens to me, and I enjoyed the process, working in now and then new words I had come upon. Every Saturday afternoon and sometimes on weekdays I would serve, payless, as candy salesman or usher at the old Metropolitan and Shubert theaters, and afterwards at home I would get out my diary and set down my appraisal of the performances I had seen.

So the enjoyment of watching, listening, participating was matched by the enjoyment, as time went on, of writing about these occupations. My life-long concerns had as simple a start as that. The inclination set a direction I was not conscious of following at first. Eventually it led me, not too confidently, to the portals of a newspaper office building and, quaking, to the littered desk of a city editor who obviously didn't need more reporters.

Somehow thirty years slipped by. The typewriter still stares me in the face, and what was an exasperating and stimulating chore of wrangling words, sentences, and ideas in the '30's is still exasperating and stimulating today—a situation I wouldn't change for a life of ease on a tropical isle. I am convinced that the writing man, or woman, keeps the brain young by constant exercise, and holds off addled senility longer than most people by reason of this daily exertion.

My writing has been mostly concerned with the arts, which I have given my devotion much as a religious man has given his faith, and which in fact constitute my faith. I find man's self-expression in something greater and more enduring than self, a high and worthy subject, on which the last word is never spoken.

I have heard more concerts, seen more plays than a person decently should attend in three lifetimes. I have read books that would fill a shelf a mile long, and clamored for more. I have wandered, no doubt, hundreds of miles through art galleries. I can't say I have never been bored, but I feel sure I've been bored less than those who have yet to discover that the arts extend one's life, and joy of life, in all directions.

My work has chiefly been that of reviewing, after a preliminary stint of reporting and rewrite on the old *Minne-*

apolis Daily Star. During the years I have kept a fond and watchful eye on the things that have interested me, and discovered that interest breeds interest, that enthusiasm doesn't die if backed by a natural curiosity and ordinary habits of observation.

Weekly essays in the *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune* have allowed me excursions off the cultural "beat" and a more personal style. Believing in humor as the salt and preservative of life, I have fooled around with notions, quirks, fantasies, and reminiscences to prove, maybe, that the little things are in fact big, and that the life-is-real-and-earnest principle is sometimes a fallacy.

I write for a "living" and have discovered in the process that writing is a vital part of living, sharpening the edges and adding to the flavor thereof.

BOOKS: *Music and Maestros; The Story of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra,* University of Minnesota Press, 1952; *History of the Arts in Minnesota* (with G. L. Nute and D. R. Torbert), University of Minnesota Press, 1958.

CLIFFORD D. SIMAK

Science fiction and news reporting are Clifford Donald Simak's fields of writing. Before joining the staff of The Minneapolis Star *in 1939, he had been editor of newspapers in Michigan, Iowa, North Dakota, and Missouri. He came to the* Star *as copy writer, then became copy desk chief, and since 1949 has been editor of national and international news. He also writes a column for the Monday* Star, *entitled "Tomorrow's World," in which he summarizes the week's scientific developments. Allowing his active imagination to play upon his scientific knowledge, he* *has written over one hundred science-fiction short stories and eight novels.*

Mr. Simak was born in Millville, Wisconsin, in 1904. In 1929, he married Agnes H. Kuchenberg. They have two children, Scott and Shelley, and make their home near Excelsior, Minnesota.

◆

The most embarrassing and confusing situation an author can face is the writing of his autobiography. After having used the raw materials of human lives to construct his fictional concepts, he stands aghast at how shallow and unimportant are the data which are usually the material for any biography. Having lived in the shadow of a make-believe world, he also finds it unconvincing that anyone might be interested in the slightest in his life, which usually is impossibly unspectacular. So it is only with the gravest apprehension and the most abject apology that I attempt to tell something of myself. And even so, I have the horrible feeling that the very prospect of it must be lacking in good taste.

Also there is the question of where to begin. Not with myself, surely, for no man is entirely the product of his own efforts and inclinations. Perhaps with one's immediate forebears and I hope that, if any of their shades may be looking over my shoulder, he will not be too furious with me.

My grandfather on the maternal side rode with Grant and Sherman during the Civil War. So long as the old gentleman lived, it was what any man's life was worth to utter an unkind word about either one of them.

Back from the war, he married my grandmother, who was one of the Parker family from New England. My grandfather, as a returned veteran, could have bought rich prairie land for a dollar an acre. Instead he purchased a tract of wild, tumbled land in the Wisconsin river bluffs just a few miles above the confluence of that stream with the Mississippi. He couldn't abide the level land. He had to have wood and water and good hunting.

My father was born in Bohemia, of a family which was a member of the minor nobility, but had fallen upon hard times. When he was twelve years old, the family migrated to the United States. Of perhaps no importance, but of some minor interest, one of his grandmothers was a member of a Pilate family. The good woman spent long hours with her beads, driven by the terrible fear that the family roots might stretch back to that other Pilate who had washed his hands.

I was born in the log house which my grandfather had built upon his return from the war. A year or so later, I moved with my mother and father to the farm which my father carved out of the woods with an axe and plow.

As a boy I lived a Tom Sawyer existence. There was hunting and fishing with my father and my younger (and only) brother. There was a long succession of coon hounds. There was the one-room schoolhouse, where I first stumbled across the mistaken concept that words hold power. At the age of eight I laid out a straight line of action for myself: I would learn all the words there were and how to spell and use them, and then I would be great. To this day I haven't been able to figure out what went wrong.

I stumbled through high school and part way through college without distinction of any kind. I was (and am) no athlete. You'd have to pay me to see a ball game of any kind. In high school I learned to hate Shakespeare, in college I fell in love with his work. I ran with a gang which was nonvicious. From the University of Wisconsin I went to work on a newspaper, have worked with a number of midwestern newspapers since that time. When I joined the staff of *The Minneapolis Star*, I stayed. I have been with the paper for twenty-one years, expect to stay there until I die or they turn me out to pasture.

And on my evenings, on days off, I write. I go to a swimming beach, but I never fail to take along the clipboard. If I have fifteen minutes before dinner, I write. I write sprawled in a deck chair on the lawn in front of my home. The neighbors get so they avoid me. There is nothing, I am convinced, short of sheer physical or mental disability which will ever stop me from writing. It is a horrible disease. It will not let you be. You are never satisfied with what you do. You are always trying to do better. You read with horror what you wrote a few years ago and wonder how you could have brought yourself to do it. You try to wipe away the memory of it by more, and better, writings.

I often wonder, in the dead of night, what I ever did to deserve it.

BOOKS: Two books published by Gnome Press: *Cosmic Engineers*, 1950; *City*, 1952. Four books published by Simon and Schuster: *Time and Again*, 1951; *Ring Around the Sun*, 1953; *Strangers in the Universe*, 1956; *The Worlds of Clifford Simak*, 1960. Two books published by Doubleday: *Time Is the Simplest Thing*, 1961; *All the Traps of Earth*, 1961.

HELGA SKOGSBERGH

Helga Skogsbergh is well known in religious circles in Minneapolis. For ten years she was a Sunday school superintendent; for two years, she taught on Sundays in the children's department of the Glen Lake Sanitarium. She has received from the Minneapolis Council of Churches a certificate with her name inscribed in gold in recognition of twenty-five years of service in the religious released time program in the Minneapolis school system. Only one other, Mrs. Ivar Hovland, has earned this honor. Mrs. Skogsbergh has been pianist in churches in Minneapolis and Chicago.

While she was attending the Superior Teachers College, she wrote the words for her freshman class song; and she wrote the music for the class song of her graduating class at North Park College. She has written many articles for periodicals and magazines. She was married to the late Paul Skogsbergh, son of Rev. Erik Skogsbergh of the Covenant Church of Minneapolis.

◆

High up on a windy shelf on one of Duluth's bleak hills stood the gray frame building where I was born. While still in a cocoon of blankets my parents took me and their few earthly possessions and set out across the gray waters of Lake Superior to the untamed wilderness on the south shore. Here on the north rim of Wisconsin stood a newly hewn log house sheltered on all sides by a tall wall of timber. A piece of wild land was the answer to the immigrant's empty purse. Coming from Sweden to America had been a disillusioning experience. Conditions in the early nineties were fittingly described in the oft-repeated phrases of the newcomer: "hard times," "no work," "hard up."

My preschool training consisted of learning how to make much out of little, of appreciating all things that were free, and, above all, to trust in an all-wise Heavenly Father's care and love. Early I was surrounded by a medley of sense impressions, things that startled wonder and imagination—the thunderous crescendos of the Great Lake and the giant forest when the west wind was on the loose; the mystery of a distant fog horn in the dark of night, or a wolf's far cry in the winter twilight. The benediction of sunsets, falling snow and a sky of stars always awakened a sense of "beyondness" for which one finds no vocabulary.

In a one-room country school I became deeply moved by some of the sadder strains of Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier. Hiding in deep woods on a scatter rug of moss I would try to set my own wistfulness into words. I dreamed of becoming another Longfellow. But whoever heard of such an ambition in our primitive world? A girl had two courses: either marry early and settle down on a piece of land or go to the city and seek employment as a housemaid. With the utmost sacrifice and toil there was the rare possibility of becoming a country schoolteacher. Due to far-seeing parents this became my good fortune. The waves of Lake Superior continue to beat against the sandy banks above which still stands the first little schoolhouse in which I taught.

For four years I taught and drilled, and skimped and saved. Evenings I sat beside whispering waves transferring deep, secret feelings to my first diary.

In my early twenties I threw off my country teacher's garb and set out on an entirely new venture. Unaccompanied by any moral support from others, it took courage to enter the music department of North Park College in Chicago. I had managed to salvage some music training in the years before so it was not too long before I was studying the heart-stirrings of Beethoven, Mozart, and Chopin. The deep yearnings within were finding their answers. I was graduated from the piano teacher's course in 1916 and was back to teaching again. But this time it was music and in a big city.

Next came love and marriage and a succession of busy years with the cares of home life and motherhood. Until the last child unfurled his wings, my earlier ambitions had been submerged in the task of fanning into flame the dream-sparks of three young souls which had been entrusted to my care.

Life sometimes seems patternless and divided into unrelated blocks of experience. Some of us have known bleak areas where the days, and months, and sometimes years, give back no melody. But where there is a smoldering dream, and an upward reach, life still has significance and the lost chords may serve as springboards to ongoing achievement.

Almost overnight came the forties and with them a new kind of freedom. By now life was a serious thing. I needed a special Guidance in determining what to do with the balance of my years. In the wonderful way of Providence I was led into a service which, unmistakably, had the sense of the forever in it. For the past twenty-six years I have taught in the released time program of the Minneapolis system of schools. My early religious training, the years of teaching, the experience in music, Sunday School work, and motherhood all marched into line and took their places in a purposeful way in this new field of service.

And now in the harvest years God has placed a pen in my hand as an extra blessing, remembering, as He has, the little girl who struggled to express a dream while sitting on a patch of moss in deep woods. From the pen has come a number of poems and spiritual meditations many of which have appeared in religious publications. Late in November of 1960 came the joy of a first-born book, which was ready for a second printing five weeks after its birth. It is dedicated to six adorable grandchildren. A translated Swedish proverb provides the title, "Comes the Day, Comes a Way." For over the margins of life comes the still small voice giving hope and assurance to our consecrated dreams.

BOOKS: *Comes the Day, Comes a Way,* Covenant Press, 1960.

PHILLIP ORSO STEINBERG

Many Minnesota authors have found inspiration and help by being members of the Minnesota Writers Workshop, a group whose purpose is to read and criticize one another's writings. Phillip Orso Steinberg is one of these members. He is also a past president of the Minnesota Writers guild. He has written short stories and articles for adult magazines and novels for children. On October 10, 1957, he saw the first of these novels in print. By March, 1960, "George, the Discontented Giraffe" had enjoyed four printings!

◆

When was I born? I really don't know, at least not in my own mind. Oh yes, my birthday is May 1, 1921, but I do not consider that the day I actually started to live. You see I do not feel that one is born all at once, nor do I feel that one dies all at once. We are brought into this world and for years we grope in darkness, seeking our true selves, trying to be born. Each joyous event in our lives brings us closer to our birth, and each sad or ugly happening makes us die a little.

Some people go all through their lives without being born at all. These are the bigots and the little people who are so full of envy and fear that they spend their existence encased in a hard crust of darkness and hatred. To live one must be loved and one must be capable of loving. One must appreciate life's fineries, and one must live life to its fullest. If you can witness a glorious sunset and not be struck with awe, you are not alive. If you can see the Swan Lake Ballet or listen to Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony and not be moved, you are not living. If you can read "Exodus" or the poems of Browning and not feel warm inside, you are merely existing. You have not yet been born.

I think I was born a little the day I met my wife. And I was born a little more when she presented me with a son and then a daughter. This all happened in Minneapolis, the place in which I was first brought into this world. Bernice was a nurse at Eitel Hospital when I met her in March of '47. In June of '48 we were wed. Leon Ira came along in August, 1953, and Donna Mae came on the scene in May of '55. All my days have been spent in Minneapolis. Here I attended North High School, and here my career as a writer had its start. I wrote feature stories and a column for the *Polaris,* the weekly school paper. Of course, I had a craving to write long before my high school days. I believe I can credit that to my father. He was a great teller of tales. Even today I can close my eyes and see myself sitting on his lap listening to one of his yarns. Most of his anecdotes were folk tales of old Rumania and were very similar to the Till Eulenspiegel legends. How I loved them. I never grew tired of listening, even though I heard each story a hundred times or more.

Because of this love I had for stories, I started to read at an early age. Though I was a slow reader, digesting one word at a time, I read several books over and over again. When I was eight I read "The Wizard of Oz" twelve times. "Pinocchio" was good for ten readings, and I could not put down "Treasure Island" until I had read it eight times. As I try to analyze this habit I had of reading and rereading the same book, I come to the conclusion that the written words must have held some sort of fascination over me.

By the time I was ten years of age, I wrote stories of my own. Actually they were merely captions for the pictures I drew and projected with a picture machine I made out of an old cardboard box and a magnifying glass. This homemade projector supplied hours of pleasant entertainment for me and my friends until the day it caught on fire and burned a hole in the top of our dining room table. This was my first setback as a writer, and it was a memorable one. But I did not give up writing or tinkering. I loved working with my hands and I felt that some day I would be a writer.

Perhaps if the second world war had not occurred, I might have been graduated from college and become a reporter for some newspaper. But you know what happens to the plans of mice and men. In my case it took a major war to change my format. When all hell broke loose over Pearl Harbor, I was an ardent amateur photographer in my third year of journalism at the University of Minnesota. I entered the army air corps and was sent to photography school in Denver, Colorado. It seems there was no call for journalists, but photographers were in demand. I spent two years as an aerial photographer, and then one day my plane made a crash landing.

The army had no time to heal a nervous stomach, so I went home and healed it myself. Under the G. I. Bill, I was entitled to return to college or take on-the-job training in photography. I picked the latter because, by that time, I was sick of regimentation and because I felt a diploma in journalism was just something to hang on the wall. Or was it because the war had caused me to die a little? I had hardened to the extent that I considered material things to be more important than the arts. I felt that whatever artistic talent I had, it could express itself through photography. I was back in the darkness and I groped in it for three more years.

In 1948, the year in which I was married, I opened my own photography studio in north Minneapolis. I still own and operate that studio today. In my four years as an apprentice, I had grown to appreciate photography as a profession. It had its artistic side and it enabled me to use my hands. This insatiable passion I have for tinkering is reflected in my hobbies. Through studying books and watching craftsmen at work, I have learned just about every known trade. I find nothing as relaxing as hanging a door, wiring a room, or laying a foundation. I have a complete workshop in the basement of my home and I spend many hours down there. Cabinet-making is one of my favorite hobbies along with model railroading. Actually hobbies are my hobbies, if there can be such a thing.

Although photography and my hobbies did satisfy my creative desires, they did not appease the craving I still had for writing. In 1953, I enrolled in a writing class in the evening school of Vocational High School of Minneapolis. Here I met Mrs. Mabel Otis Robison, a teacher and writer, who was a great help and inspiration to me. Because of her encouragement, I wrote my first juvenile novel. It is entitled "George, the Discontented Giraffe," and it was published October 10, 1957. I was born quite a bit that day. And I was born a bit more when my second novel, "Porkadot, the City-bred Pig," was released on January 18, 1960.

Today I am happy with the course of events that have shaped my life. I don't regret too much the fact that I never returned to college for my degree, for I am content to be a part-time writer. I can scratch the itch I have to write and yet I do not have to ride that vicious merry-go-round that dizzies the commercial writer. I have no axe to grind, no deadline to meet. I can write for the sheer enjoyment of writing.

Each time I see my words in print in a magazine or my name on the spine of a book, I am born a little more. Perhaps my birth will be complete when I write the great American novel. I'm working on it.

NOVELS published by T. S. Denison and Co., Inc.: *George, the Discontented Giraffe*, 1957; *Porkadot, the City-bred Pig*, 1960.

ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

Miss Adrien Stoutenburg has lived in California—now at Lagunitas—since she left Minnesota in 1954. She was born in Darfur, Minnesota, and also lived in Hanley Falls, Minneapolis, and Richfield. Many Minnesotans remember her as a reporter for The Richfield News. *Infrequently she has used the pen names, Lace Kendall and Nelson Minier. She has published twenty books. They are non-fiction—mostly about the West—written for children and teen-agers. She has also written poems for adults, which have been published in leading magazines, such as* The Yale Review, Saturday Review, The Nation, Commonweal, The New Yorker, Northwest Review, Southwest Review.

◆

I was born in a very small farming town in southern Minnesota and grew up in another small, farm town in the same area. I then moved to Minneapolis for my last three years of high school and was graduated from West High. This was during the depression; jobs were scarce, as was money, so there was no hope of my going to college. I found what employment I could and dreamed about escaping what looked like a futureless life as an office lackey, so the desire to write had a sharp, economic spur. I therefore approached the writing of stories in a practical way and, at last, achieved what seemed success by beginning to sell short stories to the Sunday School weeklies.

At the same time, I wrote poetry for my own satisfaction and, I hoped, for the pleasure of others. The need to earn money, however, kept poetry in second-place so that it was not until much later—indeed, in the last few years—that I have been able to devote the time and energy to it that has resulted in publication in various magazines. I hope to publish a book of poems once I have enough poems that I consider worthwhile for a volume.

For some ten years I wrote chiefly juvenile short stories, publishing in *Seventeen, American Girl, Calling All Girls,* and others. Then in 1954 I began writing children's books. That and poetry remain my major occupation.

Although I do now support myself entirely by writing, there were many times in the past when I had to look for other sources of income, so I have worked at many jobs: assistant in a Minneapolis X-ray laboratory, department store clerk, typist, a machinist's helper at Northern Pump during the war, county librarian at Richfield, Minnesota, in Richfield's first library, children's book editor in Berkeley, California.

Painting has been a major hobby and I took some training at the Minneapolis School of Art. I play the guitar and the piano, inexpertly, and, as a result of buying an old house in the country, have become a fair carpenter and electrician. I am extremely fond of animals and have often put them in my stories for young people.

Although I am now a Californian, I continue to use Minnesota often for a background in my stories. If I feel the need for snow—and I do miss the beauty and excitement, if not the discomfort of blizzards—I can simply create a fine snowstorm on paper and, with luck, sell it.

BOOKS: *Model Airplane Mystery*, Doubleday, 1943; *A Cross Section*, Simon and Schuster, 1948; *Timberline Treasure*, Westminster Press, 1951; *The Silver Trap*, Westminster Press, 1954; *Stranger on the Bay*, Westminster Press, 1955; *In This Corner*, Westminster Press, 1957; *Snowshoe Thompson* (with Laura Nelson Baker), Charles Scribner's Sons, 1957; *Wild Treasure* (biography, with Laura Nelson Baker), Charles Scribner's Sons, 1958; *Honeymoon Fiction*, Westminster, 1958; *Scannon: Dog with Lewis and Clark* (with Laura Nelson Baker), Charles Scribner's Sons, 1959; *Good-bye, Cinderella* (novel), Westminster, 1960; *The Blue-Eyed Convertible*, Westminster, 1961; *Time, Nature, and Man Shape the Far West* (science), Parnassus Press, 1961; *Little Smoke* (picture book), Coward McCann, 1961; *Houdini, Master of Escape*, Macrae Smith, 1961.

HOWARD ALLISON STURZEL

(Pseudonym: Paul Annixter)

The example of Howard Allison Sturzel (Pseudo: Paul Annixter) should be an inspiration to others. How he struggled through difficulties and overcame them, step by step, until he has won a place among our outstanding authors! He has surely demonstrated what can be accomplished with courage to forge ahead.

He was born in Minneapolis and spent the first five years of his life here. He lived near Bemidji and Lavinia from 1910 to 1913, and there learned much about plant and animal life. His novels and short stories deal with human and animal interrelation. He and his wife write under the pseudonyms of Paul and Jane Annixter. Two of their books, "Swiftwater" and "The Runner," were book club selections and later translated into several different languages.

◆

Born June 25, 1894, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. For the first few years the family moved here and there about the country, my father being a land salesman. We lived briefly in New York, Brooklyn, Long Island, North Carolina, North Dakota, Virginia, and New Jersey.

My writing began at a very early age. At eight I produced some weighty pieces including the life and death of a cattail and the life story of an acorn. It was about this time that I wrote my first novel, ten full pages on the life of Simon Girty, the white renegade. My grandmother was my only reader at this time.

Life began seriously happening to me at nine when my mother and I were left alone and set about earning a living for the two of us and a paralyzed grandmother. For a time

I don't know how we made ends meet. My mother became a bookkeeper; I sold and carried papers, sold candy in a depot, mowed lawns, and later hopped bells in a hotel to pay for school tuition.

At sixteen I left the rented room, which I called home, and took a sort of post-graduate course on the open road, the tie-path or cinder-trail, as the "blowed-in-the-glass" ramblers called it. For two summers I rode the rods, blinds, and side-door pullmans in loops and figure-eights all over the states and most of Canada, sometimes working awhile, then moving on. This was before the Interstate Commerce Act took the adventure out of the game. The yard detectives at half the towns went armed and a lot of their guns were itchy. It was dangerous, it was life in the raw, it was the beatnik life of that day. Besides the quickening and sharpening process, it gave you the common touch in a way never to be lost.

Later my mother and I returned to Minnesota and took up a timber claim a few miles from Lavinia, a whistle-stop just north of Lake Bemidji. There is no finer forcing ground for a writer than a timber claim, particularly one that is a long way from anywhere at all. By the time you get to talking to yourself in short pithy sentences, you will be writing, if there is any of it in you. I cut cordwood for people on the distant lakeshore for a living, and hunted our meat. Our other provisions, ordered by mail from Sears Roebuck, would be heaved off a still-moving train at the whistle-stop every few weeks and hauled home on a sled.

Later my mother returned to the city and a job and I stayed on alone. It was during that year and a half in the woods that I began writing about the animals, the elements, and the solitude I was up against. The timber claim never amounted to anything, but it was a gold mine nonetheless, considering the pay-dirt it opened up in a story way, which I have been drawing on ever since. My stories were pretty crude and sentimental at first; but later, when I went to

North Dakota Agricultural College, and Fargo College, my stuff went over big in the English classes and, though only a freshman, I was made president of the Writer's Club. Quite sold to myself, I began to think I had hit the promised land, but it was still a long time before I placed my first story with *Popular Magazine*. The day I received their sixty-dollar check still seems like the high point of life to me.

Still a tyro, I made a pilgrimage to the home of Will Levington Comfort, the novelist, whose work I had always admired. I had figured on only a brief call to pay my respects, but I remained for more than two years, renting a cottage nearby at Mr. Comfort's suggestion. In his study there gathered daily five or six young people with an earnest desire to write. Somehow he had seen a story man hidden under the swathings of Writer's Club complacency and the effusive passages of some copy I had handed him. In a few months he was able to free me of the banalities of college English—undoubtedly a record of some sort—after which we collaborated successfully on numerous magazine stories and novelettes. Gradually I began to sell on my own—animal hunting and trapping stories, sometimes without a human character, done more or less in the old Kipling tradition.

In 1920 I married Mr. Comfort's daughter, Jane, who quickly became a novelist and short-story writer on her own. We settled in southern California in the Pasadena hills where for years we "lived the literary life" as the idealists put it, a life of prolonged effort and overproduction, a state of tired faculty known as being "written out," a form of writer's block. You cannot be written out unless you have become rigid or have fallen to some degree for formula and repetition, as I learned later. It was at this time happily that my wife and I began writing together. She had also come to the end of a special line of work and collaboration was, in short, the best of all remedies for what ailed us. Each collaborator is doubled by the other through added zeal and innovation, and the bringing together of opposite angles of thought. Where one has a weakness the other is apt to be strong.

Working together we have proved—to ourselves at least—that there is no such thing as a blind alley in a story, that you cannot have a situation that won't unravel beautifully by just unwinding it from the heart, that there is a story—and a fine one—in the simplest incidents of everyday life.

We have found real delectation in our work together and have had some splendid returns interiorly as well as practically. We have found that energy put forth on a story draws in all the elements needed for its completion, even the books and data necessary to the subject; that knowledge, intuitive and documentary, gathered around the energy-focus, bring light and complete understanding. Under the name, Jane and Paul Annixter, we have written and published six books and numerous short stories in the past five years. Most of our stories deal with some phase of human and animal interrelation, which offers to our minds a different and deeper sort of heart interest.

Six months of the year we live at Green Valley Lake in the San Bernardino Mountains, altitude 7200 feet. Our dooryard pitches downward to the floor of the Mojave Desert and on clear days we have a 300-mile view across vales and ranges to Mount Whitney and the High Sierras. For neighbors we have deer, raccoon, bears, eagles, foxes, and coyotes as well as vaguely-sensed but never-seen bob-cats and cougar. Now and then there is a wolf-song in the night, but mostly the songs we hear are of the birds, an impressive variety, with the ethereal four notes of the snowbird like the theme of our days.

BOOKS: *Wilderness Ways*, Penn Publishing Co., 1930; *Swiftwater* (outdoor adventure—hunting and trapping), A. A. Wyn, Inc., 1950; *Brought to Cover* (15 animal hunting tales), A. A. Wyn, Inc., 1951; *The Runner* (horse story, with Jane Annixter), Holiday House, Inc., 1956; *The Hunting Horn* (dog stories), Hill and Wang, Inc., 1957; *Buffalo Chief* (historical Indian and animal tale, with Jane Annixter), Holiday House, Inc., 1958; *Devil of the Woods* (animal hunting tales), Hill and Wang, 1958; *Horns of Plenty* (Montana hunting tale, with Jane Annixter), Holiday House, Inc., 1960; *Pride of Lions*, Hill and Wang, Inc., 1960.

WILLIAM A. SWANBERG

All of William A. Swanberg's books are of a factual and historical nature. He has specialized in America from the Civil War to the present time. His story of Fort Sumter, "First Blood," won for him the one thousand dollar Minnesota Statehood Centennial Book Prize for the most "distinguished contribution to American letters," by a Minnesota author, published between May 1, 1957, and May 1, 1958. There were fifty-two entries. The prize was awarded by the literature group of the Minnesota Centennial Commission, headed by Professor William Van O'Connor.

Mr. Swanberg was born in St. Paul in 1907. In 1936, he married Dorothy Upham Green, who is also a graduate of the University of Minnesota. They have two children: John—20 and Sara—18. They now live in Newtown, Connecticut.

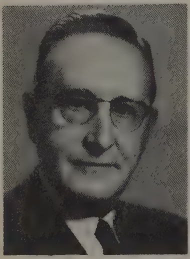
◆

After graduating from the University of Minnesota in 1930 right smack into the depression, I worked variously in Minnesota as freight handler, construction worker, and rodman on a survey party. Newspaper editors at that time were apt to throw out people looking for work. In 1935, I went to New York, subsisted for a time on free-lance writing for magazines, then got an editorial job with the Dell Publishing Company, staying with them a dozen years all told and editing various pulp and picture magazines.

During the war I went on leave, joining the Office of War Information as a propagandist in England, France, and Scandinavia.

In 1948, I quit the editorial game and went on my own as a writer, specializing in factual, historical articles. I have sold articles to *This Week, True, Redbook, The New Yorker, Woman's Home Companion, Life,* and other publications. Although books involve more of a gamble in time and effort, I enjoy the long-range projects and usually have one to work on. Recently I finished a biography of William Randolph Hearst, to be published in 1961, and while casting about for another book idea, I am writing occasionally for the magazines. Along with many other Minnesota writers, I owe a great debt to Dr. Anna von Helmholtz-Phelan, for years an inspiring teacher of writing at the University of Minnesota.

BOOKS: The following published by Scribner: *Sickles the Incredible,* 1956; *First Blood,* 1957; *Jim Fisk,* 1959; *Citizen Hearst,* 1961.



GEORGE ALFRED THIEL

An authority on the natural science of Minnesota is Dr. George Alfred Thiel, chairman of the department of geology and mineralogy of the University of Minnesota. His books are mines of information on fascinating aspects of our state. What has given the Arrowhead some of the oldest exposed rocks in the world; why has Minnesota a larger supply of water than any other state; how were the world-famous iron deposits in the Mesabi Range formed? The answers to these and many other exciting questions are found in his books. Enjoy geological excursions with Dr. Thiel as he points out hidden secrets in the earth and other interesting features in Minnesota.

I spent my childhood in north-central Minnesota in the area that was at that time the northern frontier of the state. My home was in the hardwood belt that extends from the Twin Cities northwestward into and beyond Todd County. Our home was several miles south of the city of Staples, where I was born in 1892. Lumbering was the major industry in that area during the last decades of the nineteenth century.

I learned the three R's in a one-room log schoolhouse built of sturdy oak logs. The things I remember about my early school life are playing "fox and goose" in a huge ring in the snow on a field that extended to the school yard, and playing ball during recess in the spring and autumn. Another springtime activity was the tapping of sugar-maple trees to collect the sap to make maple syrup for home consumption. How could anyone forget mother's potato pancakes and homemade maple syrup!

I finished grade school in the public school at Browerville, Minnesota, where I stayed with a married sister. It was there that one of the most exciting events in my educational career took place; namely, the eighth grade graduation exercises in the Village Opera House, which was upstairs over the hardware store. Music by the village band and a speech by the mayor were the highlights of that memorable occasion.

My secondary school training was at a boarding school in St. Paul Park. It was referred to as a college, but in reality it was an academy that offered very few college courses. However, it had an outstanding staff of dedicated teachers who demanded serious attention to academic pursuits. It was there that I enjoyed the most carefree years of my school life. It was a coeducational school and there were many parties, picnics, and week-end hikes. During these years, even though my voice was far short of even average excellence, I enjoyed singing in the Choral Club, the men's glee club, and in a male quartet whose favorite encores were "Kentucky Babe" and "Shortnin' Bread." It was there that I authored my first public address—the valedictory for the graduating class of 1913.

College came next. I entered the University of Minnesota in the fall of 1913. There was no Freshman Week then, with scores of counselors. It was "everybody for himself." Yes, there were long lines of freshmen at the Registrar's Office then, too; but I received help from a cousin who entered the previous year and was quite sophisticated by that time.

I can vouch for the fact that some college professors do have a profound influence on the lives of their students. The first to so impress me were Drs. Charles Sigerfoos and Hal Downey of the zoology department. Their serious and systematic approach to the biologic sciences, including their lectures on evolution, opened a new world to me. I became so interested that I chose to major in that area of science. In fact, I continued as a graduate student and did research in microscopic anatomy and hematology for my master's degree dissertation, which was published in the *American Journal of Anatomy*.

While majoring in biology, I studied the physical sciences also and came under the spell of that dynamic and enthusiastic professor of geology, Dr. William Harvey Emmons. I then experienced a conflict of interests that plagued me for several years. In the meantime a war to make the world safe for democracy had started in Europe and I decided that it was my duty to do my bit in the conflict.

I joined the army in 1917 and, because of my training in the biological sciences, I was commissioned in the Sanitary Corps and placed in charge of the medical laboratory of Base Hospital M.106, which served in France until the summer of 1919. It was while in France that I resolved the conflict in my mind between biology and geology in favor of the earth science. It was the outdoor life of the geologist rather than the confining walls of the hematology laboratory that was responsible for the decision.

In the autumn of 1919 I re-entered the graduate school at the University of Minnesota and began the concentration on the earth sciences which led to a doctorate degree in 1923. That year was one of the high points in my career as a young scientist, for I finished my formal education and I married Inez Ericson, a student at the Minneapolis School of Music.

I was appointed an instructor of geology at the University of Minnesota in 1920 and it was during the early twenties that I spent the summer months as a field geologist for the Minnesota Geological Survey, mapping the ancient rock formation of that enchanting Canadian Border country of northeastern Minnesota. There I studied the geology of many "listening points" so vividly described by Sigurd Olson, our Muir and Thoreau. As I have leisurely read his books, I relived our many canoe trips in the "Singing Wilderness."

In the late twenties my summer work for the Geological Survey was shifted to problems in economic geology; and I assembled data and wrote reports on architectural and monumental stone, limestones and marl, high silica sands, woolrock, ground-water supplies, and so forth. These reports are published in *Bulletins* of the Survey.

If I am worthy of being referred to as an author, it must be because I co-authored several books with my colleagues in the geology department. In 1932 we published the first edition of "Geology—Principles and Processes," a textbook in physical geology. The book is now in its fifth edition. It was designed as an elementary text in earth science and has been favorably received.

The only writing I have done that has not been strictly scientific is the book, "Minnesota Rocks and Waters," with Dr. G. M. Schwartz as co-author. This volume was written in an attempt to make available a simple statement of the major geological features of the state and to stimulate a greater interest in, and appreciation for, our natural surroundings. One may admire the beauty of a landscape or marvel at its grandeur, but, to appreciate it fully, one must know how it formed.

In 1944, I was promoted to the chairmanship of the Geology Department to take over the duties of Dr. Emmons, who was retired in June of that year. The tasks involved in that position left little time for research, but I did manage to act as senior author for the third and fourth editions of our textbook and to write an article or two each year for publication in our geological journals. I hope to do better next year, for I have reached the age of mandatory retirement and since July first, I have been free from all formal obligations to the University.

As I look back over nearly half a century of academic life and the scores of associations I have had with scientific societies, clubs, committees, and similar groups at the national, state, and local levels, and attempt an evaluation of their impact on the whole educational process in our nation, I find myself concluding that the classroom and the informal seminar are still the mainstay in learning. Teaching may be old-fashioned but I hope to do more of it, even after retirement.

BOOKS: *Geology—Principles and Processes* (with W. H. Emmons, C. R. Stauffer, and Ira S. Allison), McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1932. The following published by the University of Minnesota Press: *The Architectural, Structural, and Monumental Stones of Minnesota* (with Carl Dutton), 1935; *Paleozoic and Related Rocks of Southern Minnesota* (with C. R. Stauffer), 1941; *The Geology and Underground Waters of Southern Minnesota,* 1944; *The Geology and Underground Waters of Northeastern Minnesota,* 1947; *Minnesota Rocks and Waters* (with G. M. Schwartz), 1954.

ETHEL ERKKILA TIGUE

Wide experience in many types of work gave Ethel Erkkila Tigue the deep insight that made it possible to write an adult first-published novel, "Betrayal," that was chosen in a national survey by Scholastic Magazine *as one of the fifteen books best liked by high school boys. For seven years she taught school—elementary, secondary, college level, and now Writers' Workshop, St. Paul adult education; was, for three years, advertising manager for Duluth Glass Block Department Store; city editor, for one year, of* Women's News, *a now defunct weekly newspaper in Duluth; was married, in 1941, to a schoolteacher, Ralph Tigue, now in social studies at Monroe High School, St. Paul; and is the mother of two sons. At present, she is working for her master's degree in psychology and creative writing at the University of Minnesota. It is not surprising that her first novel is a love story with an educational background, the present crisis in American education. Her second novel, not yet published, will be a modern story using, in flashback technique, some of the Finnish immigrant background of northern Minnesota. She has written poetry, short stories, and articles that have been published in magazines in the United States and Canada.*

She was born in Virginia, Minnesota, and has lived in different cities here—Florenton, Orr, Duluth, Shakopee, and St. Paul—except for three years, 1946 to 1949, when she and her husband were teaching in Idaho.

◆

I get a pleasant jolt every time I hear myself referred to as a novelist. In my unsophisticated way, I cannot quite get used to the idea of being published between book covers. Besides, I am much more accustomed to being addressed frantically as "Hey, Mom!" by my two energetic sons, Kevin, 8, and Randall, 12.

This bewildering but delightful state of affairs probably began when I was twelve years old and my first published work, a saccharine bit of verse entitled, with pre-atomic surety, "There's Always Tomorrow," appeared in a Minnesota newspaper. After that initial blaze of glory, I went off on tangents into short stories, articles, newspaper reporting, book reviews, editing—with varied success and failure—until I finally discovered that what I really wanted to be was a novelist. I am what is known in educational parlance as a late-bloomer. I always manage to find the longest distance between two points.

Characteristically, it took me ten years to earn my title of novelist (sans that ignominious qualifier, "aspiring"). During the time I was writing and rewriting the several versions of my first opus (now discarded in the dresser drawer), I was also teaching, doing free-lance advertising, having babies, moving across the country from Minnesota to Idaho and back again, and helping buy and sell three houses and all their furnishings each time we moved, doing a stint at the University of Minnesota graduate school, and serving three years as a Cub Scout den mother. I do not recommend this sort of activity as conducive to novel-writing! But you do collect enough material for at least a dozen books which you do not have time to write!

However, "Betrayal" was a novel I felt compelled to put down on paper. Perhaps the background subject of education was peculiarly suited to me as I had tasted a little bit of many types in my own life. My earliest recollections include a one-room country school, number 117 in St. Louis County, one mile from our farm home where, during winters, the snow filled the unplowed roads to the top of the fence-posts with glorious whiteness that we loved and our parents worried about; and in that schoolhouse, in one corner, stood the huge iron-clad stove on which we warmed our cold hands, holding them against the smooth embossed outer shell that stood out from the red-hot furnace itself; while, on the desks, the frozen ink stuck out like thick dark-blue fingers pushing up the lids of the inkwells.

Then followed, after eighth grade, two years in a consolidated rural school at Pike, two more in the city school at Virginia, from there to State Teachers College in Duluth and, later, to graduate school at the University of Minnesota —and marriage to another schoolteacher, Ralph Tigue, a former college classmate.

What I tried to do in "Betrayal" was expressed very well by a reviewer in the *Boston Herald* who said that my book "tells us what teachers are, what they feel, want, endure, enjoy . . . it is teaching from the inside, as few of us know it." Victor P. Hass in the *New York Times* said that "Betrayal" could have been subtitled "Mediocrity on the March," portraying, as it does, the "interesting and timely story of men of conviction arrayed in a seemingly forlorn stand against the forces of mediocrity."

My autobiography as a writer would never be complete without a word about James Gray. When I entered his class in novel technique, I was feeling pretty low. Harpers had rejected my first novel but had thought enough of it to send me a summary of their reader reports, something rarely done. One of their prime criticisms had been that it had "faulty technique." I was at a critical plateau. Actually I did not know what "faulty technique" meant. I desperately needed professional help and understanding. And I certainly got it from Mr. Gray.

There is considerable difference, I have learned, between reading about pregnancy and childbirth and actually participating in these events—as there is between expounding how children should be raised, and actually raising them yourself. So it is with writing. Only one who has gone through the creative ordeal himself can truly communicate the demands and the needs, both external and internal. And the pupil who has a teacher who can do this at a critical time in his development, as I did, is singularly fortunate. In that year in Mr. Gray's class, I learned indeed what novel technique was—and what mine was not. He had taken me across the plateau, and the dedication of my first book to him was a small expression of my gratitude and debt.

Dodd, Mead published "Betrayal" on September 28, 1959, after I had cut the original manuscript 42,000 words in four months. After that experience, I was no longer a "Sunday writer." I had the good fortune of working with an extremely perceptive editor, Barbara Kamp, whose acute analysis and questionings gave me new insight into my own materials. At present I am writing another novel, entitled "Stranger Come Home," which will have a Minnesota setting. Up to this point I was under the impression that the first novel is the hardest. Now I know I was wrong—it is the second one!

BOOK: *Betrayal*, Dodd, Mead, and Co., 1959.

ANNETTE TURNGREN

Annette Turngren, who was the last of eight children of immigrant Swedish parents, was born at Montrose, Minnesota, and spent the first ten years of her life on a farm in Wright County. She was graduated from Central High School in Minneapolis and earned a bachelor degree from the University of Minnesota. She now lives in New York City.

Outside of a book, "Have a Lovely Funeral," an adult mystery for which she used a pseudonym, A. T. Hopkins, her *books have been for teen-agers. Because she feels a responsibility toward young people, who must make great adjustments, she has tried to present the world of facts as interestingly as any make-believe one. She says, "I want to picture the old-time simplicity and homespun sturdiness of American family life, and to point to the great gifts this America of ours has preserved for its children."*

◆

Like Jo in "Little Women," one of my favorite books of childhood, I began at an early age to try to write.

My parents were born in Sweden, settled on a farm in Minnesota, and there raised a large family. We were all avid readers, but we never could get books enough. I attended a one-room country school, which, with all its limitations, had at least one excellent feature—a shabby case at the back of the room from which on Friday evenings, if we were in good standing in our lessons, we might draw out some of the wonderful and treasured "library books." These had been selected and purchased mostly by my father, who was school clerk for many years, and whose literary taste, I realize now, was excellent.

These books, plus the ones we acquired at home each Christmas, still were not enough. Eventually we had read and reread them all, had read once again the store of old magazines housed above the old woodshed, and then we would find ourselves with "nothing to read."

Not with any idea of bursting into print did I take to paper and pencil, but simply to still the pangs of book-hunger. If the stories I wrote in offcast ledgers and notebooks weren't literature (and they weren't), they at least gave me unlimited reading matter, and I began to think it was almost more fun to write my own than to read those written by others. At least in my own I could control what happened to my characters and be assured of a satisfactory ending. Or, if I could not bear that the book should end at all, which was often the case, with my own it didn't have to; it could go on interminably until I lost interest in it and began another.

We moved to Minneapolis after my father's death, and I went to high school there, where I began to think of a career in journalism. When in my senior year I confided my ambition to the dean of girls, she gave me a letter of introduction to the editor of the then *Minneapolis Star.* But though I walked up and down in front of the building during most of a hot summer day following graduation, I couldn't get up the courage to go in and present my letter. So ended my career in journalism. In the fall I entered the University of Minnesota, from which I emerged in due course with a degree in education and a determination to write. In several of my writing courses I was privileged to study under Doctor Mary Ellen Chase, and it was she who encouraged me to try writing for young people.

While I was teaching English in high schools in Minnesota and Arizona, I earned a little extra money writing articles and a few stories for young people's magazines, but what I really wanted to do was write a book. The stories my mother told me of her childhood in Sweden seemed suddenly to "jell" into what might be a book, and I began to weave them together into a story. After the publication of "Flaxen Braids," the writing of books became my major interest. The following summer I spent in Sweden where I stayed within a short distance of my father's childhood home on the island of Öland and wrote "Copper Kettle," another children's book with a Swedish background. Both of these books, long out of print, have recently been republished.

In 1943, having left the teaching profession, I came to New York, where for a number of years I was associate editor of *Calling All Girls,* later known as *Senior Prom,* a magazine for teen-age girls. I wrote so much for the magazine in those days that there was little time for writing books. Later I was associated with an adult magazine, then went into the junior books department of a New York publisher. For some time now I have tried to make writing my main job, though I still work in the publishing field, currently as a proofreader at the *New York Times.*

Mysteries for girls continue to be in demand, and I seem to be always in the midst of either plotting or writing one. I hope also to produce a biography in time to come. Several of the mysteries have re-appeared in paperback editions as selections of the Teen-age Book Club.

Each summer I try to spend some weeks in Minnesota at the family home near Hopkins. Traveling with me each year are my two Siamese cats with whom I share my New York apartment. My one other hobby, more recent than the cats but also a source of great pleasure, is painting.

BOOKS: *Flaxen Braids,* Thomas Nelson, 1937—Prentice-Hall, 1959; *Copper Kettle,* Thomas Nelson, 1939—Prentice-Hall, 1961; *Canyon of No Sunset,* Nelson, 1942; *Mystery Rides the River,* Nelson, 1943; *Mystery of the Hidden Village,* Nelson and Junior Literary Guild, 1951; *Choosing the Right College,* Harper, 1952; *Great Artists* (biographies), Abelard, 1953; *Steamboat's Coming,* Longmans, Green, 1955; the next four mysteries published by Funk and Wagnalls: *Mystery Walks the Campus,* 1956; *Shadows into the Mist,* 1958; *Mystery Haunts the Fair,* 1959; *Mystery Clouds the Canyon,* 1961. *Have a Lovely Funeral* (adult mystery), Rinehart, 1954.

ELLEN TURNGREN

"Writing demands every stretch of spare time and consecrated devotion, sometimes to the exclusion of other worthwhile activities," says Ellen Turngren. Unless one is devoted to the art to that extent one cannot expect to have a successful writing career. Like her sister, Annette Turngren, she started writing at an early age. Miss Turngren studied writing at the University of Minne-

sota in evening classes and summer school. She is a member of the Writers' Workshop in Minneapolis and also the League of American Pen Women.

Her parents came from Sweden and settled on a farm near Montrose, Minnesota, where she was born. She now lives in Hopkins with her sister, Clara, and brother, Louis.

◆

To begin with, I was a poet. At least that is what I thought I was when, at the age of eight, I wrote a rambling effusion called "The Tam o' Shanter Cap." I was very proud of it until my stern Swedish father took me to task for writing such nonsense. My first published work was a poem entitled "School Days," which won a prize of ten dollars from *Success Magazine*. But fiction was my goal in writing.

Life was never easy on the Minnesota farm on which I was brought up with my four sisters and three brothers. But I loved it. Our neighborhood was full of salty characters with whom I early decided to fill my writing. Some of them found their places in the short stories and books I have written for young people. Some of them are still waiting their turn.

I wanted to be near the literary world, but the closest I knew how to get there was a job on a country newspaper, which I soon found had more to do with machinery than with literature.

I taught country school for several years, then went on to various jobs, such as proofreading, bookkeeping, and office secretary for an old people's home. The last I found unexpectedly rewarding. When I get through with my farm stories, I shall make use of some of the dear quaint old ladies I met at this home.

"Listen, My Heart" was written from a desire to preserve in print my memories of the characters I have known. And before it was finished I was being pressured from within to write the story of my parents—their advent here from Sweden and their struggles with the new land and with each other. I wanted to make it a factual account, but found it could not be done. Only when I forgot about writing my parents' story and let the young couple of my imagination take over was I able to write what I wanted. When I got through I found that what I had written was the story of my parents, if not in fact, at least in spirit. I called this book "Shadows into Mist." I am now writing about the same people and their family twenty years later.

I am no longer living at Montrose, Minnesota, where my life began and with which my writing life is still connected. I lived in Minneapolis for several years, and am now living in the village of Minnetonka.

BOOKS: *Listen, My Heart,* Longmans-Green, 1956; *Shadows into Mist,* Longmans-Green, 1958.

MARJORIE WACKERBARTH and LILLIAN S. GRAHAM

Marjorie Wackerbarth and her mother, Lillian S. Graham, who died August 11, 1961, formed a successful writing partnership that added several books to the literary wealth of Minnesota. They were also active in club work. Mrs. Graham *was research chairman for the Minnesota Branch of the National League of American Pen Women, and Mrs. Wackerbarth is a past president of that organization. She has also acted as writing critic for such groups as Minneapolis Women's Club and the St. Paul and Minneapolis American Association of University Women. Marjorie Wackerbarth has written the following story about herself and her mother.*

◆

Mother and I began our writing as a hobby. When Father passed away, Mother came to Minneapolis to be near her children. It was then we decided that we wanted a hobby.

Like all beginners, we first thought of fiction and our first sales were juvenile stories to *St. Nicholas, American Childhood,* and *Wee Wisdom.*

Then a teacher introduced us to the fascinating field of factual writing. Here we were able to follow our every interest. We soon learned that, if we were going to write for the top slick magazines, we needed to use the creative techniques used by fiction writers. In this field we sold some three hundred factual articles to such magazines as *Holiday, Look, True, McCall's, Redbook, Better Homes and Gardens, American Home* and many others. Reprint of one of our recent *Farm Journal* articles is appearing in *America Illustrated,* the magazine printed in Russian which our country sends to Russia.

In our search for materials of interest, we began to write party articles, based on the parties given by the boys in the family. These articles were also published in national magazines. Soon someone suggested that we put them into a book. Thus developed our first book, "Party Fun for Boys and Girls," published by Prentice-Hall in 1952. Our next book, "Games for All Ages and How to Use Them," was published by T. S. Denison and Company, Inc.

Then we returned to our earlier love of nature stories for children and wrote "Bobby Discovers Garden Friends." Another nature book is in the works now, and another party book, "Successful Parties and How to Give Them," was on the market in March, 1961.

Many wonder how two people can write together. Our method is simple. First comes the discussion period when we sharpen our thoughts about the subject. Then if we decide we have a good subject which we can handle, each of us writes a rough draft. Then we compare the two versions and combine the best of each. We take turns working on the piece until we think we have done the best we can. For the last polishing, we read the material aloud for sound appeal.

Neither Mother nor I planned a writing career. In fact, writing is Mother's fourth career. She was born on January 1, 1872, in Freeport, Illinois, where her father was superintendent of schools. Later the family moved to Iowa. Mother attended Iowa public schools and Grinnell College, and launched into a teaching career. At that time she was also organist for the Congregational Church in Rockford, Iowa.

Her marriage to F. M. Graham, an attorney, resulted in two children: James, now an investment banker, and a daughter. After we children were grown and out of the way, Mother became deputy clerk of courts in Father's office for nineteen years. In Iowa, the clerk of courts also handles the probate work, and it was Mother's lot to dictate hundreds of pages of Probate Court Record, an excellent training for clear, concise, and accurate writing.

I was born in Iowa and grew up in Charles City where I attended public schools, University of Iowa in Iowa City, and Columbia University in New York City After college, I did foreign translations for the Hart-Parr Tractor Company that manufactured and distributed tractors all over the world.

I married Carl Wackerbarth, an insurance man, in 1925. We have two sons, James, now a practicing attorney in Minneapolis, and Graham, who finished Harvard in 1960 and shortly plans to continue in graduate school there. We also raised a motherless nephew his first seven years until my brother remarried.

Mother and I thoroughly enjoy our writing and our endeavor has taken us into many fields and brought us many interesting contacts. Our one criterion of work has been to do something constructive. If our writing can, in any way, be of benefit, then we feel we have justified our effort.

Our relationship is no longer that of a mother and daughter but of two good friends with an absorbing interest.

BOOKS: *Party Fun for Boys and Girls*, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1952; *Games for All Ages and How to Use Them*, T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., 1959; *Successful Parties and How to Give Them*, T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., 1961; *What Is Christmas* (booklet), Harrison and Smith, 1960; *Bobby Discovers Garden Friends* (fiction-fact and fancy), T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., 1960.

RUTH SAWTELL WALLACE
WILSON D. WALLACE

Ruth Sawtell Wallis and her husband, Wilson Dallam Wallis, are both anthropologists and, at present, are teaching at Annhurst College in South Woodstock, Connecticut.

After holding positions at the universities of Pennsylvania and California (Fresno), and also Reed College, Portland, Oregon, Dr. Wallis came to the University of Minnesota in 1923 as associate professor of anthropology, becoming full professor from 1926 to 1954. He had earned a bachelor's degree at Dickinson College, his master's at Oxford (England), and a doctor of philosophy in anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1931, he was married to Dr. Ruth Sawtell, who was also an anthropologist.

Mrs. Wallis had attended Vassar, earned bachelor and master degrees at Radcliffe, and a doctor of philosophy in anthropology at Columbia. She had acted as research assistant in anthropology at Columbia, been on archaeological excavation work in the French Pyrenees, had been editor and research assistant at Peabody Museum at Harvard, and assistant professor of anthropometry at Iowa State University. After her marriage, she was assistant professor of sociology at Hamline University from 1931 to 1935; then assistant anthropometrist in home economics for the United States Department of Agriculture, and, in 1943, labor department analyst of War Manpower Commission.

As a result of actual field work, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis have given accurate accounts of North American Indians and corrected some earlier impressions. Mrs. Wallis has also written several murder-mysteries. She writes the following story about them and their work.

◆

When I was eight, I won my first prize for writing. When I was forty-eight, I won the second.

On that far-off day of 1903 in Johnson's bookstore, Springfield, Massachusetts, plain, proud, and puny, I stood between my mother and Mr. Henry R. Johnson to receive the top contest award for an essay about his newly-established toy department, submitted by writers of ages eight to fourteen.

Mother (who was pretty) was also proud, partly because she felt that the bow of red ribbon with which she had fastened my manuscript sheets had had a good deal to do with the literary triumph. Unlike me, she was nervous; for I was an unpredictable child.

"Miss Sawtell," Mr. Johnson bent down to ask, "do you want your five dollars in goods or in cash?"

I did not hesitate, "Cash."

There was laughter, hearty from Mr. Johnson, deprecatory from my mother, carrying to me the clear implication that once again I had done something not quite ladylike. Then came the pleasant ring of the cash register; and I was led out of the store and, unprotesting, into the nearest savings bank.

Between literary prizes one and two, there is one common characteristic of this author. My first novel, which won the Dodd Mead Red Badge Award for 1943, was a murder mystery entitled "Too Many Bones." I had chosen to work in a commercial field with a steady demand. For me, what you wrote you sold or you didn't write. In the next six years I published five "whodunits" which were modestly successful in their hard-cover form and pleasingly profitable in the fringe benefits of English editions and paperbacks.

This attitude of For Money Only is not the way I regard the more solid part of my life. I am an anthropologist, a research worker, and a college teacher. I am also and primarily a wife. For all of these professions my standards are higher and somewhat more sensitive.

I became a writer, I suspect, because I was very early a reader. Periods of illness, sometimes long and often recurring, gave me in childhood and still give me time to read and read and read. My best natural asset is narrative sense, and this is helpful not only in telling a melodramatic story, it is equally useful in setting down the scientific account of an Indian tribe in readable form.

For the record here, only the manner of writing the five mystery novels is relevant. I thoroughly enjoy reading the genre—particularly Mabel Seeley's—and I feel that few who do not approach the job with a certain gusto will succeed. Condescension and down-writing show. Plots and construction are hard, honest toil. Backgrounds to me are fun to write. I did not gather material for them. I used what I knew.

In "Too Many Bones" the damsel in distress catalogues skeletons, as I had done at Harvard, and her laboratory is based on an institution I once visited, in a small Lakes States town, which had been founded by the inventor of featherbone. Another story I laid in a New England city, not unlike the Springfield in which I was born, and peopled it with fantastically blown-up and enriched images of some of my kin; the villainness I killed off at seventy-five survived the fictional slaughter to the age of ninety-nine. For "Blood from a Stone" I chose the French Pyrenees of Ariége, a region of caves where, among the diversities of a two-year traveling fellowship from Radcliffe, I had dug up a man who had rested quiet for 15,000 years. In the story, though not in life, archaeology was a cover for espionage. "Cold Bed in the Clay" is in a midwest university town, a sort of University of Iowa with faculty living on a type of River Road, Minneapolis. It is not a campus story, but I wanted the men to be employed in a trade whose jargon I could use naturally. Last of all, I set "Forget My Fate" right on the Gunflint Trail, and, in preparation for this book, I wrote down on the spot what was in bloom and what in flight at a certain month. The background, correctly and affectionately recorded, turned out to be the best part of my poorest book.

That was my last murder mystery. Two more are planned in full detail, but they will not be written and I shall not care, for I have taken part in two quite different books, and two more are in process. They are part of my real life of wife, scientist, and another sort of writer.

In 1950, Wilson D. Wallis, then professor of anthropology at the University of Minnesota, decided to visit and restudy some Indian tribes he had not seen for forty years. I went along as cook and unpaid field assistant. Later, through his generosity, I made independent studies of women and children, and was joint author of books about tribes closely related in language and culture to Minnesota Chippewa. The books are: "The Micmac Indians of Eastern Canada" and "The Malecite Indians of New Brunswick."

The unfinished books on which we still work are about Manitoba Indians now much in the minds of Minnesotans. They are the Santee Dakota, often miscalled Sioux, who fled from our state after the uprising of 1862. Wilson Wallis lived with them in 1914, and in 1952 and 1953 took me with him on two field trips. I correspond steadily with friends who are direct descendants of the men who created the Acton Episode.

In 1954, we "retired" to a Connecticut village to write, and were soon discovered by a college named Annhurst which, as we New Englanders say, is up the road a piece. We are both teaching there in 1961.

Recently I was asked: What do you plan to do within the next twenty years? With feet as flat on the ground as they were in the Springfield bookstore in 1903, I replied: I expect to die.

BOOKS by Wilson D. Wallis: *An Introduction to Anthropology*, Harper, 1926; *An Introduction to Sociology*, Knopf, 1927; Crofts, 1930; *Culture and Progress*, McGraw-Hill; *Messiahs: Their Role in Civilization*, American Council on Public Affairs, 1943; *Religion in Primitive Society*, Crofts, 1939.

BOOKS in Collaboration with Ruth Sawtell Wallis: *The Micmac Indians of Eastern Canada*, University of Minnesota Press, 1955; *Malecite Indians of New Brunswick*, National Museum of Canada at Ottawa, 1957.

BOOKS by Ruth Sawtell Wallis: *Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees* (with Ida Treat), Appleton, 1927.

MYSTERIES by Ruth Sawtell Wallis published by Dodd, Mead: *Too Many Bones* (Red Badge Mystery Prize), 1943; *No Bones About It*, 1944; *Blood From a Stone*, 1945; *Cold Bed in the Clay*, 1947; *Forget My Fate*, 1950.

VERNA HUBER WHEMPNER

On reading Verna Huber Whempner's autobiography, we realize that she is a person of many talents. She was organist and choir director when living in Casselton, North Dakota, after her marriage. Her first published writing appeared in Journal Junior, *a supplement of* The Minneapolis Journal, *when she was nine years old. She was on the editorial staff of* Automotive News *for eight years; she has had several Sunday news features in the Minneapolis newspapers; and sold short stories to* The Ladies Home Journal, Iron Trail, Farm Journal, Canadian Farm Journal, *and many others. She won first prize in the following short story contests: Fine Arts Contest, Seven Midwestern States Contest, U. S. and Canal Zone Contest sponsored by National League of American Pen Women; and received honorable mention in a nationwide contest on the American flag. She herself illustrated her book, "On and Upward," and her daughter, Delight, made eight color plates and forty-one drawings for Mrs. Whempner's "Little Boys of the Bible." They are the only mother-daughter author-artist team in the National League of American Pen Women. Mrs. Whempner has written three books that have not yet been submitted to a publisher.*

Mrs. Whempner was born in Columbus Grove, Ohio, and came to Minneapolis when she was five years old. In 1906 she was married to Christian John Whempner. They lived in Breckenridge, Minnesota, Casselton and Fargo, North Dakota, before coming back to Minneapolis in 1951. They have three children: Russell Huber, general manager of Los Angeles division of Minneapolis Honeywell; Robert John, chief of sales of Grumman Airplanes; and Delight Whempner Danly, whose husband is a captain of Northwest Airlines.

Permit me to introduce my family: John, my husband; Russell, the eldest—my faithful; Robert—dreamer and adventurer; and my daughter Delight, for whom we waited long years. Unlike other families, the children and I were a very close unit because John's business kept him away from home six days a week, and he governed his domain by remote control.

Only twice did we disobey him. Russell's university project in engineering was "stress and strain." He designed a speed boat and became so enthralled with the idea that he earned money and built a perfectly beautiful boat. Speed boats require water and motors. John said, "I've got no money for a lake place," so we scouted until we found a nice lot for ten dollars down and ten dollars a month. I borrowed money and we built a three tiny bedroom cabin. Our tools were a hammer, saw, chisel, and two saw horses—no ladder. The boys climbed trees and dropped monkey-like on to the framework. While they did the roof, I sided and laid the flooring. (The cabin is still in good repair, thirty years later.) When all was completed we told John about our perfidy. He was amazed, but secretly pleased.

Russell traded his new cabinet radio for an advertised "powerful Johnson Sea Horse" (that didn't run). Being a genius with motors, Russell tried it out in a barrel. It not only "ran," it literally picked up the barrel and sashayed grotesquely around the yard until the barrel collapsed and so did the family—with laughter. To this day we remember the dance of the Sea Horse and the barrel.

The speed boat stood on its tail and skimmed the lake like a missile! When Bob wanted an airplane, John said "No," so again, in secret, I borrowed money (sans co-signers) and Bob bought a Curtis Junior—a "pusher" plane. The motor was mounted on the back edge of the wing out of sight of the passengers who sat in the nose. I fitted so snugly into the body that when I looked down, it appeared that nothing was under me and—the-ground-was-a-long-way-down! Pilot Bob sat in front of me. I was terrified but determined not to let him know. Again John was astonished but admitted it was a good purchase. Came the war. Bob flew Japan. Later he was test pilot for National Aeronautics Cadet Arm and last week delivered a Grumman Gulfstream Executive plane to Italy. His is a flying family. Russell earned his commercial license and Delight became a stewardess.

It is no wonder my hair turned white prematurely. Bob once gave me a ride on his motorcycle—my feet sticking out, my hair stinging my eyes, my arms tightening around his waist as we shot 30—40—60 miles an hour up a straight prairie road. When he asked how I liked it, I lied, "Fine!"

One family project that kept us all busy was our Popkin's Marionettes. For two years we played for fun—after that we went out under the auspices of churches, schools, and clubs within a radius of one hundred miles from home. There was no running the streets in our family—we were all too busy, carving body parts, building furniture and stage properties to scale, modeling heads and hands, painting scenery, costuming puppets, writing plays, memorizing, taking voice and expression lessons—booking the shows and returning later to perform them. Neither blizzard, gumbo-mud, nor disaster ever kept us from fulfilling our contracts. The show goes on! A valuable lesson learned early in life that has brought great results, for all three of the children are tops in their professions!

I was one of the first two girls allowed to take manual training in the Minneapolis Public Schools, Central High School—now "Vocational High." After the children left home I built a three-room apartment in our basement with my own two hands—I plastered, painted, papered, rebuilt the basement stairs, wired (and passed the building inspector's test) and carpentered. It was fun! I even dabbled in politics: I was made secretary-treasurer of the Union Party in the early '30's, when William Lemke and Father Coghlin ran for president and vice-president of the U. S. They had a wonderful platform but the whole effort was ill-timed.

Yes, I did a lot of writing too. I reported for a dozen trade journals, was on the editorial staff of *Automatic News* and in all wrote four and a half books—a couple which are not published yet—there is no time to send them out!

In a long life, I have evolved from long red flannels to dainty nylons; from washboards to automatic wash machines; from horse-drawn street cars to buses and from tiny planes to JETS!

There is still so much to do. *I must hurry* . . . .

BOOKS: *Little Boys of the Bible*, T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1960; *On and Upward*, Honeywell Press, 1957.

ANNA M. WIECKING

Teaching has been the life work of Dr. Anna M. Wiecking, who retired in 1956 from Mankato State Teachers College as professor emeritus of education. She has been a dedicated teacher and supervisor, always doing what she could to help teachers and students understand their problems.

She has also been active in organization and community work. She was chairman of the Blue Earth County Red Cross for four years during World War II; she was a charter member of the Mankato chapter of the American Association of University Women, and has held local offices and been state educational chairman; she took part in the Americanization program, helping foreign people learn to read and write;

she has given numerous talks to local, state, and national groups on educational and travel subjects. Her activities seem to have been unlimited. Since her retirement, she has continued her teaching by writing two books: a history of Blue Earth County for grade children and "Helping Children to be Better Citizens."

◆

I have lived most of my life in Mankato, where I was born in 1887, and where I attended public schools until I was ready for college. Since the family budget was modest, it was fortunate that there was a State Normal School in Mankato. Although I had little idea of what I wanted to do, when exposed to teacher-preparing courses, I became enthusiastic and in two years began teaching in a nearby village. Teaching became my life work, and after almost half a century of it, I was still enjoying it so much I would have gone right on, had retirement age not put an end to it.

My writing has not been done for its own sake, but purely as an aid to teaching. I found out early how challenging even little children can be. How does one keep up with the questions, the interests, the unfolding of those omnivorous minds? After five years of teaching in elementary grades I was more than ready for more schooling, and in spite of discouraging comments that a university degree would be wasted, since I was teaching little children, and that there would be no more money than the magnificent sixty dollars per month I had achieved after five years, I enrolled in our state university. There, too, certain academic-minded teachers tried to discourage me from going "back" to elementary teaching, and I was thought to be deranged when after graduating I chose to accept a scholarship in supervision at Columbia University instead of one in philology at the university. So I went into teacher-training work and college teaching, and finally into administration after my doctorate at the University of Iowa.

I grew up amid the warm relationships of a German-American family where the direction was firm but loving and understanding, where work was respected as necessary and good, even for children. My father took us on walks to see the near environs and told us about things we saw; our family horse took us still farther; and there were some rare trips by train or boat—always as a family. My mother saw to it that there were interesting things to do in connection with the German Christmas customs, the joyous birthdays; and there was much activity in cookery, sewing, gardening, hat and costume making, and in music. Both parents had great respect for books and teachers, and were themselves good teachers, although not so trained. All of these things were to become very important in my teaching, later on.

Teachers need so much—not only schooling and rich family background, but all sorts of experiences, for everything is grist to the teacher's mill. Later I was to travel widely, first in our own country to many regions, including a walking tour of over two hundred miles through Glacier Park into Canada, and, in two summers, periods in a handicraft center in the Carolina mountains, then some summers in Europe—many opportunities to see the world and its people.

Writing seemed an almost daily need in my teaching. In the old days, with no school libraries and few books, it was almost second nature for a teacher to write a story about some local event or a visiting animal and duplicate it on a primitive hectograph for the children to read. It was true at all levels of teaching. For my college students one was constantly preparing instructional materials—outlines, units, pamphlets. There was never really time for a real book, for students have so many problems that claim, and should claim, one's concern. However, I wrote one book in 1928, but decided to do no more until, maybe, retirement. This book, "Education Through Manual Activities," served a need at the time—to help teachers use constructional activities and materials to further educational objectives. My second small book came about in this way. While teaching a fourth grade, the children became interested in the history of their own county, but we could find nothing for them to read. They interviewed older people who remembered the past, but accounts often conflicted. There was nothing for teacher to do but to read and write. So an embryonic history in mimeographed form came into use for this class. Much later, after retirement, I worked this material over, first into a series of articles for the local newspaper during the Centennial period, and in 1957, I revised it for printing. "Blue Earth County from 1700 to 1900" has been used in schools for children in grades four, five, and six. Then, in 1959, I became alarmed by the great increase in juvenile delinquency and the constant emphasis upon the teen-age years. It seemed that I must say something to call attention to the great need for anticipating the teen-age problem, and I felt that elementary teachers, already doing so much, must increase their interest and skill in the human relations aspect of teaching. So in 1960, "Helping Children to be Better Citizens," was published, to help, I hope, the elementary teacher and the parent.

There is so much of human interest in a teaching lifetime, it would be fun to try writing something more. Who knows, maybe I might try sometime.

BOOKS: *Education Through Manual Activities*, Ginn and Company, 1928; *Blue Earth County from 1700 to 1900*, Mankato Free Press, 1957; *Helping Children to be Better Citizens*, T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., 1960.

NEILL C. WILSON

Many unusual experiences have helped to give Neill Compton Wilson material for his writings. He enjoyed climbing Pacific Coast mountains that were over 14,000 feet high and, at one time on September 10, 1923, reached a snowy summit in time to see a solar eclipse that took place an hour before noon. He says, "Seeing the world go purple-gray and the sky orange-dark was like occupying a seat at a grand opera of color and silence." Once he and his son Bruce, with a party of nine altogether, and a pioneer river-running boatman, Norman Nevills, ran the rapids down the profound gorges of the Colorado River. Later they ran the Salmon River of Idaho, known as "The River of No Return" and Hell's Canyon. No small boat had ever been down this river before.

In 1956, he met King Saud in his palace in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. That night at his quarters, Wilson found camel's hair robes and gold headropes of an honorary "member of the royal family" awaiting him. When he returned to Dahran, on the Persian Gulf, he dressed himself in these "fineries" and his houseboy, seeing him, almost fell on his face with shock. Royalty in Arabia has the privilege to order death or mutilation. The houseboy was consoled when assured he had nothing to fear.

After serving as second lieutenant in World War I, Neill C. Wilson worked in the advertising field for twenty-five years, then retired to do free-lance writing. His two novels, several western histories, and twenty-two Saturday Evening Post stories are proof of his success.

◆

I was born on May 25, 1889, on the dining room table somewhere in Minneapolis, and have been writing imperishable prose for the whole span since Cleveland was president, but this is the first time I ever was invited to write about myself. I shall try to stick to the facts as I know them and suppress only what seems judicious.

At the age of five I fell in love with a little Minnesota blonde of four years named Bessie Rice—wonder whatever became of her?—but a year before that had broken into literature with a poem which my parents wrote down in great pride. It went like this: "Higgledy piggledy, my black hen, she lays eggs for Jesus' sake, amen."

My father was Walter J. Wilson, who was in the fire insurance business. My mother was Evelyn Kneisly. Both were from Ohio. Minneapolis was booming in the year '87 or '88, and they have told me that they met at a skating rink and immediately skated right off on a career that lasted fifty-three years.

At the age of six, I was marched off to the Emerson School, a red brick building, very formidable. Summers were spent at Minnetonka, a fifteen-mile buggy drive behind a horse named Jim Dandy. One day Jim Dandy dropped dead in the shafts. I cried because my mother wouldn't carry him home.

We up and left Minneapolis when I was seven. Portland, Oregon, called. Two years later we made a return visit but that, I regret to say, was the last time I saw Minneapolis. I understand there have been some changes since.

From Oregon the family's footsteps led to California, in 1899. Then to college (Stanford) in 1908, Yale in 1910 to 1911, and back to Stanford in 1912. After graduation, newspaper work—and a whole lot of it before graduation! After several years with the San Francisco Examiner, a cynical and sinister school if there ever was one, and the Associated Press where everything was truth and light; a year running a cattle ranch where the 1,000 cows never did get over their surprise at seeing me on a horse; a tour of duty with the

Infantry in World War I in which I reached the dizzy heights of second lieutenant; marriage in 1920 to my beloved Gladys; the arrival of blessed Nan and Bruce; a long and dreary stab at advertising; and finally a repudiation of the same and a bridges-burned-behind assault on letters, I stuck Macmillan with two book manuscripts on one and the same day. They had already turned the first one down four times. The fifth rewrite got 'em. Harold Latham, the editor, asked me, "Haven't I seen this before?"

I said, "Yes, and you'll see it again — and again — and again." So in exasperation, he took it on. It was "Treasure Express," a free and easy history of the old Wells Fargo, and it has been gouged into many times since by radio programs. It had several printings. The other was "Silver Stampede," the story of old Panamint, a rowdy mining camp near Death Valley. Fiction began a few years later and the *Post* took the first of a string of stories in '46. It was a story about a hunter who had a mountain sheep in his sights when he discovered a rattlesnake an inch from his trigger hand. There were also stories in *Colliers* of blessed memory but alas, *Colliers* went the way of Bessie Rice. In '52 a lot of the *Post* stories about the mountain folk of Cat Track Holler were gathered up by Morrow and Company into a novel called "The Nine Brides of Granny Hite." Granny, a chipper and ingenious old lady, was a blend of my grandmothers, Kneisly and Wilson, who both lived in Minneapolis for many years.

In '53, Holt and Company brought out "The Freedom Song" and as hurriedly withdrew it. The chief character was a Negro boy who saw the Civil War through a slave's eyes. I was informed by the Holt editor that the section of the firm which published school books was afraid the South would rise again and throw Holt's salesmen out if the house retained my little tale on its list. All my boy did was strum on his guitar and compose a song, which passed through many versifiers and ended up as the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." A nice idea, strictly fictional!

I live with lovely, patient Gladys in Sonoma County, California, a whoop and holler from the Pacific, with tall redwoods among the apple trees of my place. Six grandchildren, all very exceptional, are not far away. Two electric typewriters and a home-made shack keep the stories churning out, and I.B.M. sends me a package of six new ribbons a month. I wish they would also send me six new ideas.

My greetings to Nicollet Avenue, Lake Harriet, Lake Minnetonka, and Bessie Rice.

BOOKS: *A City of Caprice* (verse), Metropolitan Press, 1920; *Treasure Express,* a history of Wells Fargo, Macmillan, 1936; *Silver Stampede,* history of a Death Valley Mining Camp, Macmillan, 1937; *The Nine Brides of Granny Hite,* William Morrow and Company, 1952; *Southern Pacific* (with Frank J. Taylor), McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1952; *The Freedom Song,* Henry Holt and Company, 1954; *The Earth Changers* (with Frank J. Taylor), Doubleday, 1958.

WALTER J. WILWERDING

The world famous artist and author of animal stories, Walter J. Wilwerding, lives in Minneapolis. He has photographed and painted animal life from Florida Everglades to the Arctic Circle, and also in the heart of Africa. As the result of these rich experiences he has written about nature, about animals he has viewed and studied in their native habitats, and about his travels in search of information about animals.

⁂

I was born in Winona, Minnesota, on February the 13th, 1891, which happened to be on a Friday. Maybe this is an unlucky day, but I have not felt that way about it, as I have been fortunate in pursuing the work that I like to do. Winona is beautifully situated between the Mississippi River on the north and Winona Lake on the south side. The river runs from west to east at Winona, as it makes a bend there. High bluffs and mountainous hills are all around, wooded and filled with wild life, just made to order for a nature-loving boy. Most of my waking hours after school, on holidays and vacation time were spent in those woods. I remember of no day during the summer vacation that I did not spend in the hills and woods. To me, they were one vast wonderland filled with nature's mysteries. I watched the birds through the seasons—the squirrels, chipmunks, gophers, woodchucks and foxes. I poked sticks under limestone ledges to make the rattlesnakes buzz. I had a yard full of snakes, turtles, birds, and animals, and I called it my "zoo." I read everything in the library that dealt with nature and animals. William Long, John Burroughs, and Ernest Thompson Seton were my favorite authors. I was determined that some day I would write books about animals and draw my own illustrations for them. At high school, I studied zoology and botany, which intensified my ambition to become a naturalist.

In 1907, my father's work took him to Minneapolis and my days in the hills and woods came to an abrupt end. There was nothing quite like this near Minneapolis, but the Longfellow Zoo near Minnehaha Park proved to be a substitute, as there I was able to draw and paint many animals that I could not find in my native woods. I also went to the old Minneapolis School of Art, which was then on the top floor of the library building on 10th and Hennepin. I studied with a landscape painter, as I found a need for this in my work so my animals would be in proper settings. I spent over twenty years in drawing and painting animals in zoos in this country and later in Paris, Marseilles, and London.

To learn how the animals lived in their natural habitat, I made frequent trips into wild places from the Florida Everglades to the Arctic Circle in Alaska. Many of these were packhorse trips in the Rockies, as I had never forgotten my native hills, and mountain country has a special appeal for me. This was even true in Africa, where I have camped all around Kilimanjaro Mountain and the Ruwenzori Mountains. I made my first trip to Africa in 1929 on money I earned in painting and doing illustrations for books. I illustrated "Under Western Skies" by Olai Aslagsson and "Indian Moons" by Winona Allanson for the Augsburg Publishing Co., and "King of the Grizzlies" by Richardson and "True Bear Stories" by Joaquin Miller for Rand and McNally. But that first African trip was sort of done on a shoestring. I went on my own without making any arrangements with guides and had only the natives and animals there to meet me when I arrived in the interior.

I painted pictures in Africa from sun up to sun down and wrote my notes by lantern light at night, with insects gathering around the lantern and bats circling my head to catch the insects. But these notes produced my first short stories. On my return, I wrote four short stories about African animals and sent these to four different magazines. These were the first short stories I had ever written and all four were accepted by return mail. Rosy dreams that I had about a writing career were somewhat dulled when I discovered that I had a limited audience. Most of the popular magazines with large circulations did not care to buy stories about animals. I wrote chiefly for children's magazines and such magazines as *Nature, Field and Stream,* and *Sports Afield.* I did sell a number of stories to *Blue Book,* because that editor liked animal stories.

In 1933, I married Sylvia Novotny of St. Paul and took her to Africa on our honeymoon. We left on the 23rd of May and arrived in New York, on the return trip, just before the snow fell in November. As I wanted to be close to the New York publishers of books and magazines, we settled in Old Greenwich, Connecticut. It was there that I wrote a series of books about the life histories of African animals, which were published by Macmillan of New York. Four of these were translated into Swedish and published in Stockholm. One, about lions, was also published by A. and C. Black of London. At the time these were written I did not realize that I was writing my natural history books in the same place where Ernest Thompson Seton and William Long had done their writing. Seton wrote at Greenwich, Connecticut, of which Old Greenwich was a suburb. Long wrote in Stamford, Connecticut, next door neighbor to Old Greenwich. When I read their books as a boy, I felt that I, too, must go to New England to live, because real naturalists lived there. I have often wondered whether it was this youthful urge that brought me to Connecticut. I had given this no thought when I settled there, just felt that it was convenient to New York.

The depression of the late thirties did not help my finances. Illustrators were begging the publishers for work and prices were very low. When Art Instruction, Inc., of Minneapolis, wrote and asked me to take charge of their educational department, I accepted the position. This was in the fall of 1941 and I have been their director of education and vice president for many years. I have, however, insisted on having enough time for my own painting and writing and spend four days a week in my studio. I do more painting than writing, but have written a number of textbooks for the school. I am also editor of their magazine, *The Illustrator*. Occasionally, I write stories about animals for *Boys' Life* and *Sports Afield*. I have also done a few articles about African animals for a magazine called *Safariland*. I have notes lying about for several books and more notes from my last trip to Africa, in 1953, which may, and may not, get into book form. On this last African trip I went into the Sudan, Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Ruanda Urundi, and the Belgian Congo. I am happy that I saw much of this country before the present disorders. Much of my painting and most of my writing have been about Africa. I like to think of

Africa as a place to go back to when the inspirational fountains go dry.

BOOKS published by Macmillan: *Jangwa, the Story of a Jungle Prince* (a lion), 1935; *Keema of the Monkey People*, 1936; *Punda, the Tiger Horse* (zebra), 1937; *Tembo, the Forest Giant* (elephant), 1939. *Animal Drawing and Painting* (educational), Watson-Guptill, 1947; revised edition of the same, 1956. The following educational books published by Art Instruction, Inc., Minneapolis: *Painting Techniques*, 1958; *Still Life Techniques*, 1958; *Animal Drawing*, 1960.

ELIZABETH P. WITHERIDGE

Since 1951, when her husband, the Rev. David E. Witheridge, accepted a call to be Executive Secretary of the Greater Minneapolis Council of Churches, Elizabeth Plumb Witheridge has lived in Minneapolis. Besides her duties as housewife and mother, she finds time to do private tutoring in remedial reading and also works as a free-lance writer of books for children.

Her first two books have their settings in the Old Testament history at the time of the termination of the Babylon exile, roughly 536 B.C. The characters are fictional; the historical and Biblical background are authentic. Her third book, in which the characters are members of her own family, takes place in western Pennsylvania during the middle of the nineteenth century.

◆

I was born in Saginaw, Michigan, a pleasant middle-sized city in the central part of the state, and grew up on my maternal grandfather's farm where I enjoyed all of the delights of a country childhood with none of its drudgery.

After my mother's early death and my father's remarriage, I was allowed to remain in the home of her parents and sister where my rearing was completed. Much of the loneliness of being an "only child" was mitigated by my happiness on the farm and the wonderful devotion of the adults in my life.

My pleasure in writing must have been apparent at an early age, for my grandmother always insisted that I would eventually become a writer. The family encouraged my interest and for most of my growing-up years I planned to become an English teacher. Somehow, however, as I approached college age, I began to think I might prefer teaching very young children and that is exactly what I did, for a number of exceedingly happy years before my marriage.

My "second career" began when I left my beloved kindergarten behind and went to take up my life as a married woman at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School where my husband, whom I had known since infancy, was a senior. The first year of our married life was a very full one, as he prepared for graduation and his first church, and I took courses in the Divinity School on the graduate level. The research that I did in one of those classes formed the basis of my first two books which I finally wrote many years, two churches, and two babies later!

My husband's first call was to the assistant pastorate of the Hyde Park Baptist Church on the edge of the campus of the University of Chicago. This enabled him to do graduate work at the university and me to take a stimulating course in writing for children that was conducted by Edith Patterson Meyer in her own home on Stony Island Avenue, where we also lived. Mrs. Meyer, who later went to Abington to organize and run its first bona fide children's department, was at the time Rand McNally's children's editor. One evening a week a small group of fortunate people were privileged to sit at her feet and absorb much of her great wisdom as a children's editor.

Before it was possible for me to translate what I had learned into anything worth publishing, our first baby arrived, and hard on his heels, less than a full year later, his little brother. Things, certainly not conducive to writing, happened in quick succession after that. My husband completed his graduate work and accepted a church in upstate Illinois, our second baby was very ill for much of his first year and needed constant attention, and our first baby was in the exceedingly active "runabout" stage.

In the winter of 1951 came the call to leave the pastorate and engage in ecumenical work as director of the Council of Churches in Minneapolis. The decision to accept has been a blessed one. Our boys and their parents have thrived in this beautiful city. There began to be time for me to write and my "third career" began with the publication in 1955 of my first book, based on the research done in New York state so early in my marriage. A sequel to the first one was requested and published in 1957.

Because my husband and sons are still my first and all-consuming interest, it takes a long time to write a book. They are my best critics and helpers, however; so now, four years later, we are awaiting the advent on the shelves of book number three. We went to Pennsylvania together to do the research for this one, and when the pre-publication copy arrived in time for Christmas, there was great rejoicing in this family!

BOOKS published by Abington Press: *Mara of Old Babylon*, 1955; *Mara Journeys Home*, 1957; *Jim Penney's Golden Nugget*, 1961.

RUTH TEARE WOODWORTH

"We all have been given a spark of life and we must do what we can to keep it alive" is the philosophy of Ruth Teare Woodworth. As we read her autobiographical story, we realize how she has fanned this spark with her enthusiasm. She has found her way through the maze of trials and struggles and has developed a radiant personality.

She has many interests. She enjoys geology and spends much of her leisure time looking for interesting rocks. She is a member of Theta Sigma Phi and of the Minnesota Branch of the League of American Pen Women. During her newspaper career, she was a member of the National Federation of Press Women.

❖

I was born at the turn of the century in Stillwater, Minnesota, in the heart of the colorful St. Croix valley. From early childhood the river was a source of inspiration and strength to me. Every summer, until I completed my schooling at the University of Wisconsin, was spent at my aunt's camp on the Wisconsin side above Stillwater not far from the high bridge. Here I learned to swim, fish, hunt, and study nature in one of nature's wonderlands. I wrote many poems lauding the river, and the beauties of the great outdoors. Later in life, when I came back to it for a vacation, I epitomized my feeling thus:

> This is the spot on earth where I belong,
> The enchanted woodland of my childhood days.

Before going to the university I conceived the idea of telling the story of the river through the eyes of the Old Man of the Dalles at Taylors Falls. This materialized in a series of river articles that were published in a local paper. Research on the geology and history of the region produced a vast store of interesting events. I edited the articles and selected the best for a booklet, "The Old Man of the Dalles, An Autobiography," which was sold in the region of the Dalles. It was accepted by both the Minnesota and Wisconsin Historical Societies as a novel and authentic picture of the area from the time of the earthquake that produced this "great stone face" about 10,000 years ago to the present time. About the same time, I wrote an elegy commemorating a battle between the Sioux and Chippewa Indians. It was entitled "Elegy Written on an Indian Mound" and printed in a brochure with a picture of a Sioux chief on the cover. The Indians at Black River Falls adopted it and sold it with their baskets for years.

At the University of Wisconsin I met Douglas H. Woodworth, a classmate working his way toward a journalism major the same as I was. When he finished the year ahead of me, he went to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, on the newspaper there, the *Eau Claire Leader-Telegram*. When I completed my work the following year, we were married and made our home in Eau Claire. Here we set up a little writing business of our own. He had an office in the basement and I had one upstairs. He would write his copy late in the evening and place it on my desk as he came up to retire. The next day, while he was at the newspaper, I edited and revised the copy and we discussed it before he finished the story. Then I prepared it for mailing and took charge of the marketing. In this way, many short stories were sold. One series, the Reb Cantrell stories, a group of historical westerns, were sold over a two year period to Street and Smith of New York, averaging about a story a month. Douglas Woodworth also produced many beautiful poems during this period, some of which were published. His nom de plume was Baron Mynde and I was the Baroness (t) Mynde in Seventeen Counties.

Stricken with lymphosarcoma in 1936, Douglas lived four and a half years after he had been given only nine months. Meanwhile I accepted the position of Woman's Page editor with the Eau Claire newspaper, which I held for five years. There was a six-year-old daughter Emily to support, a raven-haired, brown-eyed, imaginative little girl who is now married and has a son and daughter of her own.

The dream of a husband-wife writing team died with Douglas' death in 1940. Before his death, however, he completed a 200,000 word manuscript on World War I, entitled "Doughboys First," which recounted his experiences in World War I when he served with the First Division in the front-line trenches in France.

When the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was being talked about in Washington, D.C., and the news of it was being disseminated to all of the newspapers, something stirred within me, a newspaper woman-writer. After all, the head of it, Col. Oveta Culp Hobby, was a newspaperwoman. I took the battery of physical, mental, psychology tests set up for the first Women's Army Office Candidate Course and passed them. I trained at Fort Des Moines in the broiling sun of an Iowa summer in 1942 and served three and a half years in various public relation capacities, retiring in 1946 with the rank of major.

Since then I have tried many professions and experienced many adventures in my search for the formula for right and exciting living. I have found, of course, that there is no formula except the zest for life, an inner spark that God has placed in each of us, that carries one on through trials. "The kingdom of God is within you." I believe that philosophy with my whole heart.

Briefly, during the search, I have traveled extensively, usually by automobile, spending five years in California before deciding that Minnesota was my first and always love. In California I finished two novels. One of them, "The Warning Isles," about the Bay of Fundy region from where my family emigrated to Minnesota before my birth, is an adventure story filled with the homely philosophy of my maternal grandfather who had been a sea captain and lived to a ripe old age. It was bought by Dodd, Mead and Company of New York City in 1957. Two other novels are now being considered by New York publishers. Also a number of short stories and articles were sold during this period: While in California, I was secretary to the president of the University of Redlands and technical editor at the Grand Central Rocket Company.

Returning to Stillwater, I bought a trailer house and set out to do nothing but write. I found that the inspiration of people, the action and interaction of the social and business world were necessary to stimulate me. I conceived an invention for cleaning erasers and had it patented at the U. S. patent office. I promoted it for several years through my own mail order business. Then came an urge to teach. I went to the Eau Claire Teachers College where I had earned a few teaching credits after military service and had taught in the journalism department. There I was graduated with a bachelor of science in education with a major in English to strengthen my bachelor of arts with a major in journalism from the University of Wisconsin. My first teaching job was in St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin, in the heart of my beloved Dalles. But one year proved to me that teaching was not to be my profession. Maybe there had been too many years spent in adult work. I took a Civil Service test for informational writer at the St. Paul office and now hold that position in the Highway Department in the Capitol approach area.

BOOK: *The Warning Isles*, Dodd, Mead and Company, 1957.

GLADYS ZEHNPFENNIG

Gladys Zehnpfennig is master of narrative technique. She knows how to keep a story boiling briskly. In her novels, she has taken well-known characters of the Bible through imaginative experiences and scenes so that they become living, breathing personalities. As John Sherman has said: "Aided by a natural story-telling gift, she writes an incident-packed novel that clothes in infallible flesh and blood those figures out of dim pre-history and myth who have become part of our heritage."

Gladys (maiden name: Gladys Sophia Burandt) was born in Watertown, South Dakota, and moved to Brookings at the age of ten years. She attended South Dakota State College, where she majored in journalism and was a columnist and reporter on The Industrial Collegian. *It was there she met her husband, Francis, who was foreman in the graphic arts department at the Minnesota Mining plant in Hastings until the spring of 1961 when he was transferred to Winchester, Virginia. They have two sons: Ted—nineteen years old, Gary—fifteen. During the past twenty-three years Mrs. Zehnpfennig has lived in Graceville, Hastings, St. Paul, and White Bear Lake, Minnesota.*

She is a member of National League of American Pen Women and of Delta Phi Lambda.

◆

Green was my field of inexperience in authorship territory on the day I toted the manuscript of "The Rock and the Sand" into the Webb Publishing Company in St. Paul and deposited it in the offices of Paul Hillestad, whom I shall always consider an editorial sage and craftsman in the great tradition. Mr. Hillestad was detained, I was told. I left the bulky package and fled. This reaction was in keeping with my approach to the project, from the time of its conception in my mind. "The Rock and the Sand" was compounded of timidity and bravado, of a fierce pursuit of knowledge in a dearth of spare moments.

A mental freshet of inspiration, as I listened in church to the familiar Gospel about Herod's slaughter of the innocent babies, started the creative mill-wheels churning briskly in my mind.

With two lively young sons and all the usual housewifely chores and community activities that are considered a proper part of the suburban picture, I nevertheless set myself to researching and narrating the story of a heartsick, vindictive woman who might have lived almost two thousand years ago—a Rachel weeping for her child, too proud and vain to be comforted.

To make the assignment even more difficult, I had resolved I must write the manuscript surreptitiously. Imagine admitting to your bridge club that you have suddenly decided to write a novel—especially if you have been acting perfectly normal for years! Only one neighbor knew that I was attempting to write anything at all. Because she understood and sympathized so enthusiastically, I dedicated my first book to Truly Latchaw.

After seven years of looking up and jotting down, of scribbling endless pages of fictional material, of ducking thick notebooks at the sound of non-family footsteps, of pounding the typewriter frantically on hermit's dream days when blizzards pelted the windows, of realizing the thrill of having a publisher and a contract, of waiting and proof-reading and then waiting some more, I finally touched the first bound copy of "The Rock and the Sand" with hesitant fingers. That moment of destiny was achieved in the fall of 1954. Since then, there have been two more Biblical-historical novels, "Search for Eden" and "Son of Nazareth," both written minus stealth. However, I insist on being vague about my writing projects. I do not like to lose momentum by talking my material away.

I have always been intrigued by the heady, hectic, mighty progress of humanity through the pages of the Bible. Still, for a change of pace, I am now concentrating on an exciting period in the history of my own states, Minnesota and South Dakota.

The desire to write was not quite a matter of overnight inspiration. When I was a grade-school child in Brookings, South Dakota, the charitable editor of the *Brookings County Press* often printed my juvenile doggerel in his columns. Later, I wrote feature stories and rhymes for the high school paper and for the *Industrial Collegian* at South Dakota State, where I took all the journalism hours I could get and a smattering of printing. During the most depressed years of the depression, I was employed in the horticulture office on the campus, which was an education in itself.

All through my married life, I have always been busy. When I started to write in earnest, I needed to dig and scrape for extra time. Quite a bit of "The Rock and the Sand" was written between six and seven in the morning, after my husband left for work and the boys were still asleep.

Reading has been my cherished hobby and recreation, and I have encouraged my sons to widen their own horizons through the printed word. (If Johnny can't read, it's because he rarely sees his parents absorbed in a book.) I believe the wise man who said, "When the mind is expanded by new knowledge, it can never return to its original size again."

Our older son, Ted, 19, is a junior physics major at The Massachusetts Institute of Technology now. Gary, 15, completed his junior year at White Bear Lake High School. Because they insist on being individuals, we have enjoyed indulging in lusty discussions and arguments on a wide variety of subjects, sometimes ending up with several volumes of the encyclopedia on the dinner table to prove our points.

I was probably the plumpest little girl in Brookings, South Dakota, coming of well-nourished Germanic stock with deep appreciation for good cooking and good food. In fighting the battle of the "bulge," we develop more self-discipline than we know. No matter how it is developed, self-discipline can be channeled into many forms of endeavor —and I write best when I am hungriest.

BOOKS: *The Rock and the Sand* (Biblical-historical fiction for children), Webb, 1954; and foreign edition: Davidsfonds, Louvain, Belgium, 1956; *Search for Eden* (Biblical-historical fiction for children), T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1956; and foreign edition: World's Work, Surrey, England, 1957; *Son of Nazareth* (teen-agers through adults), T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1957.

NORMAN G. ANDERSON

Rev. Norman G. Anderson, pastor of St. Stephens Lutheran Church in West St. Paul, has lived a busy and useful life for others. He is Minnesota state chaplain for Veterans of Foreign Wars and their first director of religious activities, chairman of St. Paul Youth Commission, and chairman of services to Senior Citizens of St. Paul. Before coming to St. Paul, he was state chaplain for the Amvets in New York. For the past seven years he has been writer and narrator of what has become America's longest sustained religious television program in the history of American television. It is now in its eighth year, seven nights a week! This program was originally created for seven weeks.

Rev. Anderson has written many articles for Lutheran Outlook *and the* Lutheran Herald *magazines. Augsburg Publishing House has included his sermon, "Education for Living," in a book, "Twenty Occasional Sermons," and his essay,* *"How to Restore America's Inner Fabric," in the book, "Youth Programs."*

◆

By the experienced calculations and professional guess, my mother and father were informed in 1913 that child number four to be born would be "about ten pounds." Birth certificate information later bore this out rather closely. This intimate event took place in the lovely southern Minnesota town of Albert Lea, March 27th, at 4:00 a.m. My mother tells me that the usual question attending a birth was asked by my parents, "Wonder what he will be when he grows up?" In the melodic lines of the tenor solo, "I Cannot Always Trace the Way," is found the philosophy of my maturing.

But let's begin at the beginning. Life was rather "cribbed, cabined, and confined" to the nursery and backyard in Albert Lea until the age of four when my salesman father and hardworking mother felt the "call of the city" and moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota, 101 miles north of the birthplace in Freeborn County.

Activities at Lowell Grade School and later at North High School "cast their shadows before" as to the role my adult life would take. A poem written in third grade perhaps reveals an early aptitude for the literary, a WBAH radio schedule listing a children's pageant with myself as a "Boy Soprano," and later the senior class play male lead in high school all became pointers to the comprehensive requirements of a pastor in this mid-twentieth century. Another more sharply pointed indicator was the Sunday School program at my home church, Central Lutheran, Minneapolis, where somehow or other the pageant had me doing the part of the "pastor." Stimulated by constant Christian nurturing of a devout home and parents, augmented by good brothers and an angel sister, together with the quiet but deep influence of the dignified and creatively dynamic pastor, Dr. J. A. O. Stub, my life's pastoral career was encouraged even before I was aware of the influence of good home and church communications.

Money was a scarce commodity for most people during the great depression years of the 1930's and mine was no exception. However, an unusually remunerative job was obtained originally for "a couple of weeks," as the boss said, with the downtown division of the Northern States Power Company in Minneapolis. With this job I was able to work forty hours a week from midnight to eight a.m. and attend Augsburg College and later the Luther Theological Seminary during the regular daylight classtime hours. June 6th, 1943, I was ordained and a few hours later arrived at Williams and Mary College, in Williamsburg, Virginia, enrolled in the Navy Chaplain's School for military service in World War II. Here I was subsequently assigned to the First Marine Division (1st MARDIV) for action in the South Pacific.

Again the experience of the previously mentioned "untraceable way" brought life and near death experiences which were indelibly etched upon me. Every living moment I'm reminded of "the great war." The Purple Heart and Presidential Unit Citations were awarded as a result of the landing and wounds received "in defense of the United States . . . D-Day, H-Hour plus 25 minutes."

This was not all. Even after the shrapnel was stopped, I'm told it stopped but one-eighth of an inch from certain death, the hospital ship on which I was being evacuated hit a coral reef and was in serious danger of sinking as surely as any shipwreck of the apostle St. Paul. Nevertheless, the hard-working sailors temporarily repaired it enough so that it could successfully limp back into an island port. Following repeated surgery, one year's convalescence in navy hospitals, the ending of the war, an entire new life with fresh dedication, supplemented with dynamic motivation and unflinching faith in the goal and purpose of life, I set out with new vim, vigor, and vitality.

Ending my service with the United States Navy, grabbing a cup of coffee at the west end of highway 66 in San Diego, and driving with a recently purchased Ford Convertible, I drove the length of that famous road to its eastern terminal in Chicago and parked the car under a spreading elm on the seminary campus of Mayhood, Illinois, in January, 1946. There, by the grace of God, and perhaps the generosity of the seminary faculty, I was awarded the degree of master of sacred theology about one year later.

In 1947 I accepted a "call" to the beautiful and historic little church in Troy, New York, where both pastor and congregation accepted one another sight unseen. There is a saying in the ministry that one never forgets the warmth of one's first parish. How true that is! Some of our happiest experiences were in that historic upper New York state town.

But the highlight of this post-war era to me was the whirlwind (three months) wooing, winning, and wedding of the former Elizabeth Elnore Hotvedt, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The ninety-day courtship climaxed in a long-distance telephone "proposal"—thanks to Mr. Alexander Graham Bell. Four "tow-heads" now live with us by the names of Norman Gulden, Jr.; Elizabeth Elnore, Junior Miss; Stephen Eric; and Karen Lisa.

Life followed rapidly including the completion of course work together with a week of oral and written examinations for the doctoral degree, with but the thesis remaining at Syracuse University. Three years were served as interim associate professor of religion and sociology at Concordia College, Moorhead, Minnesota. Since 1953 I have been Pastor of St. Stephens Lutheran Church, West St. Paul, Minnesota. Here again God's Hand has been palpably real for the congregation has been increased from a $12,500.00 budget to an estimated $60,000.00 for 1961, and from 535 souls to nearly 1600.

BOOKS: *Power for Tomorrow*, T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1961; *Church and Labor*, Melberg Press, 1953.

KENNETH A. CARLEY

People of Minnesota are familiar with Kenneth A. Carley's book reviews and Picture Magazine *editing in the* Minneapolis Sunday Tribune, *and also his articles which have appeared in* Minnesota History, *the magazine of the Minnesota Historical Society. After a thorough study of the Civil War, he has written two books which picture the stirring incidents of that period. He has shared his research by founding the Twin Cities Civil War Round Table and is its past-president. He was named to the citizens' advisory committee of the Minnesota Civil War and Sioux Uprising Centennial Commission. As a writer, tenor soloist, hobbyist, with a wife and three daughters, he is leading a very busy and interesting life.*

❧

My birthplace was my parents' small house almost literally a stone's throw from St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota. Then, as now, Rochester was a renowned medical center that drew people from all over. One of my favorite pastimes as a boy was to sit with my pals on the curb of a busy street near the hospital and count the different license plates on passing cars. One afternoon we jotted down forty-two states.

My father, Lewis E. Carley, was an express messenger for the Railway Express Agency. When I was thirteen he decided his work required him to operate out of the Twin Cities so he moved the family, which included my mother and my sister Dorothy, to northeast Minneapolis. I have lived in that section of the city most of the time since.

I was graduated from Edison High School and in 1936 became a student at the University of Minnesota. The depression was still on at the time and, to get funds for my schooling, I worked as a freight trucker evenings at the Milwaukee station. Summers I put in as many as 18 to 22 hours in a stretch helping can peas and corn at what was then the Minnesota Valley Canning Company at LeSueur, Minnesota. Although such labor was hardly conducive to study, I managed to win a Sigma Delta Chi scholarship award and to graduate from the University in 1939 with a B.A. degree (cum laude) in journalism. I minored in political science.

After breaking into the newspaper business with publisher L. A. Kaercher of the *Ortonville,* Minnesota, *Independent* for about a year and a half, I joined the staff of the *Minneapolis Star* as a picture desk worker. For the past eleven years or so, I have been assistant to editor Charles McFadden of the *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune's Picture Magazine*. During that time I have written many features on a wide range of subjects. One of the most satisfying for me was the May 11, 1958, issue of *Picture*—a special section to help commemorate Minnesota's Statehood Centennial.

Although newspapering is my livelihood, I have a special interest—music—that I sometimes wish I had the nerve to pursue more fully. Before going to the university I studied voice about three years with Floyd Jones at Minnesota Bible University. I also took some piano there. During the summers of 1934 and 1935, I traveled in about half of the states with the MBU chorus, singing in various churches, seeing the sights, and staying in people's homes.

I have been tenor soloist with such vocal groups as the Lutheran Brotherhood Singers and in choirs of several churches, notably Grace Evangelical United Brethren (my own church), Salem English Lutheran, and Temple Baptist—all in Minneapolis. For several years I also have sung in a quartet at the annual Gridiron Show put on by the Newspaper Guild of the Twin Cities to "roast" politicians and others in the public eye. I also like to attend symphony concerts and am an avid opera fan.

My musical interest has trapped me with a consuming hobby—collecting popular songs as they were originally published. I am especially interested in the sheet music of Broadway show tunes, old and new, and have thousands of such songs. One of my most exciting finds was George Gershwin's first published song, "When You Want 'Em, You Can't Get 'Em, When You Got 'Em, You Don't Want 'Em." My long-suffering wife sometimes looks askance at my stacks of music and once expressed the wish I would collect something smaller—like stamps.

She said this in part because I have another hobby that takes space—collecting books, particularly books on American history, with emphasis on the Civil War. I have reviewed Civil War books, Revolutionary War books and the like for the *Minneapolis Tribune* for some fifteen years. I also have done some reviewing for the quarterly, *Minnesota History*.

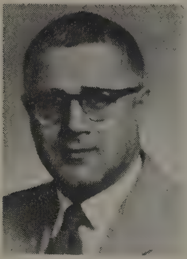
Civil War books got me so interested in the subject that some nine years ago I helped found the Twin Cities Civil War Round Table with Wallace J. Schutz. He and I were the group's first presidents.

In the summer of 1960, looking ahead to the Civil War Centennial, I began doing research for a series of articles in *Picture Magazine* on Minnesota troops that fought one hundred years ago. The articles ran at intervals from January 8, 1961, through April 16, 1961, and became the basis for my first book, "Minnesota in the Civil War," published locally on August 28, 1961, by Harlow Ross of Ross and Haines, Inc., Minneapolis.

While this was going on I also did research and writing for a second book, a pictorial history of the Sioux uprising in 1862 for the Minnesota Historical Society. That book, titled "The Sioux Uprising of 1862," came out in the fall of 1961.

Doing two books at the same time has forced me to neglect my family. My wife (the former Lucile Larson of Minneapolis) and I have three daughters, including twins. I suspect they would be happier if they never heard of the Civil War again. But in a way they are doomed even by the place in which they live. Our house is on Ulysses Street, named after Ulysses S. Grant.

BOOKS: *Minnesota in the Civil War*, Ross and Haines, Inc., 1961; *The Sioux Uprising of 1862*, Minnesota Historical Society, 1961.



WILLIAM HOFFMAN

William Hoffman, social worker and an assistant professor in sociology in St. Paul, is a writer. He has not only written magazine articles and books but also has been a columnist for the St. Paul Jewish Times. He is interested in people and, in his books, he has pictured those among whom he grew up in West St. Paul. Many of them were foreign born and were struggling to gain a home and happiness in a new land. While reading Mr. Hoffman's books, we realize that, through all their hardships, these people were honest, had high ideals, deep love of family, and worked tirelessly to gain a higher plane of culture.

Mr. Hoffman and his wife, Ruth, have two children: Susan—15 years and Jonathan—12.

◆

I do not consider myself either an historian or a sociologist although I have been referred to as one or the other, and, in some instances, both by my readers. Perhaps they do because of my first inclination and preference to sketch episodes and people from an era that has slipped away silently and without protest, even though so many of us do not want to forget that era.

Perhaps I write that way. I do because I am happiest and most satisfied in relating with people whether as a professional social worker or as one who has just a tremendous curiosity about and a deep interest in people.

There is little need, it has always seemed to me, to fabricate people laboriously, and to waste so much time assiduously building and putting together pieces of a contrived stage. Why? When the people around us and the little worlds they live in are so real and so much a part of our everyday lives, all that is needed for those of us who write is to be able and willing to perceive with the heart as well as with the eye, and to listen with the same heart as well as with the ear.

The basic goodness of most people is a delightful truth to behold and a most exciting subject to write about. As to those who might take issue with this, I would refer them to Thoreau, who wrote:

"The finest bloom of our nature, like the bloom of fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate of handling, yet we do not treat ourselves nor one another thus tenderly."

I was born in St. Paul on March 7, 1914, in an attic apartment over a blacksmith shop. This was the first and the cheapest place available to my parents immediately after they arrived from Russia. A midwife assisted in the delivery just as with the previous five children. My mother was both too shy and too poor to have a doctor, and a hospital, of course, was a place for the very sick. The other five children who followed in the next ten years had a doctor in attendance and were delivered in the free city hospital—my mother had become Americanized but hardly more affluent.

The neighborhood was composed of Jewish immigrant stock living side by side with Poles who worked in the packing plants, Irish who worked on the railroad sections, construction crews, firemen, and policemen, and a smattering of Negroes who worked downtown as porters and domestics. The Jews, true to tradition, moved into the textile trades, became small merchants and were determined to send their children on to college to become professional men. It was an exciting neighborhood full of life.

I thought I began to write when I was in high school. What I wrote was guaranteed publication in the school paper by virtue of the fact that I was the editor. Even then, at the ripe old age of sixteen, I was reminiscing about childhood days! I recall now, however, that I was also writing way back in the seventh grade in junior high school—publication also assured because I was editor-in-chief of that paper too. It was called the *Midget* and equally descriptive, although not intentional, of my size.

Writing the great American novel, of course, slipped through my mind at regular intervals, which became even larger intervals after graduating from the University of Minnesota in 1935 with a major in journalism. There were no jobs in 1935 and my writing, as with so many others, consisted of framing beautiful job applications.

From 1935 until 1942, time was punctuated infrequently and irregularly with a variety of jobs: cutting timber in the North Woods as a C.C.C. enrollee, grocery clerk (all the sardines I could eat), timekeeper on a federal housing project, writing copy for a short-lived shopper's guide, custom's inspector, census taker, and shortly before World War II, marriage in 1940 and a "steady" job as boys' director in a settlement house at $65.00 per month.

After a singularly undistinguished service stint in the army from 1942 to 1946, I returned to social welfare work and completed graduate school in that field in 1952 with the assistance of a community scholarship. After that I worked in a variety of welfare settings—with old people, delinquent youngsters, troubled adults, unmarried mothers, adoption placements, and at present as a community welfare planning director as well as a part-time professor in sociology at Macalester College.

The writing bug, dormant for many years, kept stirring restlessly every so often—the results: a few rejection slips, some paid "ghost" writing for local politicians, the birth of a successful newspaper column, and the production of two books. And there will be more, since there is no surcease from the driving compulsion to write and write and write!

Books published by T. S. Denison and Company, Inc.: *Those Were the Days*, 1957; *Tales of Hoffman*, 1961.

WINIFRED WINTER TALBOT

Besides being a writer, Winifred Winter Talbot has found time to be a teacher, church secretary, and promoter of civic and church organizations. She learned early that worth-while groups like Campfire, Faculty Wives Club, prayer groups, Parent Teacher Associations, PEO, church libraries can be popularized by the right kind of publicity. "Why not?" she says. "They should be promoted." Mr. and Mrs. Talbot are active in educational work at church and have served on the Coronis Camp Farthest Out Council Ring. Mrs. Talbot writes a column each month for the church Advance *and serves as head librarian at Aldersgate Methodist Church in Minneapolis.*

They have three children—all married: Jeanne (Mrs. Albert E. Drobnick) lives at Keewatin and Marilyn (Mrs. Dwight Hill) at New Ulm, Minnesota. Their son, Lincoln, resides in Silver Spring, Maryland.

I was born one cold and frosty morn on January 4th just as the nine o'clock school bell was calling Wabasha children back to school. I've had an insatiable desire all my life to attend school and to become a writer. In 1923, after teaching in Potsdam, Zumbro Falls, Richfield, and Minneapolis schools, I married John Talbot, director of teacher training at St. Cloud Teachers College. We stayed there long enough to see that school change into a four-year state college and have five presidents. Previous to that I was an unclassified student at the University of Minnesota when Vincent, Burton, and Coffman were presidents. Poor health and limited finances kept me from continuous class work, but I persisted in going to college two full years, three summers, and took several night school and correspondence courses. "You definitely qualify to join the American Association of University Women (AAUW)," wrote the registrar in 1955. Attending the St. Cloud and the Minneapolis branches of the AAUW has kept me inspired and encouraged to continue my yen for writing.

I was the fifth child in a large family of eight children. Mother was Norwegian and claimed Ole Bull, famous violinist, as an ancestor. She taught us to yodel and to pray and encouraged us in all our ambitious endeavors. We all adored her. Father was the violinist and musician. He taught us to sing, dance, and love music. Two sisters pursued music as professions. We all sang in choirs. He tenderly nursed me when I had rheumatic fever.

Our childhood in small towns and on the farm were happy with interesting activities. We swam in wet dresses, hunted for pearls in clam shells, cracked open round stones to look for treasures. Cinderella never wore more beautiful dresses than were my sister's and my imaginary satins as we sat on haystacks and watched sheep. We were on a float one Fourth of July and wore sleeveless, cheese-cloth dresses. On Sunday we wore the dresses when fetching home the cows. They ran into bushes and a hornet's nest; so did we. I had only nineteen stings; my sister had twenty-three. We survived and suffered. Doctors were few and we had no nurses or hospitals nearby.

Later, when my children were born, I loved the tender care of doctors and nurses. I've taught my children to appreciate our well-equipped hospitals. Because some children enter hospitals screaming, I have tried to write about children and happy experiences they should have while in one. I wrote "Claudia's Cloud Pictures" when a little girl watched cloud pictures from a hospital window. "Happy Hospital Surprises" was one boy's actual experiences. It would be a comfort if a child had read it before an emergency. Even the title has a therapeutic value for adults as well as children. One father wrote me, "Our whole family enjoyed the book. It is a winner. . . ." A mother from a Minnesota range town wrote, "How I wished for a book like this when I took my child to a large city hospital. We were filled with fear. Now we have your book. My child looks at it every day. She adores it."

My most successful stories and my book, "Happy Hospital Surprises," have been written in hospital settings. I spent three months in one after quite a serious accident. I thought I would never smile again when I was taken to two different hospitals in ambulances, but I came home with a manuscript, "Hospitals Can Be Fun." But Eddie Cantor had beaten me to the magazines with an article with the same title. I was too weak to rewrite and re-title my experience. After all, who could compete with a comedian of his ability and fame!

I am writing an article at present, "Let Your Heart Last Eleven Years Longer." My husband advises, "Why not give up your library column and devote more time to writing books and stories?" I'm a born organizer and promoter. I have made it a practice to "never leave a baby on the doorsteps." Too many church libraries start with a boom by enthusiastic volunteers, but too soon are neglected by them.

My observation of the keen interest in good reading, that men, women, and children have, keeps me growing. I believe that families that read together stay together.

BOOK: *Happy Hospital Surprises*, T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., 1961.

EARL SPANGLER

When the Centennial Commission wanted someone to write a pamphlet on the Negro in Minnesota, it is not surprising that they commissioned Dr. Earl Spangler, associate professor at Macalester college, to carry out the plan. They knew he was deeply interested in history and his research would be thorough and accurate.

At Macalester he is the type of teacher who has the patience and time to help his students with their problems. The men of the 407th Civil Affairs Company at Fort Snelling, of which he is the commanding officer, presented him with an engraved holder and swagger stick with the notation, "We wish to show our appreciation and gratitude for the officer and gentleman that you are. With our best wishes we give you this token of our feelings."

Dr. Spangler married Virginia Chandler at Mineral Wells, Texas, on June 6, 1942. They have three daughters: Helen Ann, Susan Virginia, and Shirley Ruth.

◆

I was born December 12, 1920, in Flora, Illinois, but moved to Woodlawn, Illinois, at the age of six months. Therefore, I have always regarded the latter town as my home. It is barely a town, less than 300 in population, but nevertheless the repository of some of my most vivid and happy memories. I grew up not too unlike a farm boy, pitched my quota of hay, put out two lots of garden, played the usual boyhood sports, went fishing down at the creek, hunted squirrels and rabbits in the woods and fields, played hookey from school a few times, and managed to acquire my share of lickings from various schoolteachers for such things as squirting water down girls' necks and putting dead mice in their desks. Some deeds went unpunished, however, because of a few ambiguous answers I gave to some rather pointed questions.

My father died before I was three years old and this left me with a mother and older brother. It was a very happy household as I remember it but a bit austere because there was very little income. In addition to the above mentioned activities, I found myself picking and selling blackberries for ten cents a gallon and mowing lawns for ten cents an hour. This did not make me rich but it did teach me a bit about the virtues of work and depression economics.

I finished high school at the age of sixteen and went to college at Oklahoma State University, formerly Oklahoma A and M College. There I majored in history and geography with minors in political science and education. From the earliest time I can remember, I had been in love with history and wanted to teach. At the age of twenty I was graduated and received my bachelor's degree along with a still unused public school life teaching certificate. While in college, I participated in intramural sports, student government, and various clubs. I also found the time and opportunity to join Phi Kappa Phi, Phi Delta Kappa, Kappa Delta Pi, Phi Alpha Theta, Pi Gamma Mu, Scabbard and Blade, the International Relations Club, and was elected to the Educational Council of the College of Education. Also upon graduation I was awarded the College of Education plaque as the most outstanding male student in the College of Education, and the American Legion saber for having the highest academic standing among the graduating ROTC students.

Following graduation, I took some further summer work at Oklahoma State, primarily because I had met the girl who later became my wife. However, in September, 1941, I went to Louisiana State University as a graduate assistant to try for my master's degree in history. However, the war intervened as did the eventually fatal illness of my mother and I quit school at the end of the first semester to come home to be with her and to await my call as a reserve officer in the army.

I entered the army as a second lieutenant of infantry and was assigned to Camp Wolters, Texas. Four years later, in March, 1946, I was separated as a captain and returned to graduate work at Oklahoma State as an assistant in the political science department. During my period of service, I served with the 75th Infantry Division in the states and the 29th Infantry Division overseas. I was with the 29th in the Normandy campaign until we got to the outskirts of St. Lo when I was evacuated to England and spent the remainder of my overseas service there until September, 1945, when I returned to the states.

I received my M.A. degree in July, 1946, and spent the next year as an instructor at Oklahoma State teaching survey history and government courses. I also became a candidate for a Rhodes Scholarship but was eliminated in the state finals. In 1947 I came to Minnesota to do further graduate work. In 1949, I became a part-time instructor at Macalester College, was promoted to assistant professor in 1950, and associate professor in 1961. For a period of three years, I was also assistant dean of students. In 1958-59, I went to the University of Oklahoma and finished my course work for the Ph.D. which I received the following year. My doctoral dissertation was on the Negro in Minnesota, a hitherto virtually untapped subject.

My interest in the Negro began when I received a grant from the Minnesota State Centennial Commission to do a small pamphlet and an extensive bibliography on the subject. This grew to such an extent through the unearthing of a great deal of unknown literature that it was suitable for a dissertation. The Centennial Commission, Minnesota Historical Society, and the committee on the study of the role of the Negro in Minnesota all have encouraged its publication, and it is being published by T. S. Denison and Company, Inc.

In addition to the research on the Negro, I have also virtually completed a manuscript on the "Third Term Issue in American Politics" which I hope to have published soon. This deals with the general nature and the history of the third term for presidents in the United States and goes into specific detail on Grant, Theodore Roosevelt, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I have continued my interest in the army reserve and am at present a Lt. Colonel in Civil Affairs, commanding the 407th Civil Affairs Company at Fort Snelling. I am also a member of the Association of the United States Army, Reserve Officers Association, and the Military Government Association. I am on the national board of directors of the last organization. Military awards and decorations include the Combat Infantryman's Badge, Bronze Star, Presidential Unit Citation, European Theatre ribbon with one battle star, American Theatre ribbon, Victory medal, and Reserve medal.

I belong to the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, Minnesota Historical Society, and Agricultural History Association. As to hobbies and travel, I still collect stamps and coins, play a bit of tennis and softball, and have traveled over a great bit of the United States plus parts of England, Scotland, Wales, France, Mexico, and Canada.

BOOK: *The Negro in Minnesota*, T. S. Denison and Company, Inc., 1961.

MARGARET ARBORE BERG

Margaret Arbore Berg, who has lived in Luverne, Minnesota, since 1952, was born in Minneapolis and lived there until her marriage in 1944. She is the author of one book, "Wednesday's Child," written primarily for parents but it has been well received by young people of high and junior high school age. The title of the book she derived from an old nursery rhyme, "Wednesday's child is full of woe. . . ." It is the story of a family with a severely handicapped palsied child. The story is not autobiographical, but it might be true in that the problems and situations are true for many families trying to maintain happy homes and a semblance of normalcy in spite of the tragedy which has befallen them. Mrs. Berg has written many articles for various organizations and newspapers in behalf of such families. She has contributed to Cerebral Palsy Review *and* Crippled Children *magazines. At present she is at work on three books for young children and a new novel with a present-day Minnesota background.*

◆

As a native Minnesotan I am fond of our segment of the globe, with its sharply defined seasons and varied population. I have lived in other states for short periods but have always felt a bond with Minnesota.

My father, John Arboré, was of French descent and born in Romania. My mother, Anna Goetsch Arboré, was the American-born daughter of German parents, William and Albertine Goetsch, early settlers, whose first St. Paul home was on the banks of the Mississippi just below what is now Seven Corners. Later, on Thomas Avenue near Dale, they built the home which I have used as the setting in "Wednesday's Child." Growing up in the Hill district, I attended Webster Grade and Central High Schools; was briefly exposed to the University of Minnesota but gained most of my further learning through intensive home study in child development with a leavening of short courses and workshops.

I am one of six children, a nice number to grow up with. The influenza epidemic after World War I took our father, and the years which followed were short on luxuries and long on lacks, but we were blessed with a delightfully understanding mother who could always somehow provide means and encouragement for even our maddest creative efforts. Books in our home were plentiful, respected, and used; and it seemed quite natural that writing should become a diversion for the majority of us. Our neighborhood was one in which dwelt a number of producing writers. I am unable to report that any of these ever dandled me upon an ink-stained knee, but I did know which houses were theirs and recognized quite early that writing for some people was as natural an occupation as is cutting grass for others.

When I was in the fourth grade I wrote my first poem, feeling certain that the *Ladies' Home Journal* would want to publish and illustrate the same; but I was too bashful to proffer this pearl, so I hid it in a W. L. Douglas shoe box along with two agates which we called carnelians, a voice thrower ("Amaze your friends"), a Dolly Dimple paper doll, and a note from Miss Sherlock reading, "Margaret's arithmetic papers are a disgrace! Encourage her to strive for neatness! Please!" I was unwilling to deliver this to my mother and "scared stiff" to destroy it because of a thorough indoctrination in the perils of hell's fire, and so it remained in the shoe box until it fell apart.

Later encouragement toward the literary life came from sisters who wrote. We three collaborated on many unpublished works under the nom de plume of S. Frank Jorgenson. Those nice girls let me be S. Once S. Frank entered a novel-writing contest, which, if memory serves me, Edith Wharton won. But, at that time, I was more interested in painting than in writing. I made no really serious attempt to handle the written word until I became the mother of a brain-injured child and felt a drive to communicate to an unmindful world the need of this child and others like him.

I am married to a jeweler (Norwegian) who recites poetry before breakfast, studies Greek at the watch repair bench, and does algebra in bed; who likes to cook, hike, and probe into raisons d'etre; who argues thunderously but has withal the innate ferocity of a day-old duckling; who endures my enthusiasms, encourages my ventures, and hounds me unmercifully about grammar and syntax.

The exact title of my present occupation is Oscar's wife, and I have been so engaged for twenty-six years. Other occupations I have filled have been numerous. Some of these have been voluntary—I have been drawn into them by the subtle arm twisting which prevails in smaller cities. Others I have elected because of personal convictions. Somehow I had come to voting years believing that most needed forms of social action were accomplished by a great THEY, but after living in a descending series of smaller cities and towns I have come at last to recognize how THEY is actually WE or, at times, I.

Thus began my organizational phase. One dreadful year when I took stock I found myself holding membership in eight organizations and office in seven. I have remedied this now and have worked out a formula for accepting or declining. I am at this moment a member of our Rock County Association of Slow Learning Children and serve as director of Opportunity School, holding classes for both children and mothers. I belong to the First Presbyterian Church and am currently serving as secretary of social education and action in Woman's Association. I am on the board of directors for Hinkly House Museum, a member of Moccasin

Flower Club, have served as an Easter Seal volunteer for at least a dozen years and have rather recently been given an honorary membership in Beta Zeta Chapter of Beta Sigma Phi Sorority. In between such occupations, I hold down a comfortably flexible job as my husband's Girl Friday in the jewelry store which he operates.

Our only son, Bruce Fredrik, was a severely handicapped cerebral palsied child, born in 1942 when there was still too little known about helping such children. During his nearly twelve years with us, we came to know the dreadful need of families of the brain damaged for instruction and advice, and moral support.

Because of Bruce, we have been instrumental in organizing parents' groups for cerebral palsy and later for mental retardation in Minnesota and North Dakota. (The Southern Minnesota Spastic Club, which the Bergs with the H. H. Russes of Blue Earth organized in 1946, was the first specialized parents' organization in our state.) In North Dakota for four years I was a member of the North Dakota Cerebral Palsy Council which assisted in the establishment of special services for children with this handicap. I have also been instrumental in the creation of three parent operated schools for children with learning problems—in Mankato, Jamestown, and Luverne. All of these were cooperative efforts which no family acting alone could have achieved, but I like to think that Bruce had some part in their creation and I think of them always as a living memorial to a wonderful child. For the past five years I have directed Luverne Opportunity School and have been able to demonstrate how very much a program of individually planned sensory motor activities can accomplish for the child with a learning problem, whatever his diagnostic label. Such training at Opportunity School is directed not toward giving the child a variety of isolated skills but rather to give him abilities which he can use to interact with his world so that out of this interaction might come the interpretation of that world which is vision, man's highest skill. Serving on the staff of the Summer Achievement School which was held by the Milwaukee Society for Brain Injured Children in conjunction with Central State College at Stevens Point in 1960, I had further opportunity to see this concept demonstrated.

This philosophy of a child's need for a totality of experience underlies my story of "Wednesday's Child," for not until we have absorbed wide experience can we move toward maturity in a patterned universe which uses everything—birth, death, seasons, events, loves, and hates—as units of its design. The immature understand only the grief or comfort of these single parts but maturity comes as our minds begin to grasp the concept of the whole.

In writing "Wednesday's Child" I hoped to increase public understanding of the different child and offer parents a philosophy to live by. Only when a child is given the opportunity to live as normal a life as possible—to experience failures, disappointments, and even pain—can he be expected to respond with normal behavior. In the same way only when we the parents accept our personal sorrow as a normal part of life can we attain mental growth and emotional fulfillment. This philosophy is a compelling thing to me and it is likely that it may appear again in future writing.

Book: *Wednesday's Child*, Muhlenberg Press, 1960.

MARY JACKSON ELLIS

Among elementary schoolteachers, Mary Jackson Ellis is well known because of the help she has given them with the teaching "logs" she has written and school games she has developed for kindergarten through grade six. These aids have helped teachers inspire their students, making them anxious to learn. She has also written children's stories. In 1947, she was the recipient of the outstanding achievement award from Opportunity Magazine. *On April 3, 1957,* The Minneapolis Star *newspaper honored her as a "Town Topper." She is a member of Women in Education, Urban League, Women's Forum, Delta Kappa Gamma, Alpha Kappa Alpha, and the executive board of the National Education Association. Besides her work as a kindergarten teacher in Minneapolis Public Schools, her writing, and home-making, she finds time for her favorite hobbies—fishing and sculpturing.*

◆

My life has been a very full and rewarding one because of a wonderful family, good friends, and, greatest of all, the blessings of God. Now when I use the pronoun I, as is the custom in most autobiographies, you will know that I am very conscious of the influence that each of these has had on my endeavors.

I was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, on March 21, 1916, the first child of Bessie and James Jackson. My parents' desire to introduce me to my many relatives living in Maryland prompted our move to Mountain Lake Park. To many this name may mean bleak, cold, long, and snowy winters with short but gay months of summer. To me, as a child, they were twelve wonderful changing months. In fact, that is the reason I love Minnesota. Its theater of seasons recalls so much of my childhood.

In 1923, we moved to Fairmont, West Virginia, where I attended the later elementary grades and the first two years of high school. I think that it was at this time that I attempted real heartfelt writing. This was in the form of skits, club plays, and program scripts. I can remember working on these at our dining room table until wee hours in the morning.

We moved to Charleston, West Virginia, in 1933, much to the dismay of our family, especially to me as it meant being uprooted for my senior year in high school. My father had no choice as he was a government employee and had to go where he was assigned. Little did I realize at the time that this dreaded move would play such an important part in my life.

My first few weeks of adjustment in this new situation were not pleasant. I missed my old friends, and the policies and procedures of Garnet High School were new and different. But my senior English teacher was my salvation. After our first few English themes, she asked me to stay after school to talk with her. She explained that she was pleased with my contributions, so far as content of my themes was concerned. She likewise told me that much needed to be done and that constant practice *might* uncover talent that *might* be hidden. From that day on I felt that I belonged—someone that I had just met, someone that I admired and who really knew, had faith in me. The months that followed were uneventful but filled with hard work. My English teacher kept a guiding hand on me, inquired of my progress during college, and only a few months ago wrote to say, "Congratulations, I hear that you are included in 'Who's Who of American Women' and 'Who's Who in the Midwest.' "

In 1934 I entered West Virginia State College at Institute, West Virginia. In the spring of that year I married Carter Vernard Ellis, my high school sweetheart. We were thoughtless of how we would finance our remaining years of college. As I reflect, they were hard, struggling but wonderful years. The two years following our marriage my husband worked for the state government and I attended West Virginia Dental College, where I received my degree in dental hygiene. By this time we had accumulated enough money so that we could both re-enter West Virginia State College. I was fortunate enough to be placed on the medical staff of the college as their dental hygienist. This job, plus an after-class job of my husband's, relieved us of financial worries. In 1939 we received our B.A. and B.S. degrees. During my college years I had very little time for writing but my interest never lagged. I constantly attended workshops at Oberlin College and Ohio State University.

My first teaching job came in the fall after graduation. I became a kindergarten teacher in the Institute Elementary School (a demonstration school for students of West Virginia State College).

On July 29, 1940, we were blessed with a baby daughter, Susan Nan. At six months of age she began to show signs of such mature development that I was thrilled to write about her precociousness. This was my first serious attempt at writing a book. I began keeping detailed accounts of her activities and progress. She is now twenty-one years of age and in the last year of her medical training at the University of Minnesota. Now, I hope to complete the book I started in 1942. It is my hope that it will help other parents of gifted children.

In 1943 Joy List was born, and we could have found no better name for her as she has been a joy and shining light in our family.

Our next move came in 1945, when my husband received a scholarship to attend the University of Minnesota. The stipend included his family. We spent a wonderful year in Minneapolis. I missed teaching, however, but managed to write about Nan's school entrance into the second grade at the age of four. I accepted the role of Bluebird leader, did my husband's typing, and, along with housekeeping, managed to stay busy. We returned to West Virginia after his graduation but for only long enough to settle our business affairs. The year 1947 stands out in my mind for three reasons: first, our first son, Carter III, was born; second, we returned to Minnesota; and third, I became a teacher in the Minneapolis Public Schools. Many people were influential in helping me decide to accept this position as my children were, of course, my first concern. This block was quickly removed by a dear friend, who took over my household duties and who is still with us today. I shall be eternally grateful for her loyalty and help.

During these years, I taught, did graduate work at the University of Minnesota, and continued to write and file manuscripts thinking that some day I would send them to a publisher. During a visit in my classroom, my supervisor suggested that a puzzle game I had devised be shown to a manufacturer. With her encouragement this was done and now my See-Quees are being used throughout the United States helping boys and girls with concepts of sequential development and reasoning.

With my teaching came the opportunity to work with student teachers from the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, and College of Saint Catherine, and Macalester College, St. Paul. Much time was spent in making sketches and outlining units to fulfill requests made by my former student teachers, who were experiencing their first year as teachers. One night my sleep was interrupted by a long distance call from a previous student teacher. She was starting a certain unit that we had done together in my classroom and she had forgotten the names of some materials that she felt were extremely helpful. The next day my husband took from my file one of the many logs that I had kept over the years and approached a publisher. He explained my plight and how much easier it would be for the teacher to be able to purchase a log of suggestions. Without my knowledge, my manuscript was accepted. Bless my husband!

Since that time I have received many awards of achievement. My greatest satisfaction came when I was asked to write for the National Education Association, Elementary, Kindergarten, and Primary Department, and to become a member of the executive board.

Now, I find myself writing and devising educational games with the zest of someone just starting when really, as I look at some of my yellowed-from-age manuscripts in my files, I know that I have enjoyed writing for many years.

BOOKS published by T. S. Denison and Company, Inc.: *Kindergarten Log*, 1955; *First Grade Log* (with Mayon Atherton), 1956; *Second Grade Log* (with Lillian Carlson and Pearl K. Esko), 1957; *Third Grade Log* (with Jean Norman and Lillian S. Brosi), 1958; *Fourth Grade Log* (with Robert Kane and Lillian Brosi), 1959; *Fifth Grade Log* (with Robert Kane and Bernice I. Hills), 1959; *Sixth Grade Log* (with others), 1961; *Creative Handwork Ideas*, 1960; *Creative Art Ideas* (with Jean Watson), 1959; *Community Helper Cards*, 1959; *Challenge Symbols*, 1956; *Wading into Science* (with Dr. Elizabeth M. Fuller and Robert L. Shrigley), 1960; *Springboard to Science* (with Dr. Elizabeth M. Fuller), 1959; *Fingerplay Approach to Dramatization*, 1960; *Finger Playtime*, 1960; *The Five Senses* (with Dr. Elizabeth M. Fuller), 1960; and the three stories—*Gobble Gobble Gobble*, 1956; *Spaghetti Eddie*, 1957; *Swimmer Is a Hopper*, 1957.

Resources for Kindergarten Teachers published by National Education Association, 1959; and four books on science for kindergarten and primary: Science Observations—Level One, Level Two; Living Things—Level One, Level Two, published by Continental Press, 1959.

PAUL H. GIDDENS

Since March, 1953, Dr. Paul H. Giddens has been president of Hamline University in St. Paul. On reading his life story, one realizes how Dr. Giddens has worked and progressed at last to achieve this high position. He is the author of five books and five pamphlets on the petroleum industry. He has also written over a hundred articles on this subject and on history for newspapers, professional journals, and magazines.

Hamline University is fortunate to have at its head a man of his caliber and wide interests. Many organizations have availed themselves of his leadership. He was president of Minnesota Private College Council, 1954 to 1956; Minnesota Private College Fund, 1956 to 1957; and Association of Minnesota Colleges, 1960 to 1961. He was chairman of Minnesota Statehood Centennial Education Committee, 1957 to 1958; has been on the board of directors of St. Paul Young Men's Christian Association and Ramsey County Tuberculosis and Health Association since 1957. He is a member of St. Paul Kiwanis Club, Skylight, St. Paul Athletic Club, The American and Mississippi Valley Historical Associations, and Upper Midwest Oil Men's Club.

◆

I was born in Bellflower, Missouri, on February 1, 1903. About 1905 we moved to Iowa where I lived until after graduation from college. As the son of a Methodist minister, I lived in a number of small towns in Iowa—Maxwell, Orient, Cumberland, Elliott, Audubon, and Winterset, where I was graduated from high school in 1920.

I attended Simpson College and was graduated from there in 1924. Later, two of my sisters were graduated from Simpson and one from Iowa Wesleyan College. I was a member of Alpha Tau Omega.

While at Simpson I developed a special interest in history, majored in that subject, decided to take advanced work in American history, and entered the graduate school at Harvard University in the fall of 1924. I was there a year and a half and earned a master oı arts degree. During those years I had history courses with A. M. Schlesinger, F. Merk, S. E. Morison, Robert Lord, Roger B. Merriman, A. C. Coolidge, C. M. McIlwaine, Henry Yeomans, and others.

In February, 1926, I started my teaching career at the University of Kansas, where I substituted for a semester for a member of the history department on a leave of absence. That fall I joined the faculty at Iowa State College as an instructor in history and government. In the spring of 1927 I was married to Marie J. Robins. I decided, after two years at Ames, that I should finish my work for the Ph.D. I received a fellowship at the State University of Iowa, so we moved to Iowa City in the fall of 1928. I wrote my doctoral dissertation under the direction of W. T. Root on colonial Maryland from 1753-1769. During my second year at Iowa I served as a graduate assistant. In 1930 I received my Ph.D. degree.

It was at Iowa that I began to write articles for publication in historical magazines. It occurred to me that as long as I had to write various term papers in different courses and seminars I might just as well write them for publication. As a result, I published three or four of these papers in historical journals. This early success was a great stimulus to doing further research and writing.

After completing my graduate work at Iowa, I joined the faculty at Oregon State College in the fall of 1930. Near the end of that academic year I was offered and accepted a position at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania. Little did I know then that I would remain at Allegheny for twenty-one and a half years, first as assistant professor, then associate professor, and then as professor of history and political science and head of the department beginning in 1938. These were very pleasant and happy years for several reasons: I was teaching courses in my special field of interest —American History; Allegheny was an excellent private liberal arts college; I discovered a new field for research and writing—petroleum history; and our three children were born in Meadville—Jackson, Thomas, and Judith.

By 1934 I had published in article form in different historical journals most of my doctoral thesis. It was at this point my attention was diverted fortunately to the new and very fruitful area of American history as a field for research and writing—the history of the petroleum industry. Titusville, where the petroleum industry began in 1859, was located twenty-eight miles east of Meadville. One night in June, 1934, at a reception given by the president of Allegheny College for the graduating seniors and faculty, he asked me if I would be interested in writing the history of the beginnings of the petroleum industry. Some of the oilmen in western Pennsylvania wanted Ida M. Tarbell, an alumna and trustee of Allegheny, to do this but she was involved in other work and suggested they see the president of Allegheny about having the professor of American History make the study. I told the president I did not know anything about the subject. In any event, arrangements were made for me to do the work and, within a month, I was at work in Titusville. As things developed, this was a very happy turn of events in my life. It enabled me to develop a new field of research and writing, one that had been scarcely touched by professionally trained historians, and one that was to be my main field of research for more than twenty-five years.

My first book, "The Birth of the Oil Industry," was completed and published by the Macmillan Company in 1938. By this time I knew enough about the field to know that it offered an unusual opportunity for research and writing. No sooner was the first book finished than I started on the second, "The Beginnings of the Petroleum Industry: Sources and Bibliography," which was published in 1941. A third, "Pennsylvania Petroleum 1750-1872: A Documentary History," was published in 1947. In 1948 the Princeton University Press published another volume, "Early Days in Oil," a pictorial history. In the meantime I did considerable writing of short articles for the house magazines of Cities Service, Ethyl, Ohio Oil, Sun Oil, Dupont, and Gulf Oil. I was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1945-1946 to gather material for another book on the oil industry from 1870 to 1890.

Before I could finish this work, I was invited by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to write a history of that company. I went to Chicago in February, 1948, to start this work. I was there and in other places gathering materials for a year and a half. At the same time I had two full-time assistants working with me. In the summer of 1949 I returned to Meadville to do the writing. In 1956 the volume, "Standard Oil (Indiana): Oil Pioneer of the Middle West," was published by Appleton-Century-Crofts. While all the expenses for this work were paid by Standard, there were no restrictions placed upon what I should write and no censorship was exercised. All the company asked was that the history be accurately and objectively written.

As I review the record, I have written five books, sixty-seven articles for various professional journals and magazines, seventeen articles for newspapers, and twenty-seven book reviews.

Most of this writing was done while I was on the faculty at Allegheny College. It was also done while I carried a twelve-hour teaching load every semester, served as the head of a six-man department, advised major students, and performed my share of faculty committee work. I say this to deflate the idea that research and writing can't be done by a faculty member in a small college. It can be done—if there is a strong personal desire to do it and if the administration definitely and positively encourages such activity. Fortunately, we had a president at Allegheny, W. P. Tolley, now chancellor of Syracuse University, who was ready and willing to back faculty members in their desire to do research and writing.

In 1934 the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania established the Drake Well Memorial Park near Titusville to commemorate the drilling of the first commercial oil well. This park contained more than 200 acres. A library and museum building was erected to house all kinds of historical materials relating to the history of the petroleum industry. Today it is the largest single repository of materials on the oil industry. From 1943 until 1953, I was in charge of developing the library and museum.

I have made three trips to Europe—in 1939, 1956, and 1961—and one trip down the west coast of South America in 1941.

My oldest son, Jackson, is a graduate of Allegheny College, and has his master's degree from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University. He is presently working on his doctoral dissertation in the field of international relations. Thomas, the younger son, is a senior at Beloit College and is majoring in history. Judith is a sophomore at Summit School, Saint Paul.

In March, 1953, I became president of Hamline University.

Books: *The Birth of the Oil Industry*, The Macmillan Company, 1938; *Beginnings of the Petroleum Industry: Sources and Bibliography*, Pennsylvania Historical Commission, 1941; *Pennsylvania Petroleum 1750-1872: A Documentary History*, Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, 1947; *Early Days of Oil*, Princeton University Press, 1948; *Standard Oil Company (Indiana): Oil Pioneer of the Middle West*, Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1956.

BERTHA L. HEILBRON

Considering her pioneer ancestry and her education in St. Paul Public Schools and the University of Minnesota, it seems a natural step that Bertha L. Heilbron became research assistant and editor for the Minnesota Historical Society in St. Paul. Her articles published in Minnesota History, *the society's quarterly magazine, have been invaluable in bringing to the attention of the readers many of the events and people who have taken part in the building of our state. After earning a bachelor of arts degree at the University of Minnesota in 1917, she taught in the Cannon Falls, Minnesota, High School for two years. She joined the staff of the Minnesota Historical Society in 1919.*

◆

My published works — both books and articles — have grown out of my interest in historical research. That they relate almost entirely to Minnesota is natural, since my family has been identified with the territory and the state continuously since 1856, when my great-grandparents settled in St. Paul. Their family included an eleven-month-old infant who became my grandmother, and both my mother and I were born in the Minnesota capital. Like my mother, I attended Central High School in St. Paul. There I sat in the classes of an inspired teacher of American history, Hester Pollock, who was the first to make me aware of the Minnesota Historical Society—the organization about which my own professional career has revolved.

I learned more about that institution at the University of Minnesota in the classroom of Dr. Solon J. Buck. He divided his time between directing the work of the society and teaching courses in Western and state history at the university. The training he gave me there and after I joined his staff at the historical society has been invaluable to me. I also profited greatly from my association on the society's staff with Dr. Theodore C. Blegen, for I worked with him on the quarterly, *Minnesota History,* from 1922 to 1939. Much of my time during more than four decades with the society was spent in editing that periodical. To it I contributed scores of articles and book reviews, and I edited, annotated, and provided introductions for numerous documents that appeared in its issues.

Gradually, my interest began to center upon a special phase of state and midwest history—the careers of the artist-explorers who went into the wilderness equipped with brush and palette to produce visual records of a fast-vanishing frontier. The first result of that interest to appear in print was a little book about Frank B. Mayer, a youthful artist from Baltimore who went west in 1851 to witness the negotiation of Indian treaties at Traverse des Sioux and Mendota. His diary and sketches resulting from the trip, which are owned by the Newberry Library of Chicago, were published with my introduction and annotations in 1932. Under the title, "With Pen and Pencil on the Frontier in 1851," the illustrated journal appeared in volume 1 of the historical society's "Narratives and Documents" series.

Shortly after completing the Mayer book, I became interested in another frontier artist named Henry Lewis. He traveled in the Mississippi Valley in the late 1840's, making sketches on which he later based one of the great moving panoramas which were spectacular entertainment features of the mid-nineteenth century. I was fortunate enough to find, in the hands of a nephew living in Canada, Lewis' journal of the upper Mississippi voyage, and, like the Mayer diary, it was published by the historical society with my introduction and notes, appearing in 1936. I called the little book "Making a Motion Picture in 1848."

In the years that followed, I contributed articles on many of the artists who pictured the frontier to *Minnesota History* and other illustrated periodicals like *American Heritage* and *Antiques*. Among those whose careers in the West I described were Seth Eastman, John Banvard, Eastman Johnson, John Stevens, Edwin Whitefield, and Paul Kane. I also became interested in pioneer photographers like Mathew Brady and Joel E. Whitney. The opportunity to draw together the visual records of the North Star State and relate them to its history came in 1957 when the historical society gave me a leave of absence to compile a pictorial history of Minnesota. The search for pictures that followed took me not only into many parts of Minnesota, but to New York, Washington, Boston, Toronto, Ottawa, and other American and Canadian cultural centers. The book which resulted was published in 1958—the year of Minnesota's statehood centennial—as "The Thirty-second State: A Pictorial History of Minnesota." Its explanatory text and reproductions of 477 paintings, prints, daguerreotypes, drawings, maps, and photographs provide a survey of Minnesota's transition from an unknown wilderness in 1654 to a modern commonwealth in 1958. The book received an award of merit from the American Association for State and Local History in 1959.

At the close of the year 1960 I retired from the editorship of *Minnesota History,* and I have since devoted my time to independent research and writing. My chief project takes me back to my old friend, Henry Lewis, of panorama fame. In 1851 he took his panorama to Germany, and there, at Düsseldorf, he wrote and published in Germany a long description of the Mississippi Valley. Accompanied by eight lithographed reproductions of his paintings in full color, this work of 431 pages appeared as "Das Illustrirte Mississippithal" between 1854 and 1858. Lewis wrote in English and his work was translated into German by one George B. Douglas. Today his book is one of the rarest, as well as most valuable, works relating to the Mississippi Valley. At long last it is being re-translated into English by Miss Hermina Poatgieter of the Minnesota Historical Society's staff, and I have undertaken the task of editing and writing the introduction. Since Lewis remained in Düsseldorf after publishing the book, it seemed essential to follow his trail in the Rhineland city where he lived for more than fifty years. For that purpose I went to Germany in May, 1961. The trip was made with the aid of grants from the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia and from an anonymous Minneapolis foundation. Thus I am continuing the research and writing which has engaged my attention over more than four decades.

BOOK: *The Thirty-second State: A Pictorial History of Minnesota,* Minnesota Historical Society, 1958.

LUTHER W. YOUNGDAHL

Because of his deep sincerity and consideration for the welfare of others, Judge Luther W. Youngdahl was elected governor of Minnesota three times—1946, 1948, 1950. He served from 1947 to 1951 when he was appointed judge of United States District Court for the District of Columbia, a position he still holds. He attended the University of Minnesota and Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, where he earned his B.A. degree in 1919. Then he was matriculated at the Minnesota College of Law and received an LL.B. degree in 1922. Since practicing law in the office of Judge Tifft from 1923 to 1930, he has given many years of service in the state and federal governments.

In 1923 he married Irene Annet Engdahl. They have three children: Margaret Louise, Luther William Andrew, and Paul David.

I feel profoundly grateful to my Creator for many things:

First, for the opportunity to have been born and to have lived in the greatest country on earth—a nation which emphasizes the dignity of the individual and reverence for every human life; a nation which stresses the fact that no one is expendable, but that every individual is a human being created in the image of God and precious in His eyes.

True, we have not always been faithful to our tradition. Many times there has been too much of a gap between pledge and performance, but, nevertheless, we have been constantly striving to attain the high goals to which we have committed ourselves.

Second, and more importantly, I am thankful for the priceless heritage of Christian parents. I was fortunate to have been brought up in a large family where each member was expected to contribute to the general welfare of all. In this family there was no orthodoxy of opinion—political, economic, religious, or otherwise. There was opportunity for free and full discussion on all subjects—yet we were taught to love our country; that education was a prime necessity; and, most of all, that life without religious emphasis was an empty and superficial thing.

Though we had our good-natured disagreements, it was a gay and happy family. Each summer after close of school, we left for Lake Independence, near Maple Plain, Minnesota, about twenty miles from our home in Minneapolis. On this beautiful lake, our parents owned two islands and my childhood is rich in precious memories of summers spent on this paradise of Minnesota.

We owned twenty acres of rich soil surrounded by a lake abounding with fish. There we learned to love God's great outdoors; there we had our first swimming lessons—not by a professional instructor, but the hard way; there we learned the thrill of fishing. Many times we would tie our lines to one of the poles on the bridge between the two islands, and after working on one of the islands hoeing potatoes or weeding the strawberry patches, we would come back to find a big northern pike at the end of the line.

In my early youth, too, I was taught the value of a dollar. Dad had a grocery and meat market in Minneapolis for a period of forty years, and on the corner where his business was located I sold newspapers and had an agency, as well, distributing papers to other newsboys. By this means I was able to purchase much of my clothing during the early years of my youth. I well remember making five dollars at the time of the Johnson-Jeffrey fight on the sale of newspapers.

After school and on Saturdays, I worked for Dad in the grocery store.

Though Mother and Dad were adopted citizens of this country, I recall how proud they were of this beloved land. Always on patriotic holidays the American flag was unfurled in front of our home, and how proud we were as youngsters when Dad made this a very dignified and impressive ceremony.

I do not remember our parents ever failing in their duty to go to the poles to vote, no matter how inclement the weather. Moreover, though Dad was a Republican and voted the straight Republican ticket, once the election was over, he believed citizens should forget partisanship and work together for the common good of all. I well remember how thrilled we were as Dad brought our family to Nicollet Avenue to view the parade when President Woodrow Wilson, a great Democratic President, was a visitor in Minneapolis. Dad's stanch Republicanism was not a barrier to his deep and profound respect for our Democratic President.

But what I remember most of all from our family life were the prayer sessions and the family altar, which made a lasting impression on my life.

Then, too, I have been signally blessed with a partner who was reared in a similar environment. Her father was a dedicated pastor in the rugged pioneer days when he had to serve several parishes widely separated, before the advent of the automobile. My wife and I have had thirty-eight years of wonderful companionship and have been blessed with three fine children. The Christian training she received in her home and her fine, selfless devotion and example have been an influence in the lives of our children which they readily concede is their greatest gift in life.

Finally, in deep humility, I am grateful for the opportunity I have had to serve my country in many official capacities—as assistant city attorney of Minneapolis, a judge of the Municipal, District, and Supreme Courts of Minnesota. I was also privileged to be honored by the people of Minnesota in three times electing me Governor of our beloved North Star State.

I salute the wonderful people of Minnesota who have been so kind and loyal through my numerous political endeavors. During those hectic days when we were eliminating the slot machine racket from the state; when we were making first class citizens of our mentally ill through the passage of the Mental Health Policy Act; when we were providing our youth with a better opportunity to become good citizens through the Youth Conservation Commission; when we were striving for honesty and humanity in government; and when we were attempting to improve our human relations, the good people of both parties were in the arena fighting with us.

During the past ten years, I have also had the inspiring and exciting experience of serving on the United States District Court for the District of Columbia in our nation's capital and to have had a part in pioneering in the rendition of a number of important decisions relating to the betterment and welfare of our people and the protection of our freedom.

For all these things I humbly thank my Creator, the God and Father of us all, and pray that in the days ahead I may strive harder than ever before to be worthy of this great heritage.

BOOK published by T. S. Denison and Co., Inc.: *The Ramparts We Watch*, 1961.

DELLA GOULD EMMONS

In her novels and plays, Della Gould Emmons has reconstructed vibrant, historical events in the history of the Northwest, and dramatized people—Sacajawea, Meriwether, Patrick Gass, James Longmire, Lewis and Clark, and others—whose struggles meant so much to the opening of this part of the United States. Her novels appeal to all ages, but her plays are mostly for children in the grades through high school.

In appreciation of her writings, she has been given citations and awards. She was adopted by the Lummi Indian Tribe in 1955 for service to the Indians for writing from their point of view; made an honorary member of Beta Sigma Phi in 1957 and given their "Achievement Award"; had an orthopedic guild named in her honor in 1960. In 1953, she was given a "Distinguished Service" citation by the Washington State Historical Society, the "Award of Merit" by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the "Award of Achievement" by the Seattle Branch of American Pen Women. Phi Delta Nu honored her for "progress in historical writing" in 1955. Since 1950 she has served as curator for Washington Historical Society. She is a member of The Authors' League and Screen Writers' Guild. She is listed in

"Who's Who of American Women" and will be in the coming edition of "Who's Who in the West."

◆

Perseverance is my principal ingredient for success in the writing field. Mix ten years of hard work with a quart of enthusiasm, toss in a teaspoonful of talent and a fair measure of good health, add a dash of luck and presto—a book!

I was lucky to have been born in a town such as Glencoe, Minnesota, for in so small a community everyone knows everybody and everybody's business. Unconsciously I studied character, nor did I ever forget those who hallelujahed on Sunday and fleeced the farmers on Monday; the patient wives who sat in their lumber wagons awaiting a drunken husband's exit from the saloon; the sporty gals who dared above-ankle skirts and peek-a-boo blouses to entice both the single and married male.

Glencoe was just large enough to be on the traveling show troupe's circuit. No one hailed a performance with more enthusiasm than I. Spellbound I watched Eliza, babe in arms, skim over the floating ice cakes chased by whip-lashing Simon Legree and tearfully I exhaled a last breath with dying Camille as she languished in her lover's arms. I was unaware that I possessed an overdose of dramatic instinct, which later broke out in the Gould family like smallpox. Concrete evidence of a love for the theater was The Crystal founded in 1909 at the inspiration of Jay, my eldest brother. There I continued my solo work begun in lodges, churches, and schools by singing the illustrated songs such as "Under the Old Apple Tree" and "Love Me and the World Is Mine."

While attending the University of Minnesota my intense love for music was satisfied by singing in the Euterpean Club under the direction of Carlyle Scott, playing bit parts in operettas and by singing in a church choir in the district. Graduating in 1912, I set out for the West where at Sisseton, South Dakota, adjacent to the Sioux Reservation, I taught a couple classes of high school English and supervised the music, which gave me the opportunity of producing programs and plays. Not the least of these was a minstrel show which was not only staged in the town hall but also on the reservation—awakening within me a keen interest in Indians.

Marriage terminated my teaching career and with my husband, a railroad man, I went ever westward, trailing the route of Lewis and Clark. Four towns in Montana were home; the plains of eastern Washington and the country from the snowy crests of the Cascades to the blue waters of Puget Sound became as familiar as Nicollet Avenue in Minneapolis.

For nineteen years I lived in Seattle where I entered wholeheartedly into community work — writing pageants and plays for school, church, and field house production. Next radio attracted my efforts and from a short episode in a pageant I developed a half-hour show on Sacajawea which grew into a five half-hour. Gradually the acorn grew into the oak. Luck in meeting the right people to steer my course was mine. Work on the novel began. Original sources were examined; all those who had worked on the subject were consulted; obstacles as formidable as the Rockies to Lewis and Clark were surmounted; disappointments due to rejections by Eastern publishers prejudiced against stories written from an Indian viewpoint were swallowed. Finally, after years of struggle, came the realization of achievement—the book, "Sacajawea of the Shoshones."

Nor did Sacajawea stop with publication in the United States. She next tripped to Spain where she was translated and published in Madrid. Finally, Hollywood, who had been flirting with her and her famous escorts, Lewis and Clark, invited her to renown by filming her story disguised under the title, "The Far Horizons," starring Donna Reed as Sacajawea, Charlton Heston as Captain Clark, Fred MacMurray as Captain Lewis and Barbara Hale as Julia Clark.

Since my novel was so well received, I dared again. A firm believer that history could be brought alive and made attractive reading without distorting facts, provided the author dug deeply enough into research, I began the laborious work of reconstructing one of the best stories Washington State had to tell—the crossing of Natches Pass, not far distant from Mount Rainier.

No diary of that first crossing had been kept but there were published accounts written forty years later. Working with these and checking with descendants of pioneers and the news files of the 1850's, I gradually uncovered the story of that heroic crossing in which thirty-six covered wagons were lowered over a thousand-foot cliff by rope made by splicing strips of hide from butchered oxen. This book, "Nothing in Life Is Free," was selected as the official book commemorating the centennial of Washington Territory. In 1953 the manuscript, with a copy of the book and a copy of my play, "A Territory Is Born," were entombed in a time capsule on the state capital grounds to be opened in 2053. The novel has now seen its fifth edition; long life is promised it for the state is determined to build the short-cut road to Puget Sound over which the pioneers maneuvered their covered wagons in 1853.

At the request of the state department of education I compiled twelve of my plays illustrating the various epochs of Pacific Northwest history. These were published in book form under the title, "Northwest History in Action," and like the two novels are being used in junior and senior high schools, in the study of literature as well as history.

Thirty years of research and writing have gone into my three books and the novel on which I am now at work. Each year brings awards, citations, and honors but the greatest of all has been the satisfaction in knowing that I have made a contribution and that my time, the essence of life, has not been wasted.

BOOKS: *Sacajawea of the Shoshones*, Binfords and Mort, 1943; *Nothing in Life Is Free*, Northwestern Press, 1953; *Northwest History in Action*, T. S. Denison and Co., Inc., 1960.

SUPPLEMENT

A Bibliography of Minnesota Writers in Various Fields of Interest

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE

Ahern, Patrick H. (1916—), *Priest*, Life of John J. Keane; educator and archbishop (1955).

Allen, William H. (1874—), *Government Research Expert*, Rockefeller: Giant, Dwarf, Symbol (1955).

Anderson, Mary J. (1827-1924), *Pioneer*, Autobiography (1934).

Andrews, Christopher C. (1829-1922), *Minister to Sweden and Norway, Lawyer*, Recollections (1928).

Archer-Burton, Sally (1858-1941), *Pioneer*, Your Mother Remembers (1931).

Arctander, John W. (1849-1920), *Attorney*, Apostle of Alaska, William Duncan of Metlakahtla (1909).

Armstrong, Moses K. (1832-1906), *Congressman*, Early Empire Builders of the Great West (1901).

Bennett, Russell H. (1896—), *Mining Engineer, Rancher*, The Complete Rancher (1946).

Benson, Ramsey (1866—), *Writer*, Hill Country; Story of J. J. Hill (1928).

Benz, Francis E. (1899-1954), *Priest*, On to Suez! DeLesseps (1939).

Bergmann, Leola M. (1912) *Writer*, Music Master of the Middle West (1944).

Berryman, John (1914—), *Prof. of English*, Stephen Crane (1950).

Berthel, Mary E. (1894—), *Editor*, Horns of Thunder; the Life and Times of James M. Goodhue (1948).

Bishop, Harriet E. (1817-1883), *Teacher*, Floral Home; or First Years in Minnesota (1857).

Blegen, John H. (1851-1928), *Prof. of Greek and German*, A Missionary Journey on Dakota Prairies in 1886 (1927).

Brewer, Nicholas R. (1857-1949), *Artist*, Trails of a Paintbrush (autobiography, 1938).

Bridgman, Elizabeth (Betty), (1915—), *Writer*, Pioneers in Progress (1957).

Burnham, Frederick R. (1861-1947), *Explorer*, Scouting on Two Continents (1926).

Burton, Richard E. (1861-1940), *Prof. of English*, Dickens; How to Know Him (1919).

Carlson, Earl R. (1897—), *Physician*, Born That Way (1941).

Chapin, Earl V., *Journalist*, Long Wednesdays (1953).

Charnley, Mitchell Vaughn (1898), *Prof. of Journalism*, Boy's Life of Herbert Hoover (1931).

Clapesattle, Helen B. (1908—), *Editor*, Doctors Mayo (1941).

Cloman, Flora (1869—), *Traveler*, I'd Live It Over (1941).

Cudmore, Patrick (1831-1916), *Attorney*, Autobiography (1896).

Day, Frank A. (1853-1928), *Editor, Statesman*, Life of John Albert Johnson (with T. M. Knappen, 1910).

Donahue, Arthur G. (1913-1942), *Aviator*, Tally Ho! Yankee in a Spitfire (1941).

Dupre, John H. (1892—), *Dean of History and Polit. Science*, Edward D. Neill (1949).

Edgar, Randolph (1884-1931), *Writer*, Frank Norris (1905).

Elliott, Charles W. (1887—), *Army Officer*, Winfield Scott (1937).

Erdman, David V. (1911—), *Prof. of English*, Blake, Prophet against Empire (1954).

Erickson, Theodore A. (1871), *4H Club Leader*, My Sixty Years with Rural Youth (with Anna North Coit, 1956).

Esbjornson, Robert G. (1918—), *Prof. of Christianity*, Christian in Politics: Luther W. Youngdahl (1955).

Flanagan, John T. (1906—), *Prof. of English*, James Hall, Literary Pioneer of Ohio Valley (1941).

Gebhard, Anna Laura (1914—), *Writer*, Rural Parish: A year from the Journal of Anna Laura Gebhard (1947).

Greenman, Frances (1890—), *Artist*, Higher than the Sky (1954).

Hagen, Lois D. (1881—), *Writer*, Parish in the Pines (1938).

Haines, Lynn (1876-1929), *Editor*, The Lindberghs (with Dora B. Haines, 1931).

Hallock, Charles (1834-1917), *Editor*, An Angler's Reminiscences (1913).

Harwood, William S. (1857-1908), *Writer*, Life and Letters of Austin Craig (1908).

Heaton, Herbert (1890—), *Prof. of Economics*, Scholar in Action: Edwin F. Gay (1952).

Helmes, Winifred G. (1913—), *Educator*, John A. Johnson, the People's Governor (1949).

Hoag, Charles (1808-1888), *Educator*, Henry Clay (1857).

Hobart, Chauncey (1811-1904), *Clergyman*, Recollections of My Life (1885).

Hoffman, Ruth and Helen (1900—), *Writers*, We Lead a Double Life (1947).

Hough, Donald (1895—), *Writer*, Darling, I Am Home (1946).

Hoyt, Henry F. (1855-1930), *Physician*, Frontier Doctor (1929).

Humphrey, Seth K. (1864-1932), *Business Man, Miller*, Following the Prairie Frontier (1931, 1937).

Johnson, Emeroy (1899—), *Clergyman*, Eric Norelius (1954).

Johnson, Henry (1867—), *Prof. of History*, The Other Side of Main Street (1943).

Johnston, Harrison V. (1890—), *Rancher*, Last Roundup (1950).

Johnstone, William J. (1867-1939), *Clergyman*, Robert E. Lee, the Christian (1933).

Jorgenson, Theodore (1894—), *Prof. of Norwegian*, Ole Edvart Rőlvaag (with Nora O. Slocum, 1939).

Knappen, Theodore M. (1871-1938), *Journalist*, (see Frank A. Day, above).

Krauch, Elsa, *Medical Secretary*, Mind Restored: Story of Jim Curran (1937).

Lampman, Clinton P. (1862—), *Rancher*, Great Western Trail (1939).

Langford, Nathaniel Pitt (1832-1911), *Explorer*, Vigilante Days and Ways (1890).

Larsen, Karen (1897—), *Educator*, Laur. Larsen, Pioneer College President (1936).

Larson, Henrietta M. (1894—), *Historian*, Jay Cooke, Private Banker (1936).

Liggett, Walter W. (1886-1935), *Journalist*, Rise of Herbert Hoover (1932).

Lind, Melva, *Dean of Students, Prof. of French*, assembled material and wrote Foreword for "Statue of Maria Sanford" presented by State of Minnesota (1960).

Lindbergh, Charles A. (1902—), *Aviator*, We (1927).

Lundeberg, Olav K. (1893-1948), *Educator*, Son of Aino, A Tale of Finland in America (1941).

Miner, Lewis S. (1909—), *Writer*, Mightier Than the Sword: Story of Richard Harding Davis (1940).

Mizener, Arthur M. (1907—), *Prof. of English*, Far Side of Paradise, a Biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald (1951).

Moynihan, James H. (1882—), *Priest*, Life of Archbishop John Ireland (1953).

Norelius, Eric (1833-1916), *Clergyman*, Early Life of Eric Norelius (translated from Swedish by E. Johnson, 1934).

O'Brien, Frank G. (1843-1920), *Journalist*, Minnesota Pioneer Sketches (1904).

O'Brien, Thomas D. (1859-1935), *Attorney*, There Were Four of Us; or, Was It Five (1938).

O'Connor, Harvey (1897—), *Journalist*, The Astors (1941).

Odland, Martin W. (1875—), *Journalist*, Life of Knute Nelson (1927).

Ohnstad, Karsten, *Writer*, World at My Finger Tips (1942).

Palmer, Benjamin W. (1889—), *Attorney*, Marshall and Taney: Statesmen of the Law (1939).

Parsons, E. Dudley (1876-1952), *Educator*, Heroes of the Northwest (1931, 1936).

Pattison, Walter T. (1903—), *Prof. Romance Languages*, Life and Works of the Troubadour Raimbaut d'Orange (1952).

Plaut, W. Gunther, *Rabbi*, Jews in Minnesota (1959).

Pond, Samuel W. (1850-1916), *Business Man*, Two Volunteer Missionaries Among the Dakotas (1893).

Potter, Merle A. (1894-1960), *Columnist*, Best Stories of Minnesota (1931, 1956).

Pyle, Joseph G. (1853-1930), *Librarian, Journalist*, Life of James J. Hill (1917).

Quinn, Germain (1866—), *Theater Property Man*, Fifty Years Backstage (1926).

Raihala, Michael W. (1894—), *Editor, Publisher*, Six Months in the Wilderness; the Adventures of a Young Trapper in Northern Minnesota (1955).

Randel, William P. (1909—), *Educator*, Edward Eggleston (1946).

Ravoux, Augustin (1815-1906), *Priest*, Reminiscences (1890).

Reardon, James M. (1872—), *Priest*, Archbishop Ireland, Prelate, Patriot, Publicist (1919).

Richards, Carmen N., *Teacher, Writer*, Edited and Annotated "Death Stalks the Philippine Wilds: Letters of Maud Huntley Jenks."

Rieder, Keith, *Writer*, Cheechako First Class (1953).

Riggs, Stephen R. (1812-1883), *Missionary*, Mary and I: Forty Years with the Sioux (1880).

Riley, Marie (1888—), *Teacher*, Dynamic of a Dream: Life Story of Dr. William Bell Riley (1938).

Ronning, Nils N. (1870—), *Editor*, Fifty Years in America (1938).

Sasse, Fred A. (1890-1956), *Artist*, Rookie Days of a Soldier (1924).

Schilling, William F. (1872—), *Journalist, Farmer*, My First Eighty Years (1952).

Schussler, Edith M. (1874—), *Homemaker*, Doctors, Dynamite, and Dogs (1956).

Schussler, Otto F. (1873-1949), *Physician*, Riverside Reveries (1928).

Scott, Alma O. (1892—), *Librarian*, Wanda Gág: Story of an Artist (1949).

Selvig, Conrad G. (1877—), *Supt. Northwest School of Agriculture*, Tale of Two Valleys (autobiography, 1951).

Sevareid, A. Eric (1912), *Writer, Commentator*, Not So Wild A Dream (1946).

Shastid, Thomas H. (1866-1947), *Writer*, Tramping to Failure (1937); My Second Life (1944).

Shields, Thomas E. (1862-1921), *Priest*, The Making and the Unmaking of a Dullard (1909).

Shutter, Marion D. (1853-1939), *Clergyman*, Rev. James Harvey Tuttle (1905).

Sibley, Henry H. (1811-1891), *Pioneer Fur Trader*, Unfinished Autobiography (edited by T. C. Blegen, 1932).

Sickels, Alice, *Social Worker*, Around the World in St. Paul (1945).

Smith, John (1851-1932), *Chippewa Chief*, Chief John Smith (1919).

Snelling, Henry H. (1816-1897), *Photographer*, Memoirs of a Boyhood at Fort Snelling (1939).

Sponland, Ingeborg (1860—). *Deaconess*, Autobiography (1938).

Steiner, Edward A. (1866—), *Clergyman*, From Alien to Citizen (1914).

Stephenson, George M. (1883-1958), *Prof. of History*, John Lind of Minnesota (1935).

Swisshelm, Jane G. (1815-1884), *Journalist*, Half a Century (1880).

Tapping, Minnie (1867-1950), *Farmer*, Eighty Years at the Gopher Hole (1958).

Taylor, James W. (1819-1893), *Consul*, Choice Nook of Memory; Diary of a Cincinnati Law Clerk (edited by J. T. Dunn, 1950).

Thorpe, Niels (1892—), *Swimming Coach*, Peter Nielsen's Story (1949).

Ueland, Andreas (1853-1933), *Attorney*, Recollections of an Immigrant (1929).

Ueland, Brenda (1891), *Writer*, Me (1939).

Van Cleve, Charlotte O. (1819-1907), *Pioneer*, Three Score and Ten (1888).

Washburn, Edwin C. (1870-1937), *Inventor*, Caleb Cutter, New Englander (1929).

Whetstone, Daniel W., *Journalist*, A Frontier Editor (1956).

Whipple, Henry B. (1822-1901), *Bishop*, Southern Diary (edited by L. B. Shippee, 1937).

Whitney, Helen A. (1866-1928), *Asst. Prof. of English*, Maria Sanford (1922).

Wilson, Netta (1903—), *Health Educator*, Alfred Owre; Dentistry's Militant Educator (1937).

Wulling, Frederick J. (1866-1947), *Prof. Pharmacy*, Pharmacy Forward (1948).

Younger, Cole (1844-1916), *Desperado*, Story of Cole Younger, by Himself (1903).

COMMENTARY AND ESSAY

Barry, Colman J. (1921—), *Priest*, Worship and Work (1956).

Beach, Joseph W. (1880-1957), *Prof., Head of English Dept., Univ. of Minn.*, Making of the Auden Canon (1957).

Bellow, Saul (1915—), *Educator*, Seize the Day (1956).

Brings, Lawrence M. (1897—), We Believe In Prayer (1959).

Bryn-Jones, David (1883—), *Prof. International Relations*, God's Grace and Man's Condition (1954).

Cheyney, Edward G. (1878-1950), *Educator*, This Is Our Land (with Schantz-Hansen, 1940, 1946).

Clark, Glenn (1882-1956), *Prof. Creative Religious Living*, Windows of Heaven (1954).

Coffman, Lotus D. (1875-1938), *Pres. of Univ. of Minn.*, State University: Its Work and Its Problems (1934).

Conger, George P. (1884-1960), *Prof. of Philosophy*, Toward the Unification of the Faiths (1957).

Conn, Howard J., *Clergyman*, Hope That Sets Men Free (1954).

Crothers, Samuel M. (1857-1927), *Clergyman*, The Thought Broker (1928).

Davis, Cushman K. (1838-1900), *Governor*, Lectures on International Law (1897).

Dietrich, John H. (1878-1957), *Clergyman*, Fathers of Evolution (1927).

Donnelly, Ignatius (1831-1901), *Politician*, Atlantis (1882).

Donohue, John K. (1909—), *Probation Officer*, Baffling Eyes of Youth (1957).

Dunn, William P. (1885-1958), *Asso. Prof. English*, Sir Thomas Browne; a Study in Religious Philosophy (1950).

Eliot, Frederick M. (1889-1958), *Clergyman*, Unwrought Iron (1920).

Ferguson, Donald N. (1882—), *Prof. Music*, Music as Metaphor (1960).

Finney, Ross L. (1906—), *Composer, Educator*, Game of Harmony (1947).

Firkins, Oscar W. (1864-1932), *Educator*, Selected Essays (1934).

Ford, Guy S. (1873—), *Univ. of Minn. Pres.*, Science and Civilization (1933).

Gannett, Francis J. (1840-1923), *Clergyman*, A Year of Miracle (1882).

Gilligan, Francis J. (1898—), *Priest*, Morality of the Color Line (1928).

Gornitzka, Dr. Reuben, *Clergyman*, It's Your Life (1958).

Gray, Grace O. (1871-1935), *Editor*, Dreams and Ideals (1900).

Grove, Lee E. (1909—), *Journalist*, Of Brooks and Books (1945).

Hill, Thomas E., *Professor*, Contemporary Theories of Knowledge (1960).

Hillhouse, James T. (1890-1956), *Prof. of English*, Waverly Novels and Their Critics (1936).

Holman, Nellie C. (1891—), *Medical Missionary*, My Most Unforgettable Patients (1953).

Hong, Howard V. (1912—), *Educator*, This World and the Church (1955).

Hurley, Helen Angela, *Nun*, On Good Ground, Story of the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Paul (1951).

Ireland, John (1838-1918), *Catholic Archbishop*, Church and Modern Society (1896).

Jackson, Elizabeth (1892—), *Educator*, Faith and Fire Within Us, an American Credo (1944).

Johnston, John B. (1868-1939), *Univ. of Minn. Dean*, Scholarship and Democracy (1937).

Levin, Harry T. (1912—), *Critic, Prof. of English*, The Overreacher; a Study of Christopher Marlowe (1952).

Lindbergh, Charles A. (1859-1924), *Congressman*, Why Is Your Country at War (1934).

Lowe, Arnold H. (1888—), *Clergyman*, Worth of a Man (1956).

MacLean, Malcolm S. (1894—), *Prof. of English*, Scholars, Workers, and Gentlemen (1938).

McDonald, Grace, *Nun*, With Lamps Burning (1957).

Mecklenberg, George (1881—), *Clergyman*, Truths Men Live By (1943).

Moore, Robert E. (1919—), *Educator*, Hogarth's Literary Relationships (1948).

Mueller, Agnes (1906—), *Homemaker*, The Inspiring Past; the Future Farmers of America in Minnesota (1955).

Nelson, Lowry (1893—), *Prof. of Sociology*, American Farm Life (1954).

Nichols, Ralph G. (1907—), *Educator*, Are You Listening? (with Leonard A. Stevens, 1957).

Norborg, Kristofer S. (1902—), *Clergyman, Educator*, Operation Moscow (1947).

Ol'khovskii, Andrei V. (1900—), *Musician*, Music under the Soviets (1955).

Phelan, Anna von Helmholtz- (1880—), *Prof. of English*, Social Philosophy of William Morris (1927).

Powell, John W. (1872-1953), *Clergyman*, Wisdom of the Ages (1937).

Powers, James F. (1917—), *Writer*, Presence of Grace (1956).

Reshetar, John S. (1924—), *Educator*, Problems of Analyzing and Predicting Soviet Behavior (1955).

Riley, William B. (1861-1947), *Clergyman*, Victorious Life (1937).

Rose, Arnold M. (1918—), *Sociologist*, Negro in America (1948).

Ross, Ralph G. (1911—), *Educator*, Fabric of Society (1957).

Rowan, Carl T. (1925—), *Journalist*, Go South to Sorrow (1957).

Russell, Arthur J. (1861-1945), *Journalist*, Good-bye, Newspaper Row (1943).

Schantz-Hansen, Thorwald (1891—), *Prof. and Dir. of Cloquet Forest Research Center* (See E. G. Cheyney, above).

Schifferes, Justus J. (1907—), *Editor*, Healthier Living (1954).

Smith, Abbott E. (1855-1944), *Attorney*, Philosophy of Life (1938).

Smith, Dora V. (1893—), *Prof. of Education*, Communication, the Miracle of Shared Living (1955).

Smith, Roy L. (1887—), *Clergyman*, Splinters (1929).

Stassen, Harold E. (1907—), *Politician, Educator, Governor*, Man Was Meant to be Free (1951).

Stoll, Elmer E. (1874—), *Professor of English*, From Shakespeare to Joyce (1944).

Tate, Allen (1899—), *Prof. of English, Poet*, Man of Letters in the Modern World (1955).

Unger, Leonard H. (1916—), *Educator*, Donne's Poetry and Modern Criticism (1950).

Veblen, Thorstein B. (1857-1929), *Economist, Educator*, Theory of the Leisure Class (1899).

Wallace, Elizabeth (1865-1960), *Educator*, Mark Twain and the Happy Island (1913).

Ward, Frank E., *Professor*, Earning Our Heritage (with Prof. Grace L. May, (1937).

Winzerling, Oscar W., *Priest*, Acadian Odyssey (1955).

Ylvisaker, Nils M. (1882—), *Clergyman*, Trumpets of God (1945).

Youngdahl, Reuben K. N. (1911—), *Clergyman*, Pathway to Peace (1957).

FICTION

Alexander, Sheila (1918—), *State Employee,* Walk with a Separate Pride (1947).

Anderson, Phil L. (1903—), *Newspaper Feature Writer,* Court House Square (1934).

Atkins, Elizabeth M. (1891—), *Educator,* Holy Suburb (1941).

Bailey, Alice W. (1857-1922), *Educator,* Sage Brush Parson (1906).

Barbour, Anna (1856-1941), *Deaconess,* Breakers Ahead (1906).

Beach, Mrs. Joseph Warren (See Dagmar Doneghy, below).

Beers, Lorna Doone (1897—), *Novelist,* A Humble Lear (1929).

Boardman, Neil Servis (1907—), *Librarian,* Long Home (1948).

Booth, Frederick W. (1917—), *Advertising Man, Reporter,* Victory Also Ends (1952).

Bower, Bertha M. (1871-1940), *Writer,* Sweet Grass (1940).

Boyd, Margaret W. (1898—), *Novelist,* Tangled Wives (1932).

Boyd, Thomas A. (1898-1935), *Novelist,* Through the Wheat (1923).

Boyle, Kay (1903—), *Writer,* Thirty Stories (1957).

Brinig, Myron (1900—), *Novelist,* Looking-Glass Heart (1958).

Cahill, Holger (1893—), *Editor, Art Critic,* Shadow of My Hand (1956).

Chase, Mary E. (1887—), *Novelist,* Windswept (1941).

Chidester, Ann M. (1919—), *Novelist,* Moon Gap (1950).

Clark, Christopher (1911—), *Novelist,* Good Is for Angels (1950).

Danz, Louis (1887—), *Lecturer,* It Is Still the Morning (1943).

Davis, William S. (1877-1930), *Novelist,* The Beauty of the Purple (1924).

Doneghy, Dagmar (Mrs. J. W. Beach), *Homemaker,* Border; A Missouri Saga (1933).

Durkin, Douglas (1892—), *Novelist,* Mr. Grumble Sits Up (1930).

Eggleston, Edward (1837-1902), *Pioneer Minister,* The Hoosier Schoolmaster (1883).

Ellsworth, Franklin F. (1879-1942), *Attorney,* The Bandwagon (1921).

Faralla, Dana (1909—), *Novelist,* Madstone (1958).

Fitzgerald, Francis S. K. (1896-1940), *Novelist,* The Great Gatsby (1925).

Flandrau, Charles M. (1871-1938), *Writer,* Sophomores Abroad (1935).

Flandrau, Grace (1889—), *Novelist,* Indeed This Flesh (1934).

French, Anne (1869-1913), *Writer,* In a Mysterious Way (1909).

Fuller, Caroline Macomber, *Writer,* Bramble Bush (1911).

Gann, Ernest K. (1910—), *Novelist,* The Trouble with Lazy Ethel (1958).

Gates, Eleanor (1875-1951), *Novelist,* Poor Little Rich Girl (1913).

Goodhue, James M. (1810-1852), *Attorney*, Struck a Lead (1883).

Gray, Peter S. (1898—), *Writer*, Pillar of Salt (1934).

Greene, Josiah E. (1911-1955), *Novelist*, Man with One Talent (1951).

Gregg, Jess (1921—), *Novelist*, Other Elizabeth (1952).

Grondahl, Kathryn, *Homemaker*, Mango Season (1954).

Gruber, Frank (1904—), *Novelist*, The Marshall (1958).

Guy, Earl (1915—), *Contractor*, Heaven Is a Windswept Hill (1943).

Heggen, Thomas O. (1919-1949), *Novelist*, Mister Roberts (1946).

Heim, Minnie H., *Writer*, Bride of Narcissus (with Jane E. Preston, 1957).

Hendryx, James B. (1880—), *Writer*, Good Men and Bad (1954).

Hyde, Cornelius W. G. (1838-1920), *Supt. of Schools*, The Green Valley School (1907).

Jacobi, Carl R. (1908—), *Business Man*, Revelations in Black (short stories) (1947).

Katkov, Norman (1918—), *Writer*, A Little Sleep, A Little Slumber (1949).

Kilbourne, Fannie (1890—), *Novelist*, But Never Be Denied (1941).

Krawczyk, Monica (1887-1954), *Teacher*, If the Branch Blossoms and Other Stories (1950).

Krey, Laura L. (1890), *Writer*, On the Long Tide (1940).

Lesins, Knuts (1909—), *Musician*, Wine of Eternity (Short Stories, 1957).

Lewis, Sinclair (1885-1951), *Novelist*, Kingsblood Royal (1948).

Liebeler, Jean M. (Virginia) (1900—), *Educator*, You, the Jury (1944).

Lindsay, Catherine B. (1924—), *Teacher*, The Country of the Young (1946).

Long, Lily A. (1862-1927), *Writer*, Red House on Rowan Street (1910).

McNally, William J. (1891—), *Business Executive*, Roofs of Elm Street (1936).

Mudgett, Helen Parker (1900), *Educator*, Seas Stand Watch (1944).

Neff, Wanda Fraiken (1889—), *Writer*, Lone Voyagers (1929).

Nye, Harry F., Home Is if You Find It (1947).

Nygaard, Norman E. (1897—), *Clergyman*, They Sought a Country (1950).

Odlum, Jerome (1905-1954), *Novelist*, Each Day I Die (1938).

Olds, Elizabeth (1897—), *Writer*, Deep Treasure (1958).

Osgood, Phillips E. (1882-1956), *Clergyman*, Sinner Beloved (1956).

Parker, Mary (1891), *Homemaker*, This Is Alaska (1950).

Peterson, James (1859-1928), *Attorney*, Solstad, the Old and the New (1923).

Preston, Jane E. (1909—), *Executive* (See M. H. Heim, above).

Proctor, Ruby Ellen (1911—), *Writer*, Turning Leaves (1942).

Rachie, Elias (1875-1950), *Attorney*, Thor's Gold (1927).

Reeves, Elizabeth (1893—), *Business Woman*, A House for Emily (1941).

Richards, Sara L. (1911—), *Homemaker*, Shadow without Light (1947).

Roedecker, Louise, *Editor*, Furious Winter (1950).

Rőlvaag, Ole E. (1876-1931), *Prof. of Norse and Literature*, Giants in the Earth (1927).

Rosenholtz, Jennie (1882-1956), *Teacher*, Upon Thy Doorsteps (1936).

Seeley, Mabel (1903—), *Writer of Mysteries*, Whistling Shadow (1954).

Shulman, Max (1919—), *Writer*, Rally Round the Flag, Boys (1957).

Shuman, John R. (1909-1960), *Educator*, No Comment (1956).

Slade, Caroline (1886—), *Novelist*, Citadel (1947).

Smith, Justin V. (1903—), *Executive*, Marriage á la Mode (1947).

Sterrett, Frances R. (1869-1946), *Novelist*, Sophie (1930).

Strommen, Irene (1922—), *Homemaker*, Rivers to the Sea (1955).

Sullivan, Oscar M. (1881-1955), *Economist*, North Star Saga; Story of Ignatius Donnelly (1953).

Swanson, Neil H. (1896—), *Novelist*, Unconquered (1947).

Wandrei, Donald (1908—), *Writer*, Web of Easter Island (1948).

Ward, Florence J. (1886—), *Novelist*, Daleacres (1939).

Warren, Robert Penn (1905—), *Writer*, World Enough and Time (1950).

Wetherell, June (1909—), *Novelist*, Glorious Three (1951).

Willette, Dorothy (1904—), *Homemaker*, Spear Penny (1949).

Wise, Evelyn (1899-1956), *Novelist*, Of Wind and Song (1956).

LOCAL HISTORY

Anderson, Bergit I., *Teacher*, The Last Frontier (1941).

Atwater, Isaac (1818-1906), *Attorney*, History of the City of Minneapolis (1893).

Atwater, Permelia (1820-1901), *Pioneer*, Pioneer Life in Minnesota from a Woman's Viewpoint (1894).

Barrett, Joseph (1823-1898), *Pioneer*, History of Traverse County (1881).

Bauer, Arnold J. (1904—), *Postmaster*, Story of Wabasso, Minnesota (1934).

Bellows, Henry A. (1885-1939), *Editor*, Short History of Flour Milling (1924).

Bishop, Judson W. (1831-1917), *Financier*, History of Fillmore County (1858).

Bond, John W. (1825-1903), *Immigration Agent*, Minnesota and Its Resources (1854).

Borchert, John R. (1918—), *Educator*, Minnesota's Changing Geography (1959).

Brezler, Anne (........-1960), *School Principal*, Minnesota Grows Up (with Clara Painter, 1936).

Bromley, Edward A. (1848-1925), *Photographer*, Minneapolis Album (1890).

Brower, Jacob V. (1844-1905), *Archaeologist*, Exploration in Basin of Mississippi (1898-1904, 5 vols.)

Brown, Elton T. (1870—), *Stenographer*, History of the Great Minnesota Forest Fires (1894).

Buck, Solon J. (1884—), *Historian*, Stories of Early Minnesota (with Elizabeth H. Buck, 1925).

Bunnell, Lafayette H. (1824-1903), *Physician*, Winona and Its Environs (1897).

Burnquist, J. A. A., *Governor*, Minnesota and Its People (2 vols., 1924).

Carey, J. R. (1830-1905), *Judge*, History of Duluth and of St. Louis County (1901).

Carney, Mary V., *Teacher*, Minnesota, the Star of the North (1918).

Castle, Henry A. (1841-1916), *Editor, Postmaster*, Minnesota, Its Story and Biography (3 vols., with others, 1915).

Christianson, Theodore (1883-1948), *Governor*, Minnesota, the Land of Sky-tinted Waters (5 vols., 1935).

Coller, Julius A. (1909—), *Attorney*, History of Shakopee, Minnesota (1933).

Cooper, William S. (1884—), *Ecologist*, History of Upper Mississippi in Late Wisconsin and Post Glacial Time (1935).

Dobie, John, *Biologist*, The Itasca Story (1959).

Edgar, William C. (1856-1932), *Editor*, The Medal of Gold (1925).

Flandrau, Charles E. (1828-1903), *Justice*, History of Minnesota and Tales of the Frontier (1900).

Folsom, William H. C. (1817-1900), *Lumberman and Legislator*, Fifty Years in the Northwest (1888).

Folwell, William W. (1833-1929), *University of Minn. Pres.*, History of Minnesota (4 vols., 1921-1930).

Ford, Antoinette E. (1876-1955), *Teacher*, Minnesota, Past and Present (1950).

Fugina, Frank J. (1868-1953), *River Captain*, Lore and Lure of the Upper Mississippi (1945).

Gilfillan, John B. (1835-1924), *Attorney*, History of the University of Minnesota (1908).

Goodrich, Albert M. (1860-1935), *Publisher*, History of Anoka County (1905).

Hagg, Harold, Exploring Minnesota (1958).

Hennessy, William B. (1863-1921), *Journalist*, Past and Present of St. Paul (1906).

Hill, James J. (1838-1916), *Financier*, Highways of Progress (1910).

Holbrook, Franklin F. (1883-1955), *Librarian*, Minnesota in War with Germany (2 vols., with Livia Appel, 1928-1932).

Hosmer, James K. (1834-1927), *Librarian*, Short History of the Mississippi Valley (1901).

Huck, Alice V., *Journalist*, Brand of the Tartan (1955).

Hudson, Horace B. (1861-1920), *Journalist*, Half Century of Minnesota (1910).

Johnson, Elwin B. (1865-1928), *Registrar, University of Minn.*, Forty Years of the University of Minnesota (1910).

Keenan, Edward P. (1906—), *Priest, Prof. of English*, History of St. Thomas College (1935).

Kelsey, Vera, *Writer*, Red River Runs North (1951).

Kiester, Jacob A. (1832-1904), *Attorney*, History of Faribault County (1896).

Krey, August C. (1887-1961), *Prof. of History*, A City That Art Built (1936).

Kunz, Virginia (1921—), *Journalist*, Muskets to Missiles; Military History of Minnesota (1958).

Lawson, George W. (1876—), *Business Man, Mayor*, History of Kandiyohi County (with M. E. Tew, 1905).

Leonard, Delavan L. (1834-1917), *Clergyman*, History of Carleton College (with J. W. Strong, 1904).

Lobb, Albert J. (1884—), *Educator, Regent*, A History of the Constitution of Minnesota (with William Anderson, 1921).

MacDonald, Dora M., *Teacher*, This Is Duluth (1956).

Marshall, Albert M. (1901—), *Publisher*, Brule Country (1954).

Mayo, Robert J. (1874—), *Supt. of Schools*, Adventures in Minnesota History (1931).

Mellby, Carl A. (1869—), *Prof. of Sociology*, St. Olaf College through Fifty Years (1925).

Mitau, Theodore, *Professor*, Politics in Minnesota (1956).

Mitchell, William B. (1843-1930), *Publisher*, History of Stearns County, Minnesota (1915).

Moyer, Licurgus R. (1848-1917), *Banker*, History of Chippewa and Lac qui Parle Counties, Minnesota (1916).

Neill, Edward D. (1823-1893), *Macalester College Pres.*, A History of Minnesota (4 vols., 1882).

Norton, Mary Aquinas, *Nun*, Catholic Missionary Activities in the Northwest, 1818-1864 (1930).

Pace, Charles N. (1877-1954), *Pres. of Hamline Univ.*, Hamline University (1939).

Painter, Clara (1887—), *Educator* (See Anne Brezler, above).

Rasmussen, Christian A. (1868—), *Columnist*, Histories of Red Wing and Goodhue Counties (2 vols., 1933, 1935).

Reardon, James M. (1872—), *Priest*, Catholic Church in the Diocese of St. Paul (1953).

Richardson, Charles R., *Teacher*, Know Your Constitution (with Marjorie Spaulding, 1936).

Selle, E. S. (1887—), *Teacher*, History of Winona State Teachers College (1931).

Snyder, Margaret I. (1896—), *Educator*, Chosen Valley; Story of a Pioneer Town (1948).

Spaulding, Marjorie, *Teacher* (See C. R. Richardson, above).

Stevens, John H., (1820-1900), *Pioneer*, Personal Recollections of Minnesota and Its People, and Early History of Minneapolis (1890).

Storrs, Caryl B. (1870-1920), *Physician, Reporter*, A Visitin' Around in Minnesota (1916).

Swanson, Roy W. (1899—), *Librarian*, Minnesota Book of Days (1949).

Towne, Oliver (pseud. for Gareth Hieber) (1921—), *Journalist*, St. Paul Is My Beat (1958).

Upham, Warren (1850-1934), *Librarian, Geologist*, Minnesota Geographic Names (1920).

Wesley, Edgar B. (1891—), *Prof. of Education*, Owatonna, or the Social Development of a Minnesota Community (1938).

West, Jessie G. (1849-1903), *Pioneer*, History of Becker County (with A. H. Wilcox, 1907).

Willard, Daniel E. (1862-1947), *Geologist*, The Story of the North Star State (1922).

Wilson, Blanche R., *Homemaker*, Minnetonka Story (1950).

Winter, Alice Ames (1865-1944), *Clubwoman*, Heritage of Women (1927).

NONLOCAL HISTORY

Bennett, Russell A., *Teacher*, Hungry Children: Peru to China (1938).

Bro, Marguerite (1894—), *Writer*, Indonesia, Land of Challenge (1954).

Brown, Ralph Hall (1898-1948), *Prof. of Geography*, Historical Geography of the United States (1948).

Burt, Alfred LeRoy (1888—), *Prof. of History*, Short History of Canada for Americans (1942).

Christensen, Asher N. (1903—), *Prof. of Political Science*, Evolution of Latin-American Government (1951).

Clark, Keith (1879-1951), *Prof. of History*, Spell of Scotland (1916).

Craig, Austin (1872-1949), *Prof. of History*, The Philippines and the Filipinos of Yesterday (1934).

Davidson, James W. (1872-1933), *Explorer, Consul*, Island of Formosa (1903).

Deutsch, Harold C. (1904—), *Prof. of History*, Genesis of Napoleonic Imperialism (1938).

Ekins, Herbert R. (1901—), *Foreign Correspondent*, China Fights for Her Life (with Theon Wright, 1937).

Elliott, Charles B. (1861-1935), *Attorney, Prof. of Law*, Philippines to the End of the Military Regime (1917).

Emery, Edwin (1914—), *Prof. of Journalism*, History of the American Newspaper Publishers Association (1950).

Jones, Tom Bard (1909—), *Prof. of History*, Introduction to Hispanic-American History (1950).

Kirkpatrick, Clifford (1898—), *Prof. of Political Science*, Nazi Germany—Its Women and Family Life (1938).

Levi, Werner (1912—), *Prof. of Political Science*, Modern China's Foreign Policy (1953).

Michener, Carroll K. (1885—), *Editor*, Heirs of the Incas (1924).

Miller, Ernest B. (1898—), *Civil Engineer*, Bataan Uncensored (1949).

Mills, Lennox A. (1896—), *Prof. of Political Science*, Malaya (1958).

Moos, Malcolm C. (1916—), *Writer, Prof. of Political Science*, Republicans; A History of Their Party (1956).

Norlie, Olaf M. (1876—), *Clergyman, Psychologist, Statistician*, History of the Norwegian People in America (1925).

Notestein, Wallace (1878—), *Prof. of History*, The Scot in History (1946).

Pletcher, David, *Professor*, Rails, Mines, and Progress (1958).

Quigley, Harold Scott (1889-1961), *Prof. of Political Science*, New Japan, Government and Politics (with J. E. Turner, 1956).

Robinson, Howard (1885—), *Prof. of History*, British Post Office; a History (1953).

Sorokin, Pitirim A. (1889—), *Prof. of Sociology*, Russia and the United States (1944).

Stomberg, Andrew A. (1871-1943), *Prof. of Scandinavian Languages*, History of Sweden (1931).

Tucker, William P. (1910—), *Prof. of Political Science, Legislator*, Mexican Government Today (1957).

Turner, John E. (1917—), *Prof. of Political Science* (See H. S. Quigley).

Tyler, Alice (1892—), *Prof. of History*, Freedom's Ferment; Phases of American Social History to 1860 (1944).

Tyler, Mason W. (1884-1923), *Prof. of History*, European Powers and the Near East (1925).

West, Willis M. (1857-1931), *Prof. of History*, History of the American Nation (1929).

White, Albert B. (1871-1952), *Prof. of History*, Self-Government at the King's Command (1933).

Ziemer, Erika (1927—), *Schoolgirl*, Two Thousand and Ten Days of Hitler (1940).

Ziemer, Gregor A. (1889—), *Teacher*, Education for Death, the Making of the Nazi (1942).

SPECIAL INTEREST

Abbott, Daisy (1883-1958), *Journalist*, Indoor Gardener (1939).

Aldrich, Chilson D. (1876-1948), *Architect*, Real Log Cabin (1928).

Bartholomew, Charles Lewis (1867-1949), *Cartoonist*, Chalk Talk and Crayon Presentation (1922).

Barton, George Arthur (1885—), *Sports Writer*, My Lifetime in Sports (1957).

Beals, Katharine G. (1851—), *Librarian*, Flower Lore and Legend (1917).

Beer, James R. (1918—), *Assoc. Prof.*, Mammals of Minnesota (with Harvey L. Gunderson, 1953).

Bierman, Bernard W. (1894—), *Football Coach*, Winning Football (with Frank Mayer, 1937).

Blanch, Arnold (1896—), *Artist*, Painting for Enjoyment (with Doris Lee, 1946).

Bovey, Martin K. (1899—), *Film Producer*, Saga of the Waterfowl (1949).

Brookman, Lester G. (1904—), *Philatelist*, 19th Century Postage Stamps of the United States (2 vols., 1947).

Butters, Frederic (1878-1945), *Prof. of Botany*, Guide to Autumn Flowers of Minnesota (with Clements and Rosendahl, 1913).

Christensen, Clyde M. (1905—), *Educator*, Molds and Man (1951).

Clements, Frederic E. (1874-1945), *Prof. of Botany*, Minnesota Mushrooms (1910).

Decker, Wilbur F. (1856-1941), *Banker*, Story of the Engine, from Lever to Liberty Motor (1920).

Dehn, Adolf A. (1895—), *Artist*, Drawing on the Stone (1950).

Faegre, Marion E. (1888—), *Educator*, The Adolescent in Your Family (1954).

Finney, Theodore M. (1902—), *Prof. of Music*, We Have Made Music (1955).

Gilfillan, S. Colum (1889—), *Sociologist*, Inventing the Ship (1935).

Glock, Waldo, *Professor*, Study of Tree Rings (1955).

Goldstein, Harriet and Vetta, *Art Teachers*, Art in Everyday Life (1925, 1932, 1940, 4th edition—1954).

Green, Samuel B. (1859-1910), *Dean, Forestry*, Popular Fruit Growing (1909).

Hartsough, Mildred L. (1898—), *Writer*, From Canoe to Steel Barge on the Upper Mississippi (1934).

Hatch, Philo L. (1823-1904), *Physician, Ornithologist*, Notes on the Birds of Minnesota (1892).

Haycraft, Howard (1905—), *Editor*, Life and Times of the Detective Story (1941).

Headley, Leal A. (1884—), *Professor of Psychology and Education*, Making the Most of Books (1932).

Heffelfinger, William W. (1867-1945), *Business Man*, This Was Football (1954).

Herrick, Clarence L. (1858-1904), *Zoology Teacher*, Mammals of Minnesota (1892).

Jones, Evan, *Writer*, Hidden America (with Roland W. Robbins, 1959).

Lampland, Ruth (1908—), *Homemaker*, Hobbies for Everybody (1934).

Lane, Ferdinand C. (1885—), *Editor*, All About the Flowering World (1956).

Liers, Emil E. (1890—), *Naturalist*, Beaver's Story (1958).

Luxton, George (1881—), *Editor*, Flower Growing in the North (1956).

Macy, Ralph W. (1905—), *Prof. of Biology*, Butterflies; a Handbook (with H. H. Shepard, 1941).

Myers, J. Arthur (1888—), *Physician*, Man's Greatest Victory over Tuberculosis (1940).

Owre, Alfred (1870-1935), *Dean of Dentistry*, Prunes and Pancakes (1926).

Paulu, Burton (1910—), *Director and Manager KUOM Radio Station*, British Broadcasting; Radio and Television in the United Kingdom (1956).

Putnam, Brenda (1890—), *Sculptor*, The Sculptor's Way (1939).

Roberts, Thomas S. (1858-1946), *Physician, Naturalist*, Logbook of Minnesota Bird Life (1938).

Robinson, James M. (1897—), *Editor*, Forty Years of Hunting (1947).

Rood, John (1902—), *Sculptor, Educator*, Sculpture in Wood (1950).

Rosendahl, Carl O. (1875-1956), *Prof. of Botany*, Guide to Spring Flowers of Minnesota (with Butters and Clements, 1951).

Safford, Virginia, *Columnist*, Food of My Friends (1944).

Schmeckebier, Laurence E. (1906—), *Prof. of Art*, Modern Mexican Art (1939).

Shephard, Harold H. (1898—), *Assoc. Prof. of Entomology* (See R. W. Macy, above).

Surber, Thaddeus (1871-1949), *Biologist*, Propagation of Minnows (1940).

Thomas, Gertrude (Pseud.: Gail White) (1889—), *Dietitian*, Foods of Our Forefathers (1941).

Trafton, Gilbert (1874—), *Teacher*, Star Guide (1927).

Weaver, Luther (1885—), *Business Man*, Technique of Radio Writing (1948).

Wing, Francis M. (1873-1956), *Cartoonist*, Fambly Album (1917).

JUVENILE

Bessessen, Swanhild (Pseud.: Camilla Wing) (1904—), String Bean Tree (1941).

Bichler, Dorothy M., *Writer*, Jeff and Janet Visit St. Paul (1959).

Brill, Ethel Claire (1877—), *Writer*, Copper Country Adventure (1949).

Brown, Paul (1893—), *Artist, Writer*, Pony Farm (1948).

Bunn, Harriet B., *Writer*, Johann Sebastian Bach (1942).

Burglon, Nora (1896—), *Writer*, Cuckoo Calls; A Story of Finland (1940).

Cannon, Cornelia (1876—), *Writer*, Fight for the Pueblo (1934).

Carr, Geraldine R. (1910—), *Writer*, Scat, The Witch's Cat (1958).

Engebretson, Betty Louise (1919—), *Librarian*, What Happened to George? (1947).

Frisbie, William A. (1867—), *Journalist*, ABC Mother Goose (1905).

Gág, Wanda (1893-1946), *Writer, Artist*, Nothing-at-all (1941).

Garrott, Hal (1877—), *Editor*, First-Aide-to-Santa-Claus (1929).

Heisenfelt, Kathryn L. (1904—), *Homemaker*, Pussycat in Business (1957).

Jenks, Albert E. (1869-1953), *Anthropologist*, Ba-long-long, the Igorot Boy (1907).

Jonk, Clarence (1906—), *Poet, Freelance Writer*, Jimmy, A Little Pup (1959).

Lange, Dietrich (1863-1940), *Teacher*, On the Fur Trail (1931).

McKown, Gretchen (1903—), *Librarian*, All the Days Were Antonia's (with Florence Gleeson, 1939).

Murphy, Marguerite (1892—), *Writer*, Peter's Wonderful Adventure (1927).

Nesbitt, Nell (1906—), *Teacher*, Cobi the Camel (1944).

O'Connell, Alice L. (1907—), *Educator*, Blue Mare in the Olympic Trials (1955).

Palmer, Elizabeth P., *Writer*, Good Old Clipsy (1941).

Patch, Edith (1876), *Head of Entomology Dept.*, Forest Neighbors (1938).

Poatgieter, A. Hermina, *Writer*, Outdoors: Conservation (with H. N. Johnson, 1957).

Pollock, Hester M. (1865-1943), *Teacher*, Our Minnesota (1917).

Reely, Mary K. (1881—), *Librarian*, Blue Mittens (1935).

Regli, Adolph C. (1896-1952), *Writer*, Southpaw Fly Hawk (1952).

Sackett, Rose, *Writer*, Penny Lavender (1947).

Spilhaus, Athelstan F. (1911—), *Meteorologist, Oceanographer*, Weathercraft (1951).

Watson, Helen O., *Writer*, Beano, a Circus Dog (1953).

INDIAN LIFE AND LEGENDS

Bayliss, Clara Kern (1848—), *Freelance Writer*, A Treasury of Indian Tales (1921).

Berghold, Alexander (1838-1918), *Priest*, Indian's Revenge; or, Days of Horror (1891).

Billberg, Eddy E. (1881-1946), *Merchant*, War Cry of the Sioux (novel, 1930).

Bryant, Charles S. (1808-1885), *Attorney*, History of the Great Massacre by the Sioux Indians in Minnesota (with A. B. Murch, 1864).

Carrigan, Minnie B. (1855-1912), *Pioneer*, Captured by the Indians (no date).

Connolly, Alonzo Putnam (1836-1915), *Publisher*, Thrilling Narrative of the Minnesota Massacre and the Sioux War of 1862-1863 (1896).

Densmore, Frances (1867-1957), *Ethnologist and Musicologist*, American Indians and Their Music (1926).

Eastlick, Mrs. L. D. (1833-1923), *Pioneer*, Indian Massacre at Lake Chetek in 1862 (1890).

Eastman, Charles Alexander (1858-1939), *Physician*, Indian Boyhood (1902).

Eastman, Elaine Goodale (1863—), *Supt. of Indian Service*, Indian Legends (1918).

Eastman, Mary (1818-1880), *Writer*, Dacotah: Life and Legends of the Sioux around Fort Snelling (1849).

Gordon, Hanford Lennox (1836-1920), *Attorney*, Indian Legends of the Northwest (1881).

Handy, Ray DeWitt (1877—), *Cartoonist*, Paul Bunyan and His Big Blue Ox (1937).

Heard, Isaac V. D. (1834-1913), *Attorney*, History of the Sioux Wars and Massacres of 1862 and 1863 (1863).

Hughes, Thomas (1854-1934), *Attorney*, Indian Chiefs of Southern Minnesota (1927).

Iktomi (1903—), *Sioux Indian*, America Needs Indians (1937).

Luomala, Katherine, *Anthropologist*, Navaho Life of Yesterday and Today (1938).

Newson, Thomas McLean (1827-1893), *Publisher*, Indian Legends of Minnesota Lakes (1881).

Pond, Samuel W. (1808-1891), *Missionary*, Legends of the Dakotas and Other Selections (1911).

Schell, James P. (1845-1932), *Clergyman*, In the Ojibway Country, a Story of Early Missions on the Minnesota Frontier (1911).

Wakefield, Sarah F., *Pioneer*, Six Weeks in a Sioux Tepee (1864).

Wall, Oscar G. (1844-1911), *Journalist*, Recollections of the Sioux Massacre (1909).

Warren, William W. (1825-1853), *Indian Interpreter*, History of the Ojibways (1885).

Wheeler, Olin D. (1852-1925), *Business Man*, Indianland and Wonderland (1894).

Wilson, Gilbert L. (1868-1930), *Clergyman*, Indian Hero Tales (1916).

PLAY AND PAGEANT

Amberg, George (1901—), *Educator*, Ballet in America (1949).

Arnold, LeRoy (1881-1952), *Prof. of English*, Hurry, Hurry, Hurry (comedy, 1917).

Colton, John (1889-1946), *Playwright*, Nine Pine Street (with C. Miles, 1936).

Coxe, Louis O. (1918—), *Educator*, Billy Budd (with Robert Chapman, 1951).

Job, Thomas (1900—), *Professor*, Alas Regardless (1940).

Mackay, Constance D'Arcy (1874—), *Playwright*, The Forest Princess and Other Masques (1916).

Miles, Carlton (See J. Colton, above).

Minda, Albert G. (1895—), *Rabbi*, Peace and Fellowship (pageant, 1937).

Root, Lindahl (1905—), *Scenario Writer, Actor*, Cabin in the Sky (musical comedy, 1940).

Staadt, Edward S. (1899-1931), *Teacher of Drama,* Wind in the South (3 acts, 1933).

Stahl, LeRoy (1908—), *Playwright,* Varsity Minstrels (1941).

Stout, Wilfred O. (1872-1945), *Advertising Manager,* Harvest (1929).

Sundgaard, Arnold (1909—), *Playwright,* Jorislund (1941).

Whiting, Frank M. (1907—), *Prof. of Speech, University Theater Director,* Introduction to the Theater (1954).

Ziebarth, E. W. (1910—), *Founder of Minnesota School of the Air,* Six Classic Plays for Radio and How to Produce Them (with R. B. Erickson, 1939).

TRAVEL

Bolz, J. Arnold, *Physician,* Portage into the Past; by Canoe along the Minnesota-Ontario Boundary Waters (1960).

Carlson, William Samuel (1905—), *Educator,* Greenland Lies North (1940)

Elliott, Richard M. (1887—), *Professor of Psychology,* Sunny Side of Asia (1928).

Gould, Laurence M. (1896—), *Carleton College Pres.,* Cold: Antarctic Sledge Journey (1931).

Gunthrop, Maude (1883—), *Writer,* With a Sketchbook along the Old Mission Trail (1940).

Hegland, Martin (1880—), *Teacher, Clergyman,* In the Holy Land (with Mrs. Hegland, 1938).

Jones, Jefferson (1891—), *Press Correspondent,* Manila, Key to Uncle Sam's Far Eastern Warehouse (1916).

Kirtland, Lucian S. (1881—), *Newspaper Correspondent,* Japan, China, and Indo-China (1929).

Klaveness, Eivind (1870-1952), *Physician,* Enchanted Islands: Philippines and Other Countries of the Orient (1939).

Lippincott, Benjamin E. (1902—), From Fiji Through the Philippines with the Thirteenth Air Force (1947).

Mattson, Peter A. (1865-1944), *Gustavus Adolphus College Pres.,* Through the Land of Promise (1920).

May, Earl Chapin (1873—), *Freelance Writer,* 2,000 Miles Through Chile (1923).

Morrill, Gulian L. (1857-1928), *Clergyman,* Go Lightly 'round the World (1913).

Reynolds, Robert V. (1919—), *Airman,* Of Rice and Men (1947).

Rue, Lars (1893—), *Foreign Correspondent,* I Fly for News (1932).

Smith, Glanville W. (1901), *Draftsman,* Many a Green Isle (1941).

Tousley, Albert S. (1901-1940), *Journalist,* Where Goes the River? (1928).

Washburn, Stanley (1878-1950), *Journalist,* Russian Campaign (1916).